WEEK ENDING SEPT. 28, 1929

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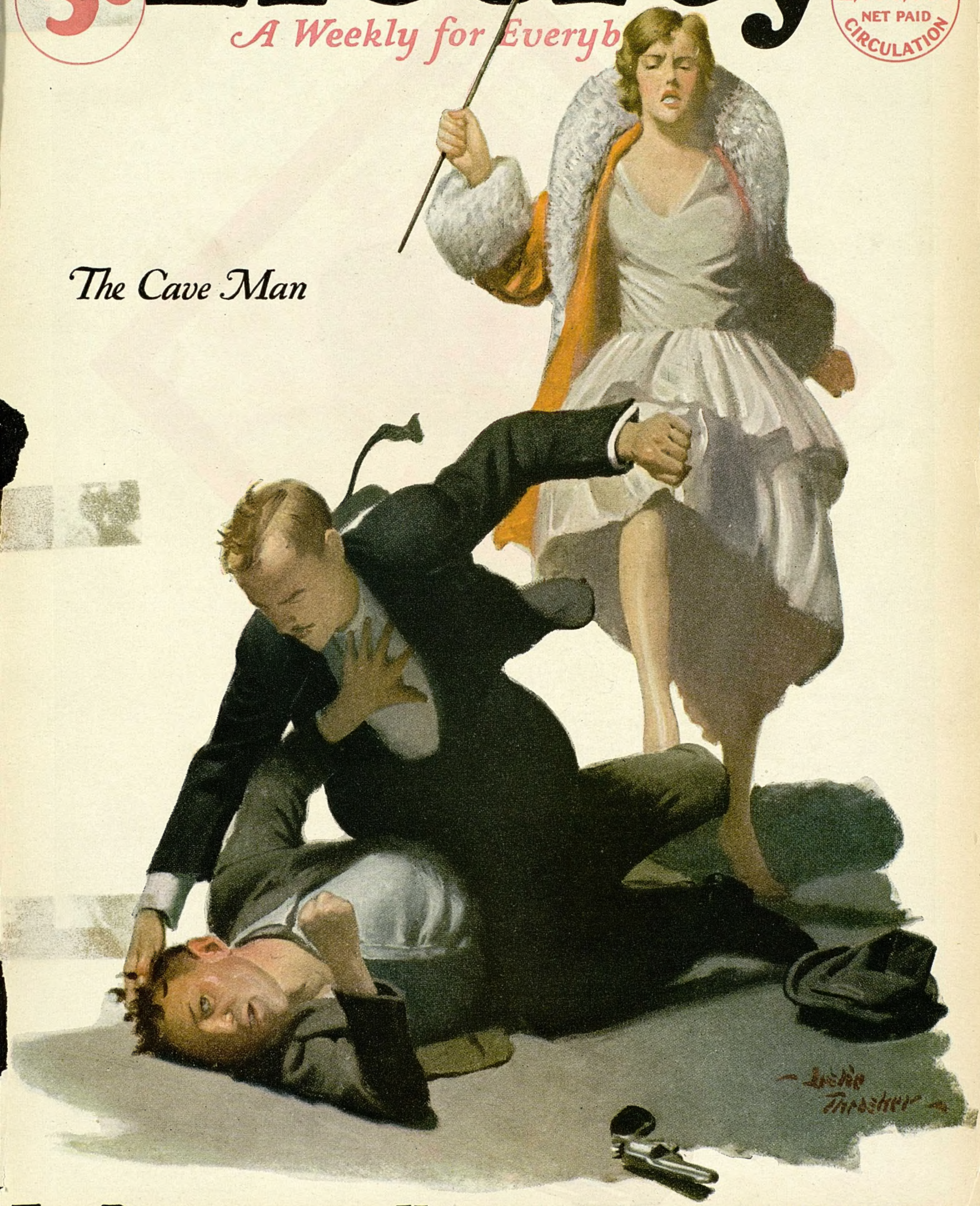
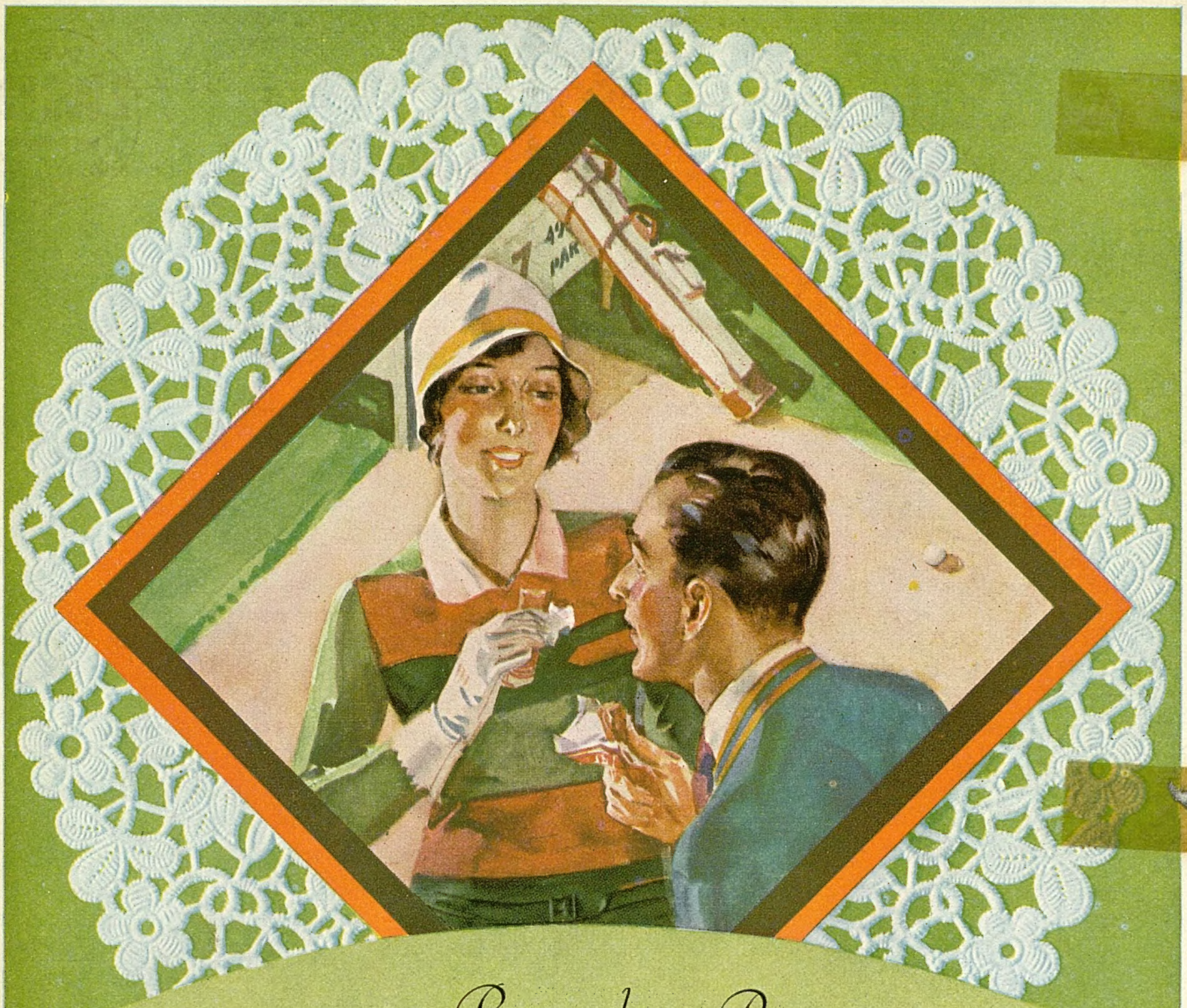


THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY *by* **ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**



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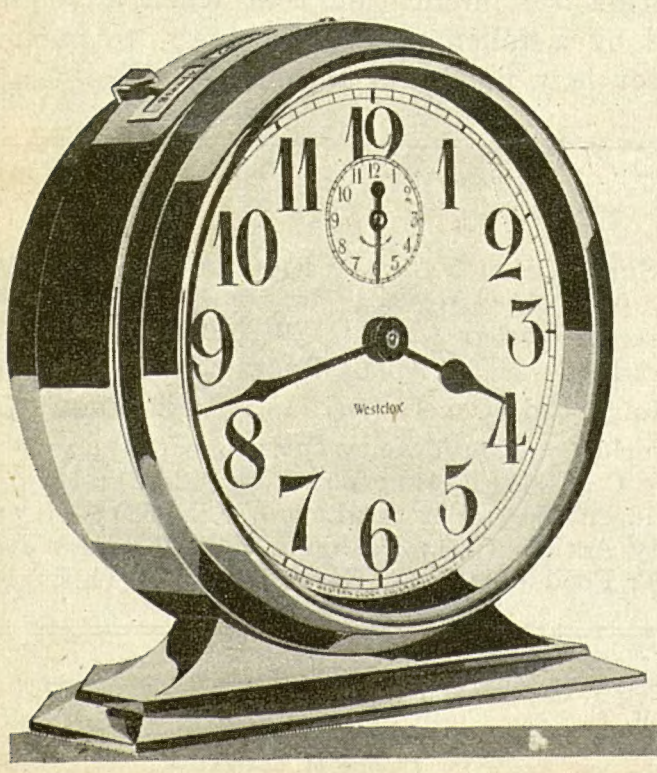

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SEPT. 28, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 38

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"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"KEPT"

Reading recent letters to Vox Pop—letters you don't see, mostly, since of course there is room for only a few of them on the Vox Pop pages—one is struck by the fact that a great number of them have been about Viña Delmar's serial, Kept.

Toward the end of Floyd Gibbons' story, The Red Napoleon, a very large percentage of letters concerned themselves with that, many of the writers urging heatedly that we never should have printed the piece at all. Now again, in the case of Kept, we are beset with protests that the tale shouldn't have been written, much less published.

All this is stimulating, as evidence of the lively interest shown in what appears in LIBERTY'S pages. But at the same time the protests leave us feeling that, in spite of having been in the business of trying to understand the public mind for most of our working lives, it is still, as far as we are concerned, a very hard thing to understand.

First, take The Red Napoleon. In this story Floyd Gibbons imagines a great war of races in which our opponents have a temporary victory and look as if they are going to win. They invade this country somewhat as Germany invaded France in 1914 and as France invaded Germany under Napoleon, with the result that there is some mingling, as always in a war, between the women of the defeated side and the victorious men. We feel safe in prophesying that this is exactly what will happen if a hostile army ever finds a foothold in this country.

A great many protests against The Red Napoleon seem to have assumed that it was propaganda in favor of the things it warned against. People seemed to think that in uttering a warning about a possible war Mr. Gibbons was suggesting, even urging, such a war.

A similar commotion was caused by Kept.

Now, whether Mrs. Delmar had a moral purpose in writing this novel we don't know. She seems to us an artist rather than a propagandist, and impresses us as being concerned more with describing people she creates than with sermonizing about them.

However, if she did have a moral purpose—pointing out the wastefulness and folly of irregular living—we don't know how she could have employed her talents more effectively to that end.

The famous pictures of A Rake's Progress, by Hogarth, have been used in Sunday schools since 1729 to show that "the wages of sin is death." Here a young man, wealthy and full of hope, falls in with evil companions, becomes a sodden wreck, and ends his days a diseased outcast in the madhouse. The moral, of course, is that loose living does not pay.

There is exactly the same moral in Mrs. Delmar's novel. It is not as spectacular as A Rake's Progress, but in the end its chief characters lose their friends and their money and see life as a dismal experience. They have erred, and paid for it.

Far from corrupting youth, as some readers have supposed, this novel we think could have no other effect than to serve as a warning that irregularity of life leads almost surely to unhappiness. Yet people write that it is going to have a terrible effect on the younger generation!

We have always had some doubt as to the effect, good or bad, of the written word. But we maintain that if the stage and books do have a bad influence, it will always be where vice is made alluring. It will not be in problem plays such as The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Damaged Goods, or The Captive, which, if they had any effect, would warn people against sin in its various forms. On the contrary, we think if the minds of men can be seduced by spectacles, it would be by such as the Ziegfeld spectacles, where some grand-looking blondes parade the stage complacently and seem to be having the time of their lives, despite the popular supposition that some of them at least have sugar daddies and ought to be grieving about it.

We did not publish Kept as a warning, but we think that in years to come it will stand alongside Bad Girl as one of the significant documents of this generation. It is a work of art, and a far more illuminating commentary on the life of the kept woman than Camille—which probably has done some harm with its sentimental implication that when a young man is loved by a fallen woman he ought to marry her, no matter how much his father objects.

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LIBERTY

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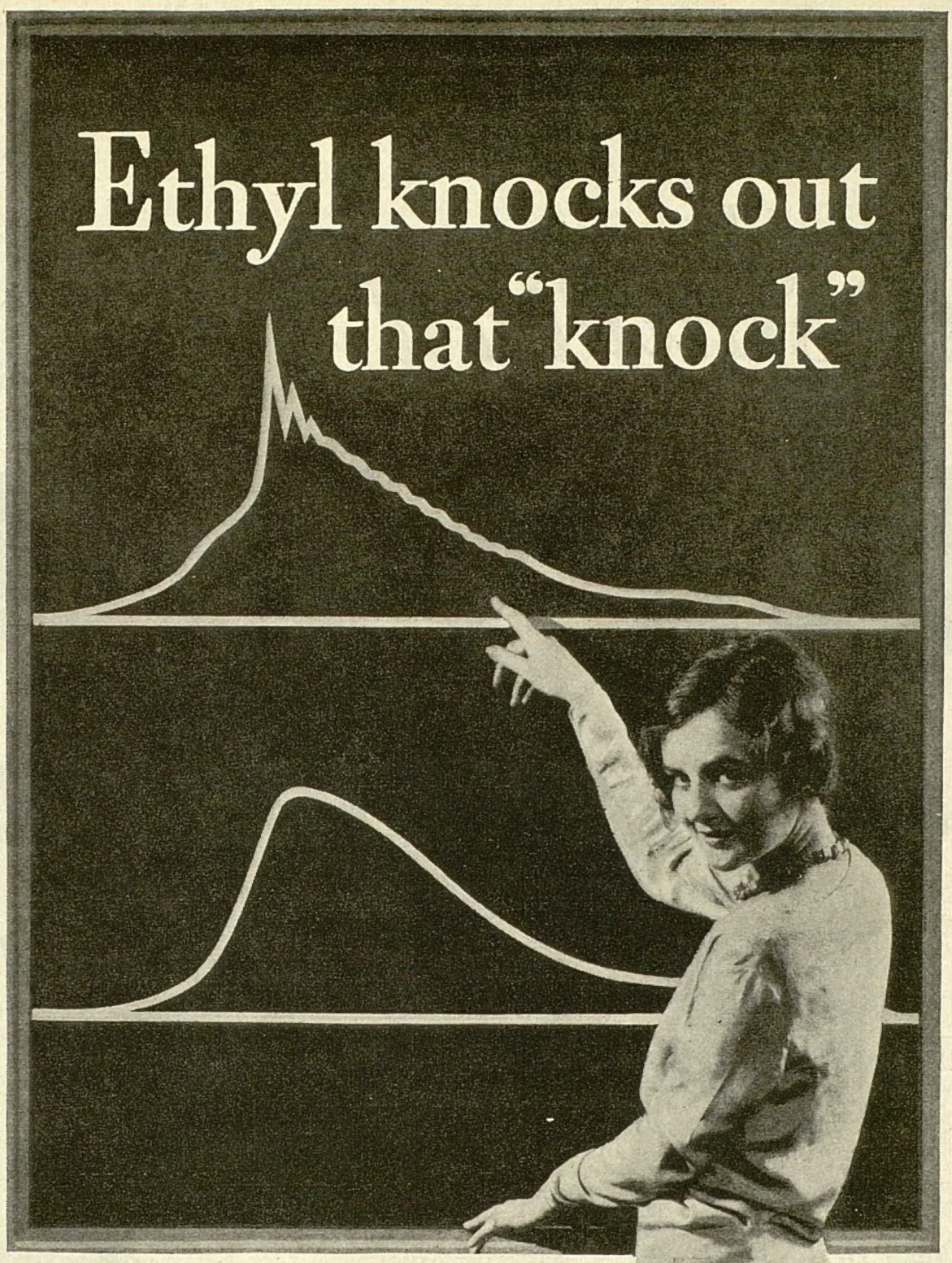

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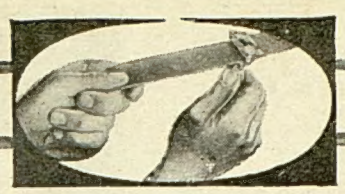

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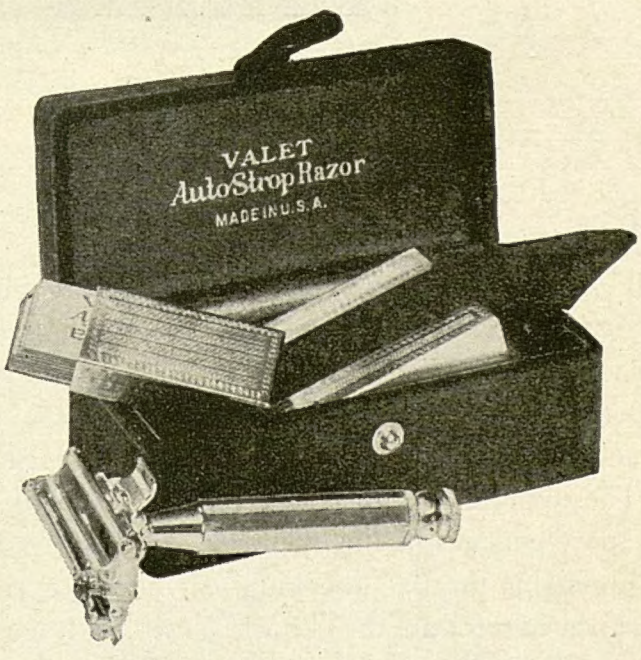

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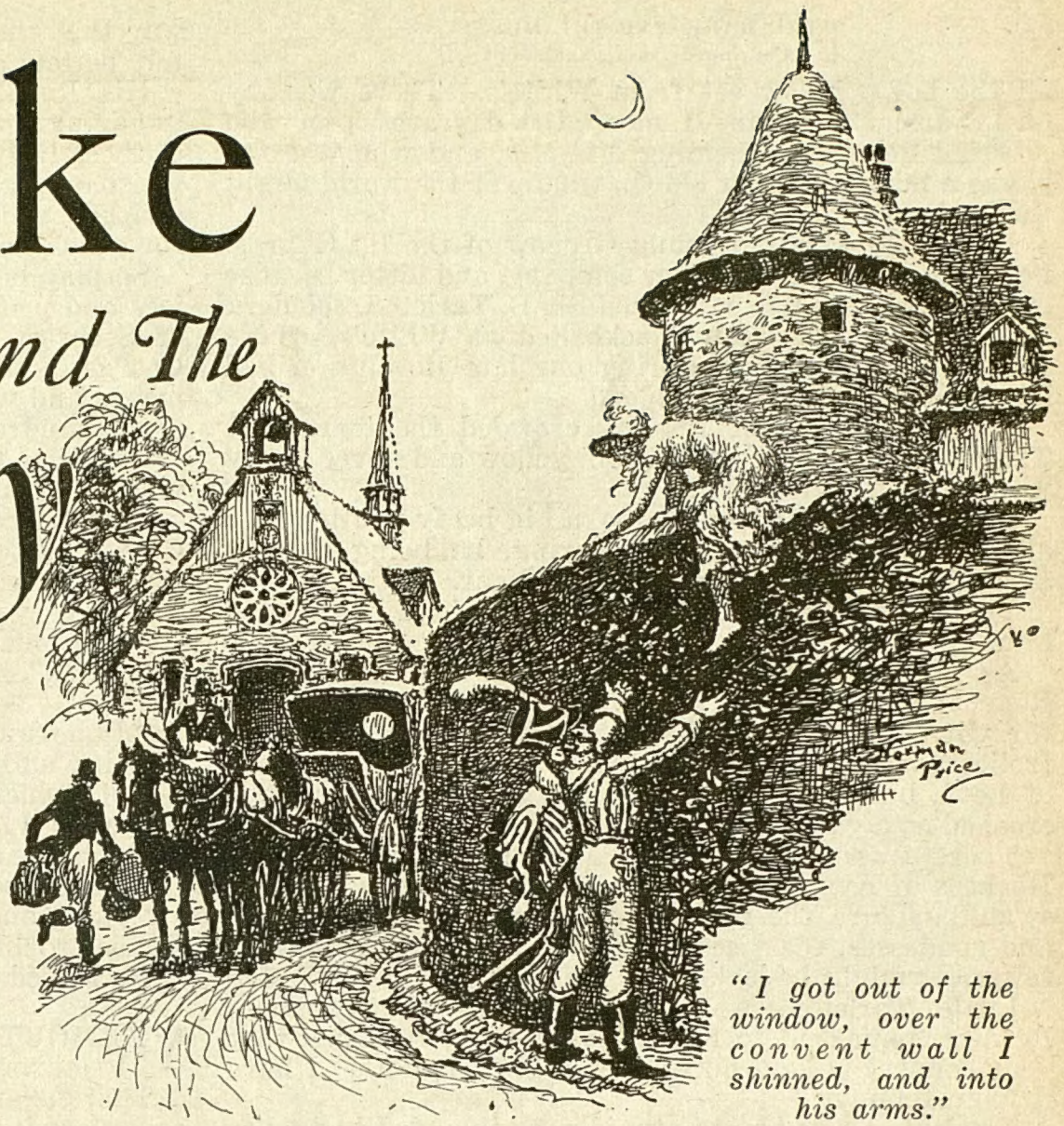


"I got out of the window, over the convent wall I shinned, and into his arms."

Introducing the Sprightliest Heroine of the Year

in a New Serial

By

Robert W. Chambers

who studied art for seven years in Paris when he was young; exhibited in the Salon, and was well on his way toward a career as an artist when, in 1893, a novel he wrote was so successful that he changed his mind. He still has his flair for a good picture, however. One of his chief delights, after he has written a new tale for Liberty, *is going over the illustrations and discussing them with the artist.*

Pictures by Norman Price

Part One—The Hell-Raker

IT was half-past eleven in the morning. Dinner was to be served at one. I had been prowling around looking for Viscount Mordhurst to discover how matters stood between him and me, when the Prince Regent sent for me. Tom Raikes fetched the summons.

His Royal Highness was still abed.

He wore a red silk nightcap and embroidered nightshirt, and had just been shaved, curled, and scented. He did not appear to be very gracious.

It had come to his ears, he said fretfully, that Lord Mordhurst and I had exchanged impolite civilities the night before. He hoped that he had been misinformed.

Having nothing to say to that I bowed, which always is a safe answer.

"Mr. Brooke," said he, "the frequency of your deplorable affairs is not agreeable to me. I am glad to hear that you contemplate no mischief."

There was nothing to say to *that,* either, so I made His Royal Highness another submissive bow. Which, however, seemed to irritate him.

"For God's sake, Mr. Brooke," he said peevishly, "do you really *like* to fight?"

"S-sir?" I stammered.

"I am informed," said he, "that you never let such an opportunity pass. Twice you have been obliged to flee to France. Except for my friendly offices, where would you be at this moment?"

A penitent bow was the most prudent reply.

Tom Raikes, who had been busy by the window, came to the bedside with a pot of hot chocolate. As I caught his eye he winked mournfully.

Well, there was a little more of it; then I was told to let my lord Mordhurst alone. So I backed from the presence, bowing myself out, very greatly relieved. Because, no matter what was said about me, I knew very well that I was not by nature a brawler. Unfortunate circumstances linked with bad luck seemed to push me into troubles of this nature. And I now was content to be forbidden any further notice of my lord Mordhurst's rudeness.

Hastening downstairs to the withdrawing room, I felt regenerated and generous, and meant to find Mordhurst and tell him I was very sorry that we had had a difference. What a back-fence quarrel!

Ladies were playing macao. Lady Swilton was for hazard. Nobody had seen Mordhurst—or Lady Kympton, either. I hoped they were somewhere haymaking together.

I played piquet with Mrs. Millis until the Prince Regent appeared and dinner was magnificently announced.

As I have said, at Thanes Close, George Visby's beautiful seat, dinner always was served at one o'clock, and usually continued until three or four, His Royal Highness being a great guzzler.

About three I felt half suffocated and longed for the outer air. The hall was flooded with September sunshine, but all windows were closed, candles blazed everywhere, and the place stank of wine and wilted flowers.

His Royal Highness, as usual, ate too much and was sick. He left the table assisted by Lord Yarmouth and Jack Payne.

Tom Raikes told me that he had been too tightly laced. Yes, and too tight the night before.

While Prinney was being unlaced and purged, card tables had been fetched to the west terrace, now thronged with belles and beaux—Harry Pierrepoint, Poodle Byng, Tom Raikes, Viscount Mordhurst, too—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page seven]

all the bow-window set from White's. There was my lord Yarmouth again—I mean the depraved pup who married Selwyn's charming Mie-Mie, and who was far worse a man than poor old Q., whatever the world might think about it.

Here, also, strutted young Gronow of the 1st Guards, not quite of the bow-window company, and bitter because excluded. Here, too, sauntered Sir B. Tarleton, the dark little cavalryman lately blackballed at White's, whose reputation in America during our late Revolution had been sadly spattered with blood.

Other intimates of Royalty crowded the terrace at Thanes Close, where servants in yellow and silver livery were placing card tables.

Here was Lord Seacrest, too, a big beefy youth whom all gamblers were busy butchering, he being already £180,000 the worse since the New Year.

That kind of ox was born to be felled. I helped flay him.

As for the women; all were intimates of the Prince Regent; all gamblers; some notorious for beauty some for wit, others for odalisquetic talents—an impudent, frolicsome company; tireless dancers; expert in the game of Love, but very buzzards at cards; greedy, grasping, crooked as a game leg.

There was the handsome Mrs. Millis, the wanton Duchess of Kympton, Lady Swilton of the tiny feet and swanlike figure, the Hon. Linda Veining—lesser nymphs and goddesses, the vices of the one supplementing what few vices might be lacking in the next.

Little Tarleton, who had inherited the exquisite Perdita, remarked to me en passant: "It seems that your country is bent on war again, Mr. Brooke. I have it from Prinney."

I looked at him almost stupidly, as though I had quite forgotten I had a country.

"What's that you say, sir?" I demanded.

Tarleton was already beyond earshot, but Mordhurst, who had overheard us, took it up like a fool, saying that America was likely to declare war against England, but that nobody in England cared a damn. Yarmouth and Seacrest, passing, paused to observe us.

His lean lordship's words and manner were not perfectly agreeable to me.

"Do you insinuate," said I, "that England holds my country in contempt?"

He said sneeringly that he had not understood that America was particularly practiced in the art of war.

"Perhaps," said I, "your lordship will find it convenient to offer me a few moments' practice in that art."

"Sir," said he, "I offered you no reason for offense. Permit me to add that you are far too eager to pick quarrels."

At that, Seacrest bellowed out his bovine laughter, but Yarmouth interposed with an oath and took hold of my arm, which twitched impulsively toward Mordhurst's nose.

"GENTLEMEN," remarked Yarmouth, "will scarcely have the effrontery to pursue a dispute in the presence of His Royal Highness."

I twisted around to look. I had not noticed the return of the Prince Regent. Now I saw him, and remembered his reproof.

Mordhurst said to Yarmouth: "I was merely assuring Mr. Brooke that a possible declaration of war by America had no slightest interest for England."

"That remark is offensive," said I. "And, further, I believe you added that I was considered to be a picker of quarrels. Very well, sir. It would be a pleasure to give you a *personal* reason for thinking so."

Seacrest bellowed again like a bereaved bull calf.

"Let it alone," growled Yarmouth, linking his arm in mine and drawing me aside so that other people might pass between Mordhurst and myself—there being a great stir and bustle along the line of the royal progress.

Meanwhile, Yarmouth told me in his frankly filthy way that the Prince Regent had had a good vomit and felt better, and was eager for play.

His Royal Highness appeared on the terrace now, inquiring for cards, fatter than ever, bursting out of his clothes, belly bulging under blue evening coat, white waistcoat, and starched neckcloth; his puffy feet in striped stockings crowded into shiny boots, the polish for which George Brummell had invented.

So play began; and there were wines and spirits and ices and preparations for desperate gaming. The Earl of Seacrest—that clumsy oaf—kept one bank; lisping George Visby another. Others already were hard at macao and whist at a rouleau of fifty pounds the point, and a hundred guineas the rubber.

Tweedle, tweedle, toot, toot, went the orchestra of violins, horns, and hautbois.

Tom Raikes and I played against young Gronow and George Visby; Yarmouth, chasing some petticoat or other, paused to say to me:

"I lay you a hundred guineas even that No-grow Gronow plucks you this time."

"Done," said I. "Do you hear that, No-grow, my lad?"

"Done and done," said Yarmouth, booking it, and starting on his love quest again.

But I plucked him back by the elbow and whispered in his ear: "I lay you fifty pounds to five that I trim George Visby till he squeaks!"

"Done," said he. "But I hope you do."

"Done and done," said I, noting it. "George, this means trouble for *you!*"

He looked at me like a frightened white rabbit.

YARMOUTH took up the trail of the fleeing petticoat; I returned to the flaying of young Gronow.

That gallant little gamecock and George Visby had had enough of it before the gold-washed light of a September evening faded to ashes of lilies over terrace, flowers, and fountains.

I did not desire to win Gronow's money, but delighted in landing that lisping, affected dandy, George Visby, who was far too rich to suit me, but too timid to long endure the gaff.

The sky overhead had become a lake of clear, greenish gold—light enough, still, for cards—but His Royal Highness loved a hot room smelling of candle flame and wine and human sweat; so very soon the windows of Thanes Close were ablaze again, and the noisy crowd drifted thither, buck, blood, beau, and dandy; and, with them, the frail partners of their vices, as eager for more play as the hardest gamester among us all.

The Prince Regent—known among us familiarly as Prinney, and, insultingly, as Big Ben—ambled into the card room. Fat as he had become, he remained a graceful dancer and had, when he chose, the most winning manners in the world. God pity him, he had been born royally handsome, and clean and generous and kind. It was the world's wickedness, and his aptitude for it, that had turned him from the finest gentleman of Europe into the world's worst blackguard.

Yarmouth, still in chase of his ever-vanishing petticoat, paused to challenge me again:

"Ten guineas to five that I catch her yet, Mr. Brooke."

"Done, sir. Who is she?"

"Done and done, though I be undone," said he. "She's a new divinity fetched here by Lady Vulper. God, what a tender morsel!" He booked the bet and hurried on.

People were already dancing in the new ballroom, hard at it, fiddle, horn, and bassoon.

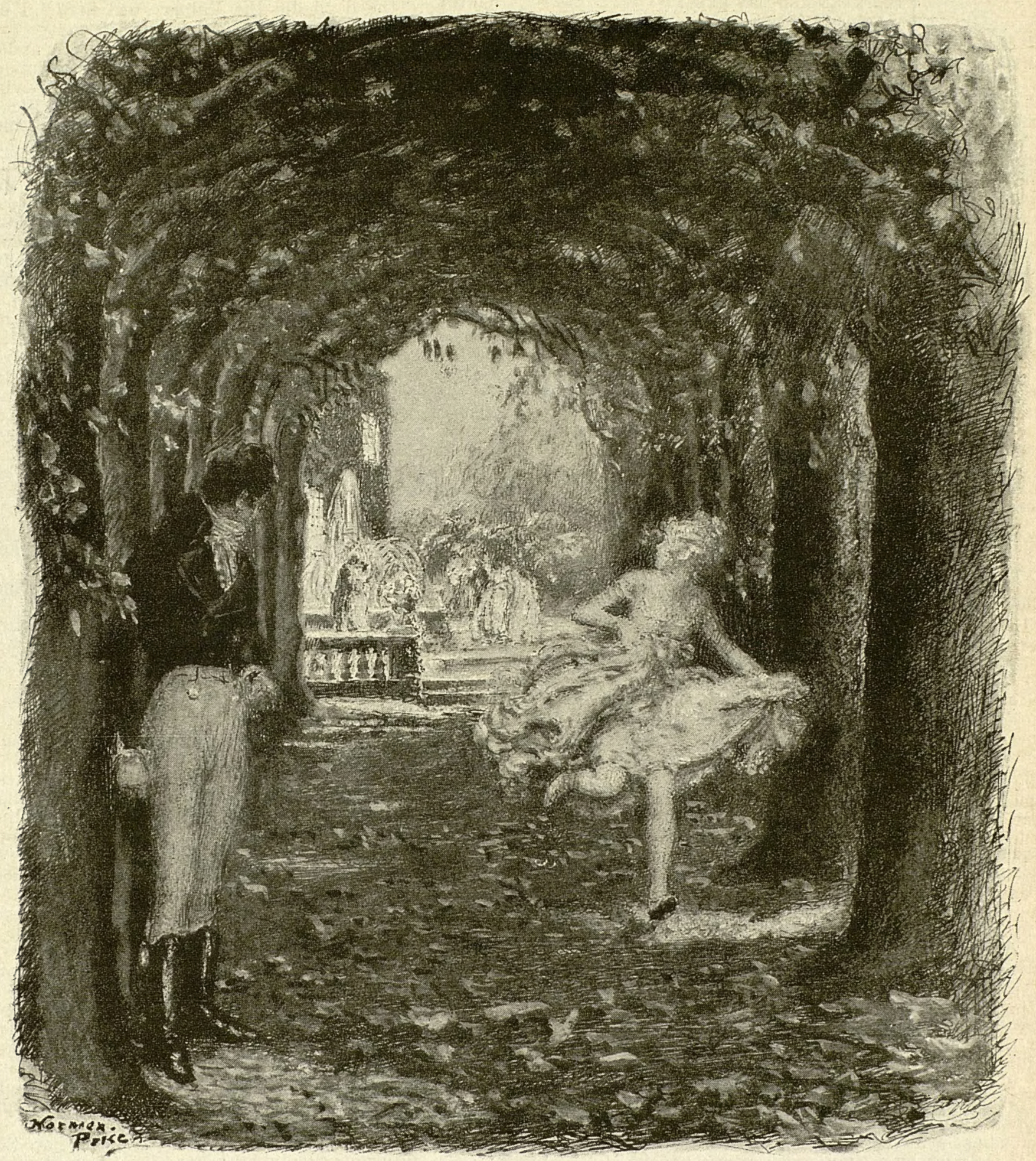
What Prinney and Mordhurst had said to me still stuck in my mind. As I was standing by a fountain in the gathering dusk, reflecting, a figure approached me. It was Poodle Byng.

"Oh, I say, Joshua," said he. "Big Ben knows you've had more trouble with Mordhurst. He's annoyed. May I be quite frank with you?"

"Certainly," said I, taking his arm.

He said: "I think you should pull up and consider your situation, Joshua. It's rather perilous."

"Proceed, Poodle."



As I turned to retrace my path I saw her. She was running and holding up her skirts garter high.

"Then, let us briefly recall your three years among us. You appeared at Oxford three years ago from your Columbia College in New York. Everybody at Magdalen became your friend. You formed fashionable acquaintances. You got on, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And after you were plucked and sent down you already knew desirable people in London. You had no trouble in making White's and Watier's and the Hell Fire Club. You took as naturally to a fashionable life of pleasure as a duck takes to a dirty puddle. You're known as the luckiest gambler in England—luckiest at cards and at the races. You began to rake it as a one-bottle man; you passed on to five; and nobody knows your limits now. Women love you because your American manners please them—"

"This," said I, "begins to sound like an obituary."

"An obituary is likely unless you stop quarreling."

I represented politely that gentlemen were born to differ; and that, otherwise, the world would be but a dull domicile.

He replied: "Don't be in such a damned hurry to shoot people. Don't pick a man up before he knows what he's saying. The trouble with you is you *like* to fight."

"You wrong me, Poodle. If any other man dared say that to me—"

"Well, everybody thinks so. How many duels have you had in these three years?"

"Not many—"

"*How* many?"

"Nine," I said sulkily.

"Very well, then. Take my affectionate advice and have no more. Prinney won't stand any further scandal from you! He'll let you go to prison next time. He told Tom Raikes he would—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page nine]

"My dear Poodle, am I to swallow Mordhurst's insults?"

"What insults?"

"He made too free with Lady Kympton. He spoke of America with contempt—"

"My God! First you want to exchange shots with him because he pinched Lady Kympton's knee. Everybody pinches it. And now you wish to blaze away at him because he doesn't care for your native land. Few Englishmen do care for it—if you want the spitting truth."

"*I* care for it!"

"By God, you ought to! For between Bonaparte and Prinney your country hasn't a friend on earth!"

"She needs none," said I angrily.

"What America needs is a good trouncing," said he.

It was God's mercy I did not strike him. I caught his eye in time and saw he was laughing at me.

"Poodle," said I in a rage, "ever since the Revolution your country has snubbed and bullied and kicked and buffeted mine. One of your admirals remarked that no Englishman would tolerate from America what Americans endure from England.

"If my goaded country finally turns on yours, I turn, too. If America becomes England's enemy, I become her enemy, also."

"What bosh, my dear fellow—"

"Poodle, if my country fights you I shall do yours all the damage I can."

"My God, sir, you have already damaged nine of my fellow subjects—two past all repair—with your plagued pistols. As far as war is concerned, I should hope you had already done your part!"

"Well, haven't I had a few bullets picked out of my own carcass, too?"

He said: "Don't fight any more, Joshua. If our countries want to fight, let 'em. We English don't become excited whenever England goes to war. I don't yell for my pistols and start for the Peninsula just because England is fighting Bonaparte down there. I wouldn't wish to pull Mordhurst's nose merely because he said that nobody cared whether America declared war on England or not. Besides, there'll be no war. A King's messenger passed through yesterday and there was no news of any such declaration. I have Prinney's word for it."

He took my arm in his friendly way. We walked slowly around the three fountains, the spray touching us pleasantly when a breeze stirred.

"Why are Americans so cursed sensitive?" said he. "We are not."

"Too many British kicks and blows have left our skins both bruised and irritable," said I. "You've behaved very shamefully to your own flesh and blood."

"Brothers always bully," said he.

We strolled toward the great, lighted house.

"Well," said he, "let it alone, Joshua. We all love *you*."

As we entered the withdrawing room I saw Lady Vulper come in; and, with her, a bright-cheeked, wide-eyed damsel who seemed a trifle breathless from swift walking, or perhaps from nervous anticipation of an evening's excitement.

I HEARD somebody say, "American." Everybody looked at her with curiosity, surprised by her beauty; and very quickly she was beset by beaux—Yarmouth, Scrope Davies, Seacrest, Tom Raikes, George Visby, Mordhurst, a dozen others eager to pay their compliments to Lady Vulper and to this charming and very youthful stranger. I heard somebody behind me say: "The Vulper has fetched her for Prinney." Which no doubt was true. We all called her Dame Quickly.

I would not have cared, depraved cub that I had become, had I not heard somebody say that this stranger was American. That seemed to stir up something irritable within me.

"Better rush to the rescue of your pretty national," whispered Byng with a light laugh. "Fine material for a quarrel yonder. Look at Yarmouth! Curse him out and take a shot at him."

"Where the devil did the Vulper steal her?" I demanded, watching their approach toward Royalty.

His Royal Highness was polite to Lady Vulper and to her protégée. No man on earth had more royal manners. But he wanted to gamble just then. Big Ben's surviving passions were cards and clothes. Only an amatory flicker remained. He had already been at high play with Linda Veining, Mrs. Millis, and the Earl of Seacrest, and had plundered Seacrest to his last sixpence. It was plain, now, that he desired to continue, defer the siege of this new beauty, and resume the robbery of Seacrest.

Which vexed Lady Vulper, who had expected instantly to sweep His Highness off his fat feet. Now she encountered his chilling coolness, and the amused and derisive eyes of men and women about her as Prinney resumed his play.

I caught her angry, reddish eyes, and I went to pay my devoirs, and was gratefully presented to the beautiful Miss Strayling of New York. But I had had scarcely a really useful word with her before I was being jostled and crowded by other impatient gallants. I squared my shoulders to maintain my advantage, 'spite of young Gronow pirouetting about her, and Tom Raikes, very assiduous, and Yarmouth, leering ever nearer.

A confused, excited child she seemed—good God, what a début for her! And what a she-devil she had found to introduce her to the world of pleasure.

WELL, I was obliged to give place. Yarmouth got her. Mordhurst disputed her with Yarmouth.

I'd not have cared had she not been American. That stuck in my mind as I lingered, watching her and the Vulper being swallowed and engulfed by the mounting sea of beaux.

Later I played at George Visby's table again against the bank. I was in a cold and evil humour, and won six thousand guineas; and so sauntered away leaving Visby with his face as gray as a dirty handkerchief. Yet, the bank had won at hazard from everybody else. But Visby was a wretched loser and chicken livered to boot.

There had been too much wine drunk since dinner—everybody was thick-tongued, careless; and some of the dancing had become impudent. I saw Miss Strayling dancing a country dance with little Gronow who, however, always remained well bred; which oddly relieved my mind until I noticed Mordhurst and Yarmouth dogging them.

Prinney became sick again. Jack Payne told me that His Royal Highness refused to be put to bed and meant to return and dance with Miss Strayling as soon as he felt better. He went into the withdrawing room and was sick on the sofa.

I strolled out to the terrace for a breath of air; a cool breeze arose; fountain spray powdered my face very pleasantly. Nobody else was on the terrace. I walked on along a pleached avenue under the stars, thinking about my winnings, about war, about Mordhurst, about the lectures from Prinney and from Poodle Byng, and about this new American.

As I turned to retrace my path I saw her. She was running and holding up her bouffant skirts garter high, and had the most lovely legs I ever beheld, though for the rest she seemed as thin as a boy.

Where I stood under the shadow of the pleached limes she did not notice me at all until close upon me and running like a devil.

For an instant she seemed frightened, and dropped her skirts with some violence; then, when I stepped out into the lustrous starlight, she recognized me.

"Oh," said she with a little sobbing laugh, "I was afraid you were my lord Yarmouth!"

"Is that beast still in chase of beauty, Miss Strayling?"

"He laid one thousand pounds with my lord Mordhurst that he'd take off my garter. So I ran. Let us hide in that shrubbery. Shall we?" She was still panting.

I lent her my arm and we turned to the left among the rhododendrons and laurel, and continued straight through to where the great beeches sprawled along the little river.

In the starry dusk one or two fallow deer rose

I was looking hard at Mordhurst. He lay very still where he had fallen. "You damned duellist," he gasped, "you've done for me!"

up awkwardly and galloped away through the woods.

On the stream bank stood a columned Temple of Love, after the manner of the Grand Monarque, only clumsier.

"What's this?" says she; "sanctuary?"

"The Temple of Love," said I. "He won't catch you here."

"You mean Lord Yarmouth?"

"Yes; did you think I meant Lord Cupid?"

She laughed: "Who's afraid of Cupid!" said she. "I'd never run from *him!*"

"Look out," said I. "He's hiding somewhere about."

She pretended to look all about her: "I don't see him, Mr. Brooke."

"Would you really like to catch a glimpse of him?"

"I think I'd like it."

"You *think?* Don't you *know?*"

"You are very curious, sir," said she, seating herself on the marble bench and arranging her billowing skirts.

She was a lovely thing, childishly pretty in her fresh, dewy way, slim rather than frail, but had little more shape to her than a lad; no bosom, no rounded curves excepting legs and cheeks.

She still appeared to be excited, almost breathless. It seemed to be a trick of hers—those parted lips, and her breath a little out of rhythm.

"Are you very much frightened?" said I.

"Oh, no, I am enjoying everything."

"I thought you said that Yarmouth—"

"Yes, he was too enterprising."

"So you ran."

"Yes, I did." She fanned her pretty nose with her handkerchief. "Oh, Lord," says she, "what a deal of life I've seen since I eloped."

"Eloped!"

"Oh," said she. "I'm in a sorry pickle and scarce know what has happened or what I'm about. What *am* I about, Mr. Brooke?"

"You're about sixteen, I suppose."

She laughed. "Nineteen and near to twenty. Would you like to hear about my pickle?"

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[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page eleven]

I begged her to tell me.

"Well, sir, you are to learn, then, that last April I was at a finishing school for young ladies in Passy. And I eloped—"

"With whom, in God's name, ma'am?"

"I eloped with a dark young man in red."

"In *red*, madam!"

"In a bright red uniform—one of Prince Murat's hussars. He wore, also, a little gold sabretache and a fur dolman. He was a vicomte."

"Is that all you know about him?" I asked, laughing.

"Just that. And his name. I got out of the window the way we all do in novels, you know, and over the convent wall I shinned, and into his arms, and away in a chaise to Paris—"

"Vlan!" said I, my laughter now uncontrolled.

"Vlan!" said she. "We supped in his beautiful apartment," she rattled on, "all gilt and boiserie and flowers and crystal—just a blaze of gold and candles! I ate everything and I was beginning to enjoy the champagne very much, when it occurred to me that I had better arrange with him about our marrying each other, as it was now near morning.

"OH, heaven!"—she made a graceful appeal to the stars with both arms—"Why, I discovered that he hadn't the idlest intention of marrying me! What do you think of *that!*"

I tried not to laugh. "What happened then?"

"Why, then," said she, "I had some more champagne and some sweets and another ice. Hector was talking very rapidly all the time, first on one knee, then on both. I reflected while I finished my supper. It was a delicious supper.

"'My dear Hector,' said I, 'you seemed quite different to me by moonlight. At close view by candlelight you are not very handsome; you are shorter than I am. I'd rather not marry you, and I certainly am not going to be your mistress—if that's what you're talking about.'"

"Is that what you said to him?" I asked, stifling my laughter.

"Yes; that's what I said to him. A violent scene developed immediately, Mr. Brooke. So I pulled the bell rope with all my strength until finally they let me have my cloak.

"So downstairs I marched, poor Hector clattering along beside me, sobbing and making dreadful noises with his sword and spurs. But I couldn't help that.

"There was a violent scene in the entresol, Hector being excitable and refusing to drive me back to Passy. I knew I'd be expelled, anyway, but had nowhere else to go. So I told him, very well, I'd find a fiacre—he growing wilder and noisier all the while. Then a door opened and a lady in curl papers came out cursing us—Lady Vulper—and said she to me:

"'What a damned uproar you two are making. Is this gentleman your husband?'

"'No,' said I, 'we eloped from my boarding school in Passy this evening, but I've changed my mind and would be glad of a bed.'

"'Why,' says she, laughing, 'you may share mine, if you like, my child.'

"So, with that, Hector wept and pulled me about, but I boxed both his ears with all my might. . . . And next day I sailed with Lady Vulper. . . . And I've had a very agreeable time in London."

As I galloped into Faithness I saw my serva

After a moment—she watching me, brightly breathless—"Is that all you know about Lady Vulper?" I asked drily.

"All?"

"In other words—is this sort of life to be your chosen career?"

"Career?"

"I MEAN," said I impatiently, "are you going to remain all alone in England under the—protection—of this woman?"

"Where would you have me go, sir?"

"Home. Haven't you a home?"

"In New York. But I was sent to Passy to keep me out of mischief."

"Are you inclined to it?" I enquired, amused.

"I lack discretion."

"You seem to."

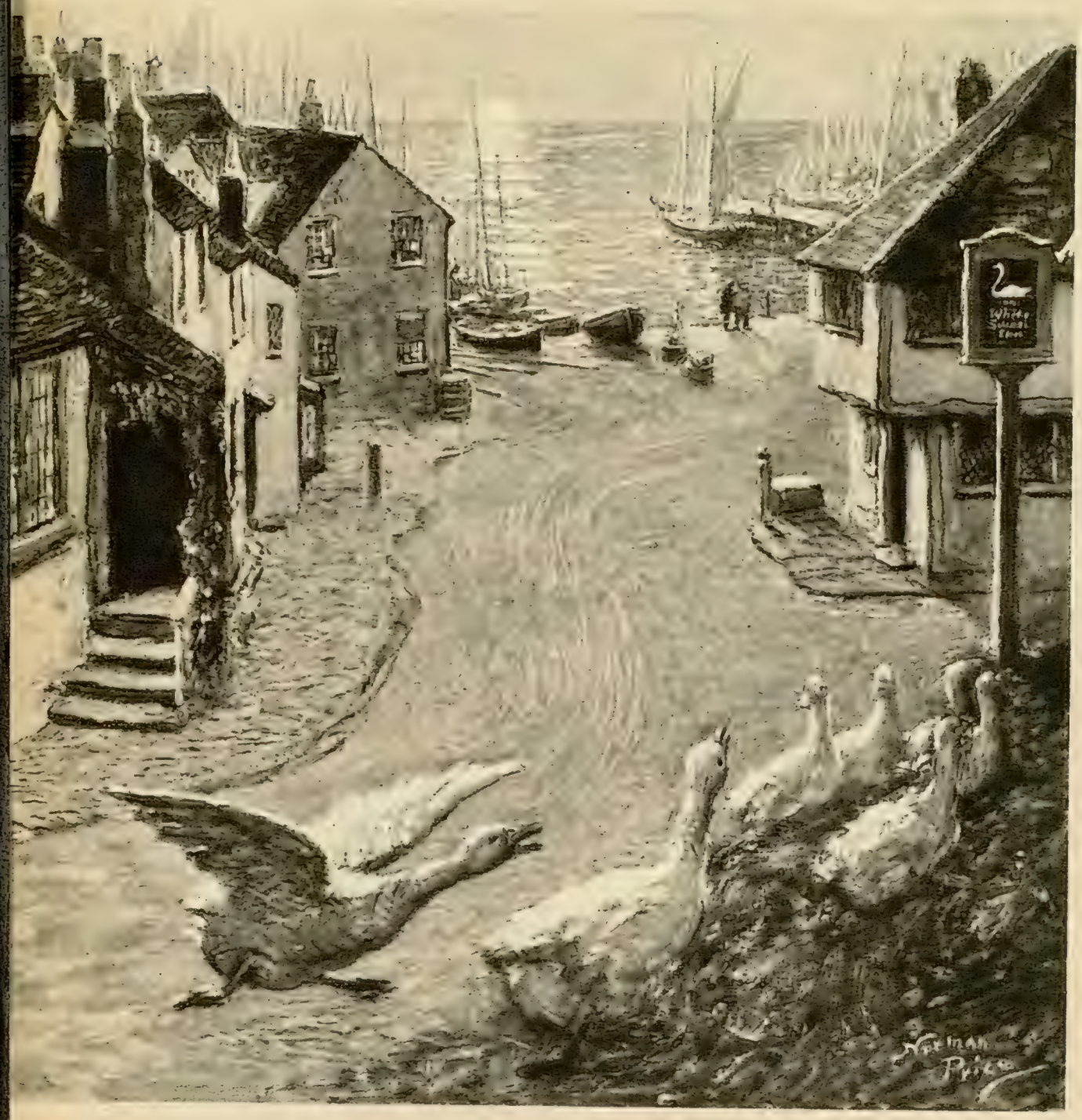
"Yes," said she with an enchanting smile. "I have no sense. It's one pickle after another. I fell in love several times, and one of them was married. He was my music teacher. He was fifty and bald, but I thought him godlike. I told my grandfather that I loved him."

"And he packed you off to Passy?"

She nodded and sighed, and spread out her skirts and looked down at her small feet which presently she tilted up a little for closer inspection.

"I paid ten pounds for those slippers," she remarked, "and fifteen guineas for my stockings."

I let my eyes rest on her feet for a few moments, then



n a wharf where a fishing smack lay rocking.

looked up at the stars. I hadn't the slightest idea whether I had to do with a seasoned and sophisticated youngster, who understood very clearly what path she was taking, or with a pretty fool whom Chance, so far, had spared.

HAD she been anything except American I'd not have meddled.

But, somehow, the idea of Prinney lolling lustfully at those childish feet—Yarmouth mouthing that soft, small hand—George Visby lisping impudence into her little ears—Mordhurst—

I took my eyes from the high stars where they say one's destiny abides, if only one may learn to decipher it.

"Why did you elope?" I asked bluntly.

She gave me a calm look: "I was lonely."

"And you thought marriage might cure loneliness?"

"All women think it. Doesn't it?"

"Not usually. Moreover," said I, "if it's of marriage you're dreaming, Thanes Close is no place for you. Those rakes yonder don't marry. But"—and I gave her a hard look—"every scoundrelly one o' them—including myself—would be glad to make an 'arrangement' with you—as your little French vicomte wished to—and they'd pay Lady Vulper handsomely for the opportunity."

That was plain talk, but the girl did not even wince when I added: "Because that's Lady Vulper's business with pretty young creatures like you, Miss Strayling."

"Is it so?"

"Certainly. The woman's notorious. She'll sell you to Prinney if she can. Or to any other who pays her enough commission."

"Sell *me!*"

"What do you think she's doing now over there in that big, noisy house?"

"What?"

"Trying to dispose of you, ma'am."

She sat very silent for a while.

"All those people," I went on, "are hell-rakers. Don't you know it?"

She said in a low voice: "Are you one of them, Mr. Brooke?"

"Yes, I am. It's in my bones. But beware that it doesn't get into *your* bones."

"What threatens my bones, sir?"

"The fashionable and prevailing fever."

She made a peculiarly graceful gesture, body and hands eloquent of resignation.

"There seems to be some sort of mischief in every pleasure," said she.

"There is, if it's offered to you with the left hand."

SHE hung her head, but continued to swing her feet. Then she looked up at me with her lovely smile.

"Are *you* left-handed, Mr. Brooke?"

"I told you so. And here's my left hand, if you'll accept it," I said laughingly.

"Are you going to abandon me if I don't?"

"I shan't do that."

"Well, then?"—with a breathless smile.

"Whatever you please, ma'am."

"Protection?"

"That's an ugly word in England."

"Is 'kindness' an ugly word, too, Mr. Brooke?"

"Fashion misuses it."

"But you won't abandon me?"

"Let that be our understanding," said I, smiling but utterly perplexed.

She sprang up, shook out her skirts.

"Lend me your *right* hand, if you please, sir. It is merely a loan."

I did so; and we sauntered toward the house under the great beeches.

As we arrived on the west terrace I saw a dragoon ride up—Charles Standish, of Prinney's regiment.

When he saw me he waved a gloved hand:

"The United States have declared war against England," he said gaily. "The news is out in London. Their privateers are already in the Channel and have taken sixteen sail!"

I felt an odd shock, not wholly disagreeable. Standish dismounted, flung the bridle to a lackey, and went into the house carrying his crested despatch pouch and whistling merrily.

Little Miss Strayling loosened her fingers from mine and nestled her hand close within my arm with a slight shiver.

"I never have seen a war," said she. "Where will they fight? What will *you* do, Mr. Brooke?"

"I don't know, ma'am. . . . I think I'll go back."

"To America?"

"Certainly."

"Would you—take me?"

I'd scarcely bargained for that, and I said so.

"I want to see a war," said she. "Why won't you take me back with you?"

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[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page thirteen]

"You'll have to travel as my sister, then."

"Had I not better go as your wife, sir?"

"If you choose," said I impatiently. "We can discuss it another time. Shall we go in?"

Scrope Davies and Jack Payne came out to the terrace, laughing. Seeing us they joined us.

"Mordhurst is in a rage," said Davies. "War really has been declared, and he is obliged to join his regiment in Canada. Charlie Standish has all the latest London news."

As he spoke I saw Mordhurst come out of the house. Scrope whispered that he had lost frightfully at hazard, and might even be ruined.

He seemed distraught, dishevelled, and in a devil's humour, pushing a lackey out of his way, who fetched him a cushioned chair, and giving the chair a kick aside.

Then, in a harsh voice he bade the poor fellow bring him a light for his cigar and be damned nimble about it. The taper's flame cast a lurid glare over his dark thin visage.

"God, what a foul humour!" whispered Scrope. "Better keep clear of him, Joshua."

I don't know whether Mordhurst heard him, but he looked around suddenly, and, seeing me, and Miss Strayling on my arm:

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said he. "Well, your damned country has been kicked into action, after all!"

I could scarcely find my voice. I drew Miss Strayling's hand from within mine and laid it gently on Scrope's arm. He understood, but she seemed bewildered when he led her away in the starlight.

Then I approached Mordhurst, leisurely.

"My lord," said I, "let me save you a tiresome voyage to Canada."

"What d'ye mean, you damned Yankee?"

"I think you know what I mean."

He flung away his cigar; got up from his chair.

"Jack," said I to Payne, "will you be so kind?"

"Jack," said Mordhurst, "will you find Seacrest and fetch what is necessary?"

"Damnation, gentlemen, would you conclude this business by starlight?" remonstrated Payne in a low voice.

"Yes," said I. "I'm going to London tonight."

He scowled at me, at Mordhurst, turned on his heel with an oath, and went into the house.

"Would the Temple of Love suit your lordship?" I asked politely.

"Anywhere."

I WALKED slowly away across the terrace. There was a slight mist over the fountains.

Later, Jack Payne overtook me. Behind him I saw a shadowy group following us.

Under the beeches the deer sprang up and trotted patiently away. It was misty down by the river's edge, but all the east was whitening into dawn. I sat down in the Temple of Love.

Seacrest, Mordhurst, Dr. Ellingwood arrived. Mordhurst paced the misty river's edge. Jack Payne and Seacrest were busy by a lighted lantern, kneeling on the grass.

Presently they separated; Mordhurst came up from the river; Jack Payne and Seacrest placed us, gave us our weapons and our warning.

It was a poor light; Mordhurst seemed but a vague shape in the thin mist. Payne's voice was stilled for a few moments, then he began to count aloud—

Bang-bang! Something burned my thigh. Then a bullet dropped down my trouser leg into my left boot.

"Are you hit, Mr. Brooke?" asked Payne.

I was looking hard at Mordhurst. He lay very still where he had fallen.

Seacrest lumbered over to him, lifted him a little from the grass. Payne and the doctor went to him. I followed slowly. Somebody turned up the wick of the oil lantern.

"I'm sorry, Mordhurst," I whispered.

"You damned duellist," he gasped. "you've done for me!"

Then the doctor became busy with him, waving me aside.

Jack Payne said to me: "I told Scrope to have a horse for you at the east park gates. You'd better go at once."

"Is Mordhurst badly hurt?"

"Yes. You'd better get yourself into France. Prinney—this is a damnable business, Joshua—"

"Yes, I know."

Payne said: "I sent your servant to Faithness. There are plenty of fishing smacks there. It's only ten miles. Have you money?"

"Plenty. . . . Thank you, Jack. . . . I'll just say a word to Mordhurst—"

"For God's sake, no!"

"Tell him I'm cursed sorry, will you?"

"Yes, if he can still hear. . . . Good luck!"

I WENT slowly away along the river and presently came to the east gate. The lodge keeper was half dressed. He came in his shirt and let me out.

Poodle Byng had my horse and a valise.

"Damnation," said he, "what did I tell you!"

There were tears in his kind eyes.

I stripped off my evening clothes, got into spurred boots, buckskins, and riding coat.

"I'm terrible sorry," said I. "I hope to God he lives. I aimed at his shins, but there was a mist—"

"You'd better ride hard, Joshua."

He gave me his hand very sorrowfully; then I wheeled my horse and set spurs to him.

Dawn whitened the world. I rode hard through the rising mist. A few farmers were astir in byre and barn and orchard close.

Cows filed out of their night pastures. Rooks were on the wing.

Miles fled like spindrift before a gale. It seemed but a very little while before I smelled the sea. Very soon I saw it, glittering, the sun's edge ablaze above it.

As I galloped into the fishing hamlet of Faithness I saw my servant on a wharf where a brown fishing smack lay rocking.

He ran to hold my horse. "All's aboard and stowed, sir. The lady has been much worried—"

"Lady! What lady!"

"My God, sir, are you not running away with one?"

I stared at the smack. Miss Strayling, clinging to the rocking mast, waved a joyous hand to me.

It was then, and suddenly, I realized that the world for me had changed in the twinkling of an eye.

People, surroundings, habits, familiar things—all were going to vanish—already had vanished—forever.

Everything was ended for me, leaving me at the edge of the sea, facing only a horizon.

I went aboard. The smack stank of fish. Her master came to me, cap in hand, to enquire my pleasure.

"France," said I.

"It will be fifty guineas, sir," said he.

I had a hundred in a silk bag. They had once been Visby's.

I gave them to him and told him to hoist sail and put to sea. Then I went forward toward my pretty acquaintance of the night before.

She gave me a spray-wet hand—I supposed for me to kiss. I kissed it, tasting the salt.

"You promised not to abandon me," she said.

"I had no time to lose, ma'am, or to remember you."

"I've remembered *you*," she said. "Did you fight?"

"What wild business is this you are planning, madam?" said I. "Do you really mean to go with me?"

"I told you I desired to go."

"How did you learn my plans?"

She blushed.

"I knew you were going to have a duel. But Mr. Davies wouldn't admit it until I began to weep and tell him that we were very desperately in love—"

"What!"

"I had to tell him something. He was much moved. He said the Prince Regent would let you go to prison this time."

"Did Mr. Davies tell you I'd leave England by way of Faithness?"

"Yes. I made him tell me. And then I begged him

to get me a chaise and postboy. He was afraid to. So I tried fainting."

"What!"

"I fainted. I had to."

"And then he fetched you a chaise?"

"He did. I have all my own luggage and yours."

"*Mine!*"

"Yes, I sent Mr. Davies to your chambers to pack it and fetch it to the mews. It's down in the cabin with mine."

I gazed at her, astounded, and she looked at me with one of her lovely breathless expressions.

"Everything—everything is before us," she said. "The world is wonderful; life is a miracle. I've discovered that much. . . . Why do you stare so hard at me?"

"Do you mean to travel as my wife, ma'am?"

"Isn't that easiest?" She began to laugh: "Why do you look at me so wildly? I don't expect you to marry me—with either hand—Mr. Brooke."

The crew of two—an old man and a lad—came forward to cast off and hoist sail.

The wind was brisk, the tide on the turn.

As our sails filled belly-full with a mellow report, and we heeled over and boiled away seaward, I saw several mounted constables gallop into Faithness. They shouted at us.

One of them waved something at me, probably a warrant.

"Bye-bye, Prinney," thought I to myself.

I glanced at the youngster beside me and noticed how pale she was in the morning light.

"You require sleep, ma'am," said I.

"So do you, Mr. Brooke."

I remarked that I was accustomed to play at cards all night and hunt the hounds all next day.

However, I handed her down the rough stairs to the cabin. There was a bunk there.

Our luggage lay piled beside it.

I said: "You had better lie down and go to sleep. I feel no inclination for repose."

She stifled a yawn. "There is room for you, also," she said, "—and two pillows."

SHE crept into the bunk on hands and knees and lay flat upon the farther side. There she yawned again and gazed at me with a vague smile. "Of what are you thinking, Mr. Brooke?"

"I was wondering," said I, "whether you really are as innocent as you look."

"No," said she, "I'm not. But I'm not as stupid as I seem, either."

"Innocent or otherwise," said I, "you are clever."

"One need not be wanton to be wise, sir."

I laughed and began to pull the valises, satchels, and boxes about. Scrope had forgotten nothing of mine. She seemed to have many boxes.

"Are all yours here?" I asked her.

"Everything, sir."

Then I noticed a military pouch bearing the crest of the 10th Dragoons.

"What's this?" said I, astonished.

She turned her head to look. "Isn't it yours?"

I picked it up. The chained key dangled from the flap. I slipped it into the lock and opened it. Inside was a packet bearing government seals. It was addressed to Prinney!

"What is it?" she asked, sitting up in her bunk and looking over.

"I think," said I, "that Charles Standish must have brought this pouch from London last night. It ought to have been fetched by a king's messenger. That's how carelessly things are managed by Big Ben's government."

"Well," said she, "as long as we are at war with England hadn't you better examine it?"

I knew it would be a hanging matter if ever I were taken. Nevertheless, I took a penknife from my fob and slit up the packet.

"Who's afraid of Cupid!" said she. "I'd never run from him!"

Her curiosity, now, was thoroughly aroused, and she asked me to sit on the bunk beside her and let her see what I was doing.

So I seated myself on the bunk's edge, tumbled out the papers into her lap, and unfolded the first.

"Read it to me," she begged, bringing her shoulder and head so close to mine that I was conscious of the warm, breathing fragrance of her.

THE first paper I read in a whisper. It was a transcript of orders in council, and had to do with the war in Spain.

I opened another paper.

"This," said I, "is in British military cipher. I can't make it out, of course."

The third and last paper I unfolded and read very slowly; she read it over my shoulder; and it was the wickedest document I ever read.

For here were the carefully studied outlines of a plan to send money, officers, and arms among all the Indians in the United States and Canada, and turn loose ten thousand ferocious warriors upon the men, women, and little children of our native land!

I read it; read it again; re-read it. I could scarcely credit my eyes.

As I sat athinking, the damnable paper lying on my knees, the girl beside me lay back with a sigh, pillowing her rounded cheek on one frail elbow.

"That seems a very strange way to make war," she murmured. "And His Royal Highness appears to be a mild and gentle Prince."

But I was thinking about what Poodle Byng had said to me—that I had damaged nine of his fellow countrymen. Counting Mordhurst I had damaged ten. And now I wished I had accounted for the whole damned nation—if this was what was being planned by the ministers of a crazy king and of his fat sot of a misbegotten son!

Good God! Did they really understand what devils out of hell they proposed to let loose against the humble folk on our frontiers? Would Big Ben actually subscribe to this?

As I sat athinking, I became conscious of very gentle breathing beside me. Little Miss Strayling slept where she lay in the rolling, pitching cabin. For a while I sat turning over and over the papers in my hand, wondering how I might deliver them to my outraged Government.

It had been a jail matter at worst had I been stopped at Faithness for duelling. But this violation of Prinney's despatches would be a hanging matter at best—no slightest doubt of that—with such damning documents as these in my possession.

As I sat there I heard a sudden scuffle of sea boots on deck overhead; then, suddenly, a cannon shot, very near; and a hoarse shouting from our deck. The smack yawed violently, fell away, taken aback, and lay hove to awallowing and pitching.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page fifteen]

As I got to my feet, trying to nerve myself for what was coming, the skipper, in dripping oilskins, thrust his wet, red face below.

"B-by God, sir," he stammered, "there's a corvette just abeam what's stopped us with a round shot! Her longboat's out already and acoming fast, sir!"

I have, I suppose, enough of the gambler in me to take with courage what adversity sends.

But my mouth and throat went dry, and I fumbled at my neckcloth as though it had been a hempen noose already choking me to death. My desperate glance fell on the sleeping girl. She was wide awake, sitting up and looking intently at me.

I strove to smile as carelessly as I could with so stiff a countenance:

"A British warship has spoken us," said I. "Doubtless some coast telegraph signalled her to stop us. If there's to be any question concerning me, ma'am, you are to swear that I carried you off by force."

"Do you suppose they are after those papers, Mr. Brooke?"

"I don't know."

"Throw them overboard. Here's the satchel, too." She sprang from the bunk, seized it, thrust it toward me. "Sir," she whispered, "these might be very fatal if discovered!"

But, as I placed the papers in the satchel, I heard a voice hail us close aboard:

"Smack ahoy! Stand by to throw us a rope!"

I flung the satchel to the floor. A gambler knows when he's done for. Then I held out my hands, and she caught them nervously.

"Remember," said I. "You are to disassociate yourself from me. Remember that I forced you, and that you know nothing about this packet!"

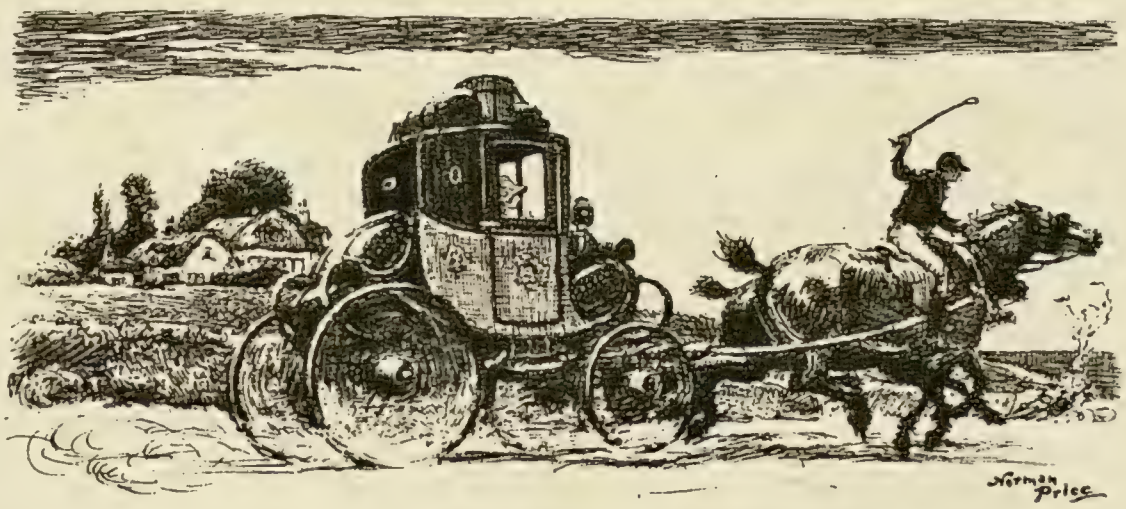
"What are they going to do with you, Mr. Brooke?"

"Oh, nothing serious," said I lightly. I kissed her relaxing hands with a reassuring smile; released them.

"I think," said I, "I'll step on deck and take a look at this impertinent ship that stops honest folk in the chops of the Channel."

The cabin stairs were like the stairs of Tyburn gallows to me. I had to stiffen my weakened knees to attempt them. But I mounted them whistling Old Jack Ketch under my breath.

There was a wet sky aloft and a wet wind blowing. A ship's longboat tossed under our stern where armed men already were boarding us. At that instant, to leeward, I noticed a beautiful corvette, hove to. And then, at the very instant I caught sight of her, she broke out the United States flag!



"SHE'S a Yankee!" roared our skipper in an agonized voice; "now they'll cut our throats for us. Oh, my Gawd!"

"Shut your jaw, Johnny Bull!" retorted a burly, good-humoured American boatswain, climbing leisurely aboard us. "Listen, son, we need a few of your fresh fish. Avast there, and break 'em out lively, John."

"We ain't got none, Jonathan, and that's Gawd's spitting truth!" bawled our demoralized skipper. "Go and rummage if you don't believe me, you damned Yankee pirut!"

The boatswain was not at all offended. On the contrary, he laughed.

"Wa'al, if y'ain't got none, y'ain't got none," he drawled. "What 'n hell hev ye got aboard yeh?"

"I only got a gentleman and his wife, 'n' that's Gawd's sp—"

"Wot 'n hell they adoin' of into a empty old hencoop like this here smack?" demanded the boatswain.

I called out to him: "Step over here, bo'sun, if you wish to help two Americans out of trouble!"

He stared at me for a moment, munching his quid; then came rolling toward me across the heaving deck, his cutlass clapping his muscular thigh. I told him bluntly I'd had a duel and must run for it.

"Ho-ho!" said he. "So you been ashootin' of a Englishman, hev yeh?"

"Yes," said I. "Will you take us aboard?"

"You gotta ax the cap'n, sir."

"What's your ship?" said I, "and who's her master?"

"The Wild-Cat, privateer," said he; "Cap'n Clancy. How d'yeh like her lines, sir?"

"Beautiful. Where are you bound?"

"A French port for water, and then home, sir. And, by God, sir, if they're after you, you'd better come aboard Cap'n Clancy. We got a pair o' heels, sir, what there ain't nothing as can catch!"

I laughed aloud. He shouted to a brace of brawny bluejackets and I led the way below. I was in wildest spirits. The very devil seemed to be singing in every vein.

"My dear," said I to little Miss Strayling where she sat huddled up on the edge of her bunk with her face in both hands, "we're going aboard the United States privateer Wild-Cat. These kind sailormen will stow our luggage for us—if you'll jump up and give 'em room."

She lifted a pallid face from her hands, then rose with an effort as though dazed, and stood beside me, drooping. It was very plain that a life of pleasure with all its swiftly shifting and bewildering emotions had been a trifle too much for little Miss Strayling.

BUT I felt like a two-year-old, and was in a crazy humour, very blithe who, but a moment since, had believed myself already rubbing noses with the fatal Queen of Spades.

"Dear wife," said I mischievously, putting a hardy arm about her, "bear up a little longer for the sake of our seven children, and you shall have a snug berth aboard the prettiest corvette that ever swam the seven seas."

She rested her head wearily against my shoulder while the bluejackets carried our baggage on deck.

"Now, you pretty thing," said I, "I'll carry you aboard."

As I passed one hand under her knees and lifted her, her grey eyes unclosed and she quietly put both arms around my neck.

"By the way, dear wife," I whispered, "what is your Christian and maiden name?"

"Naia," she said.

"Naia Strayling," I said, "I believe I'm going to be scoundrel enough to kiss you."

As she lay in my arms, pale, unsmiling, I kissed her on the mouth.

I might as well have kissed a snowflake. "My poor little wife," I murmured.

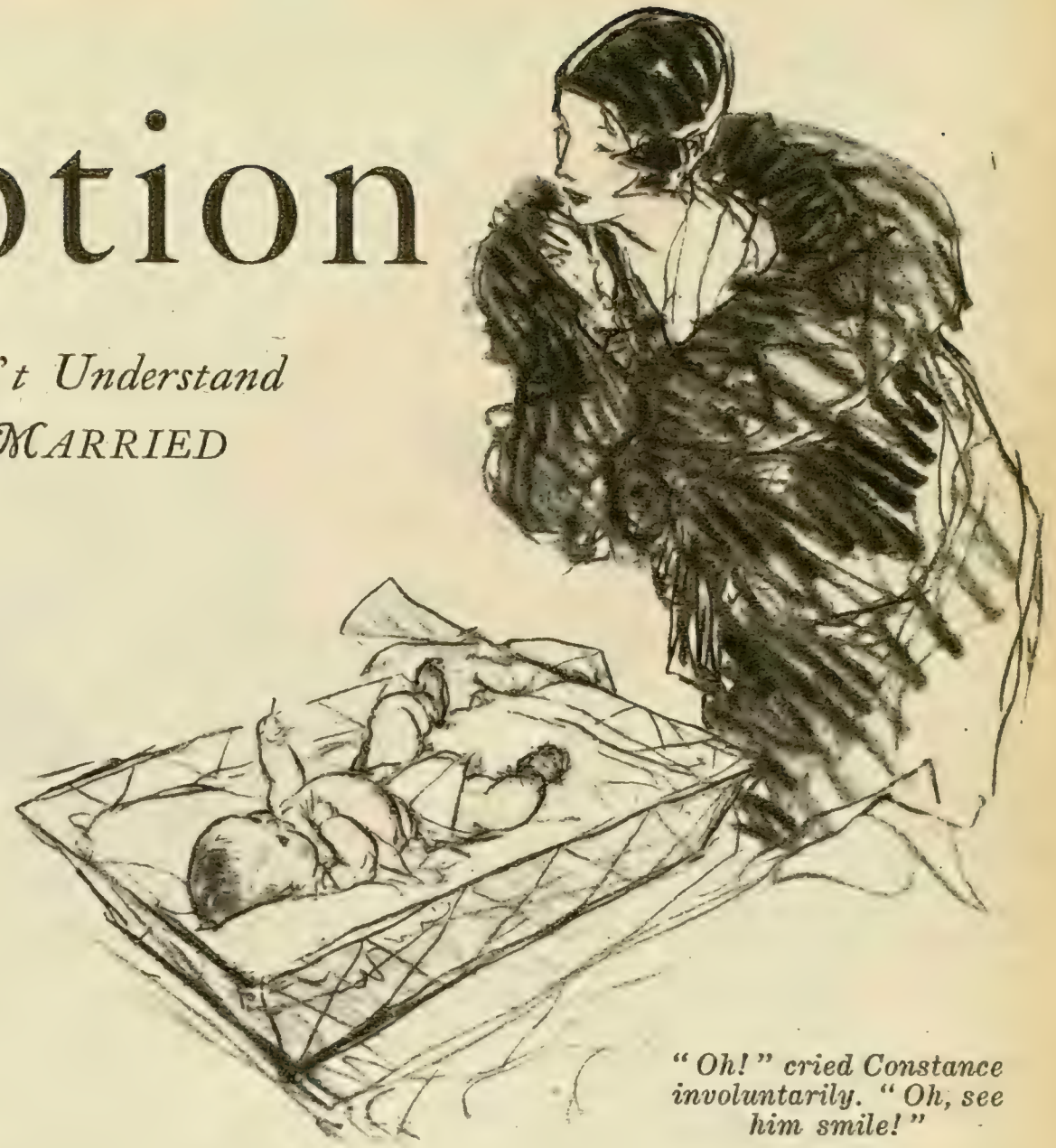
At that the faintest of smiles touched her lips and she turned her head against my shoulder.

Half an hour later she was fast asleep aboard the United States privateer Wild-Cat; and Captain Clancy and I, smoking black cigars, were brewing a bowl of bishop in his cabin, and laughing our heads off over the gay and godless yarns we swapped together.

But what with his precious papers and madcap companion Joshua Brooke is destined to be sore beset with thrills and danger. They crowd in rapidly as the story continues next week.

The Adoption

A Story You Won't Understand Unless You're MARRIED



"Oh!" cried Constance involuntarily. "Oh, see him smile!"

By

DOROTHY ALDIS

née Keeley. Her father, James Keeley, was once one of Chicago's most famous newspaper editors, so she comes naturally by her interest in writing. Mrs. Aldis has to her credit some books of delightful poetry for children and a number of stories, mostly having to do with the ways of parents and their offspring.

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

CONSTANCE wakened—not with her usual catlike sleepiness, but with a purposeful start.

"Why this?" she thought, and then remembered.

Her husband had already crawled cocoonwise from his twin bed, leaving the blankets still tightly tucked in around the vacuum, for it had been a cold night. From the bathroom came sounds of his shaving. Oh, dear, if he knew!

Wouldn't she ever be able to train him to close the windows when he got up? Brrrr! Of course, it had to be zero weather this morning with that drive ahead of her. Oh, well! She yawned, stretched, and subsided once more into the warm hollow of her bed. She blinked her eyes. Let's see—what *were* all those things he'd said to her last night?

Appealing to her ego—that's where he was always so smart. "You know you have enough brains to make a perfectly good life for yourself without children," he had said. Well, reflected Constance, that was certainly one of the mooter questions. She, for one, didn't think her life was so perfectly good just now, although, of course, it could be a good deal less attractive. His other arguments she'd heard before: That the world was greatly overpopulated; that it was ninety per cent egoism to want children anyway; that if she'd been able to pull one off for herself, all right. But, once and for all, NO on this adoption business.

Once and for all, NO. Well, she'd heard those words before in other family crises, and they hadn't altered her plans. Not much, at any rate.

Besides, what did he know about it? Nothing, for all her explaining. It wasn't that she had a sentimental craving for children. Lord, no; they bored her rather. All she really wanted was to conform.

But why she should care whether other women were sorry for her was something her husband could never understand. "If they're so dumb all they can talk about is babies' food formulas, why do you go to their luncheon parties?" It was as simple as that to John.

Well, why did she? Why does anybody do anything that bores them? To keep the wheels all greased and going round. That's the obvious reason. Another is they are not wholly bored. Constance didn't particularly like ladies' luncheon parties herself, especially if they were followed by a long afternoon of bridge. But she liked the ladies at the luncheon parties, and, after all, since she and John were living in a small community, it seemed sensible to her, at any rate, to do the things the rest of the community were doing.

But she was very tired of not being able to contribute her own ideas about Dextrose Maltose, about ultra-violet-ray baths, about how prunes had gone out and bananas were coming in. It was annoying to have to sit there without a single theory even if the discussion were dull. It made her mad that she should feel ashamed. Was it her fault that she wasn't fertile?

"HELLO! Awake?" said John, emerging from the bathroom.

"Shut the windows, devil," she murmured.

"Have you ever shut a window?" he demanded.

"No."

"Not going to begin, eh?"

"No."

"You're my spoiled Eskimo pie," he said. "You look just like an Eskimo pie. Get up. Time flits and my coffee must be poured."

He attacked fried bacon and eggs with all his blue-eyed zest.

"You know," he said suddenly, referring to their last night's conversation, "if we had a couple of brats about it wouldn't be as nice as this. You wouldn't be so pretty. You'd have spinach on your negligée. And instead of looking at me nice and amused the way I like you to, you'd be tying on a bib and saying: 'But a five-year-old child ought to be able to do that by himself. Don't you think so, Daddy?' And I, detestable man, would say, 'Do you mean to say this five-year-old child doesn't put on his own bibby?' And then his shrill treble would arise: 'Well, Donny Smith doesn't tie on his own bibby and he's SIX years old.' And then we'd laugh over his blasted little head. God knows why.

"More coffee, please." He beamed at her because he knew that he'd been funny. "Ain't it the truth?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

She dropped her eyelashes and raised them slantingly —a trick he always watched for with delight.

"Yes, my clever one," she murmured. "But our old age?"

"Our old age will be damned interesting," he said. "And I suppose you think," he hurried on, a new thought striking him, "I suppose you think we could pick up and go off to Europe three or four months at a time, the way we do, and leave a brace of pulers at home?"

"Sure we could. Or pack 'em along. That would be best." She laughed out loud at his sudden look of horror. "Hurry, you'll miss your train."

"Good Lord alive, I will. Good-by." He kissed her nose, and with a piece of toast still in his mouth leaped down the gravel path.

Constance, alone, contemplated the breakfast table.

It was a pleasant sight. The flowered breakfast cloth with napkins to match that she had picked up in Paris the last time that they were there; a bowl of yellow roses transparent in the sun which also glorified her as yet uneaten grapefruit. What would it all be like in a few years if she went through with her plan this morning? Oilcloth doilies, she supposed, for spilling purposes; and instead of conversation endless answering of devastating questions. Or was he right? Would their intimacy be broken?

With a shake of the head she pushed her chair away from the table and went and pressed her forehead on the chilled windowpane.

Oh, no—he was wrong. Men were always wrong about things like that. It was because they didn't appreciate how much a woman could swing, how many emotional ties she was capable of handling without their getting intertwined. Why, she could raise a little boy. . .

Suddenly unwelcome tears sprang to her eyes. She winked them away and banged her head gently against the window like a thwarted child. How she hated it when she let herself become sentimental. How stupid it was. . . .

"I suppose you think," he hurried on, "we could go to Europe and leave a brace of pulers at home?"

WELL, anyway, she had told Mrs. Thingamajiggy that she would go down to her place that morning and look at the child. The adoption papers were all in, Mrs. Thingamajiggy had pointed out, so she could take the baby home with her.

Home with her! Treacherous appalling thought.

Half an hour later she was on her way.

It was a rosy snowy drive so early in the morning and the very positiveness of the sun and cold put heart in her. It seemed impossible that she could perpetrate disaster on a morning like this. Good heavens, life was short. Where would everybody be if they didn't take chances now and then? Besides, all she was going to do was have a look at the thing. No possible harm in that.

The Nest. What a sickening name for an adoption home. Probably the female who had been telephoning her off and on for the last two months had named it that. She had that kind of a voice.

"Well, here goes," Constance said. She parked the car, ran up the steps, and rang the bell.

"Will you tell Mrs. McNenemy that Mrs. Wright is here?" she said to the maid who opened the door. She was shown into the parlor.

All around the walls of the parlor hung pictures of babies who had gone forth from the Nest to "homes." Of course, it was hard to tell. They looked like a well-bred lot, but, then, the "mothers" of these "homes" they had gone into were mostly women who had a degree of means and taste. They knew how to have hair cut, and supplied little handmade suits and dresses. With shaves up the neck and dressed in department store specials they might have been a very different looking lot.

The Nest, the voice over the telephone had said, was quite established. And it implied that they only catered to the better families. Oh, yes, they were very particular about where their little charges landed.

"IT used to be," the voice had run on, "that families who wanted babies came and picked out the baby they liked best. But now it is we who pick out the family." Quite true. They had sent a creature round to look at Constance's house, grounds, and plumbing.

"You have a lovely little place," she had murmured on departing. "A beautiful setting for some little child."

"Was it true," Constance wondered as she continued to study the pictures, "this rumor that the Nest was fed from the local college campus? Necking in ravines? Hot dogs, gin, and automobile rides? Or merely ingenuous flowerings of undergraduate love? Oh, well—a fair chance of good material anyway. But she would have to know. She would have to know everything. She turned to see Mrs. McNenemy standing in the door.

"Mrs. Wright?" Mrs. McNenemy asked, coming toward her with a professional bright and understanding look.

"Yes. How do you do, Mrs. McNenemy? I hope I'm not too early." They shook hands.

"Oh, you couldn't be too early for the Nest. As it is, you've just missed the little fellow's bath. I wish you could have seen him! Crowing and splashing, and not quite two months old."

"You mean the baby you called me about?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wright. The *dearest*— Shall we go up and see him?"

"Well, I should like to ask you a few questions first, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, Mrs. Wright. Shall we sit down?"

Constance crossed her legs and wondered how to begin.

"You should be proud of those pictures," she said.

"Proud? Oh, but Mrs. Wright, you just should see them! And the changes they have made in those homes! Why, I can't begin to tell you what a treat it is for me to go around and see the *happiness*—"

"It must be a great satisfaction," murmured Constance quickly. What a fool she was to have uncorked this flow.

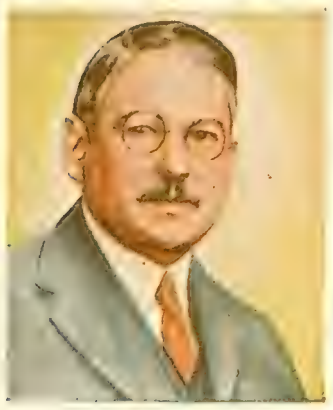
"Well, what I wanted to talk to you about, Mrs. McNenemy, is the Nest's principle of not telling the names of the parents."

"Yes . . ."

"You give, I understand, only a very general history of your babies. For instance, you say that both the parents of this child are college graduates. Well, I'd have to know a great deal more than that before I took him."

"Why, Mrs. Wright, I'll tell you all I can." Mrs.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



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"I should naturally have been led, by my knowledge of the complexion effects of palm and olive oils," says S. Pessl, "to have invented a soap made exclusively from them."

"As these oils are already combined in Palmolive Soap," Monsieur Pessl explains, "I earnestly recommend to my patrons that they use this soap and no other."

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To get the utmost benefit from Palmolive Soap, you are urged by all the experts to follow this treatment, twice a day: with both hands make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it gently into the skin, permitting it to penetrate the pores, to free them from all impurities. Then rinse, first with warm water, later cold. An ice massage is invigorating as an astringent.

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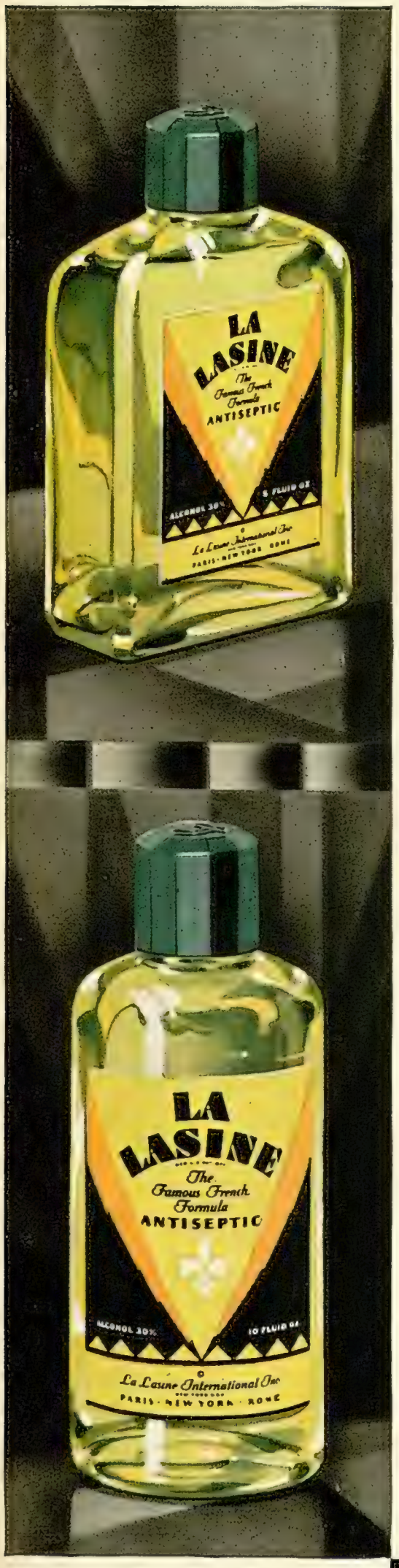

In Everybody's Mouth *FOOD*

Bride of War Hero Releases his Secret to America!

HENRI LAVAL, the noted European scientist, known throughout the world for his discoveries in mouth bacteria, was killed in the Great War. His chief discovery—the antiseptic all military and Red Cross Hospitals in Europe depended on during the war—was La Lasine. Through his widow, this formula was developed until governments, public institutions, hospitals, and royal households throughout Europe came to rely on it in times of epidemic and infection.

Americans, sojourning abroad, kept bringing home news of La Lasine, until this demand has now caused its introduction here. Its pleasant taste and its lasting effects make La Lasine the ideal antiseptic mouth protection which modern living conditions demand . . . you can get your flask or bottle of La Lasine at any good pharmacy or department store today.

Flask and Bottles of Modern Decoration *that add an accent to the Bathroom Shelf*

Purse or Vest pocket flask (1¼ oz.)	10c
Traveling flask, lies flat in luggage (5 oz.)	35c
Home size, round bottle. More for your money (10 oz.)	65c
Hospital and Family size, round bottle. Most economical where quantities are used (20 oz.)	$1.00

EACH FLASK AND BOTTLE HAS A LARGE BAKELITE SCREW-CAP TOP

L'essayer c'est l'adopter.

(To try it is to adopt it)

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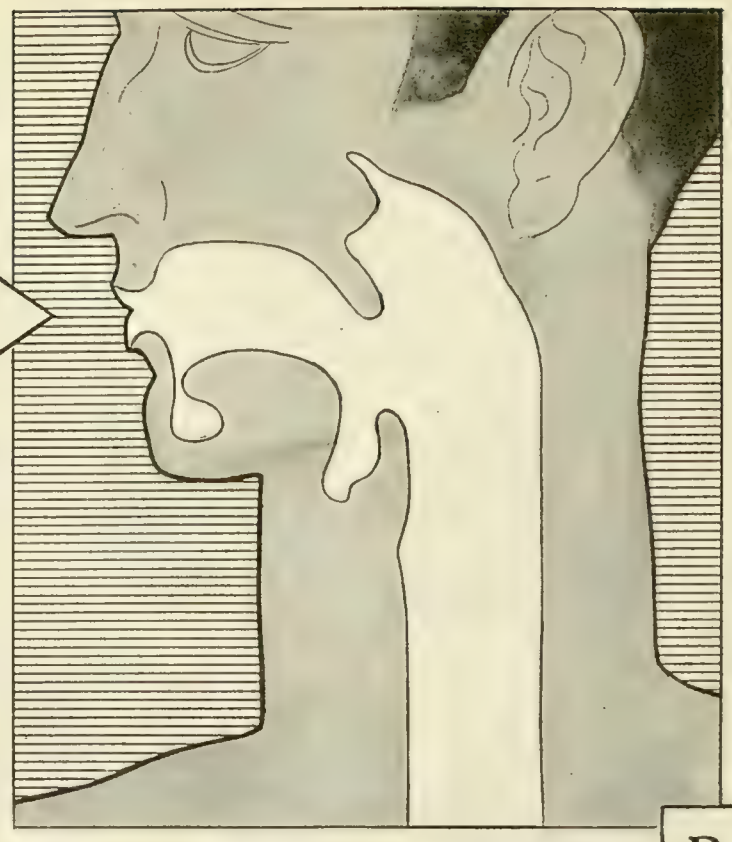
LA

The ONE sure method to

at 98.6° DECAYS

(Reading time: 3 minutes, 2 seconds —which gives you Daily Protection.)

EVERY time you eat, food clings to the 80 square inches of membrane inside your mouth, where the temperature is 98.6° all the time! It takes but a few seconds, U. S. Government reports warn, for harmful decay bacteria to start in food kept even a single degree above 50°. And in this same area of 80 square inches, the majority of all disease starts. You readily understand then, how vital to health as well as personal nicety, proper care of this area inside your mouth is. Your tooth brush never reaches it, and never cleans it. Ordinary quickly evaporating antiseptics, such as have been known in America before, are equally valueless. They merely cover up food decay odor temporarily.



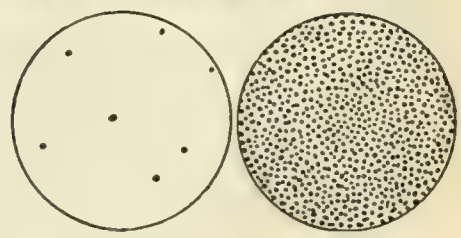
80 square inches inside your mouth where decay bacteria thrive

30 diseases start here

Research at the Academy of Medicine reveals the fact that there are fifty common diseases. Of these thirty find their origin in the respiratory system. They are:

Aortic	Influenza	Scarlet Fever
Arthritis	Laryngitis	Sinusitis
Asthma	Leprosy	Small Pox
Bronchitis	Measles	Sore Throat
Catarrh	Parotitis	Tonsilitis
Chicken Pox	Pleurisy	Tuberculosis
Common Colds	Pleuro-Pneumonia	Typhoid
Croup	Phthisis	Typhoid-Pneumonia
Diphtheria	Pneumonia	Whooping Cough
Erysipelas	Rhinitis	
Grippe		

Rapid Growth of Decay Bacteria in Milk at 70°



50° 70°

Bacteria in milk in ten seconds at only 70° multiply at an uncountable rate (see the micro-photo above). Milk like all other foods forming a film on mouth tissues, quickly decays. Decomposing food is the most favorable substance for the growth of harmful bacteria—a growth which reaches its maximum activity at mouth temperature—98.6°. Dangerous indications of constantly increasing decay bacteria —food film—heavily coated tongue —can be eliminated by La Lasine. Reaching the most hidden section of the membrane, a mouth rinse with La Lasine stops the chance of disease infection, gives quick and definite end to food decay, and its obnoxious odor which interferes with your happiness —and after all health and happiness are the important things in life.

La Lasine Prevents Food Decay in the Mouth

La Lasine acts in a completely new and fundamental way. This pleasant tasting French Formula deposits a lasting, medication-holding ingredient on all the 80 square inches of membrane inside your mouth. By its amazing ability to mix with mouth secretions, a quick rinse with La Lasine spreads instantly, cleanses the mouth membrane, and kills all decay and disease bacteria in a fraction of a minute.

Make a Mouth Rinse with La Lasine Your Daily Habit

Now that people realize how easily their breath may have the repulsive odor of decaying food, they are turning by the thousands to La Lasine. No longer will they permit bad breath to interfere with their happiness and their success in life. They at last understand how simple the reason for it is, and have a preparation that goes to the real root of the trouble and corrects it with lasting effectiveness. Begin today to make a mouth rinse with La Lasine your daily habit. All better druggists will supply you

LASINE

prevent FOOD DECAY in the mouth

"The father," said Mrs. McNenemy firmly, "is a very fine man. A college graduate, as I said."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

McNenemy smiled as at a very young child. "This baby's mother is a fine young woman. I'd be proud to have my daughters know her, Mrs. Wright. She comes from a family of means and education. They have a summer home in the East and a winter home in California."

"But, Mrs. McNenemy, what does that mean? I'm sure a fair percentage of half-wits have families who have summer homes in the East and winter homes in California."

Mrs. McNenemy very nearly bristled. "I said, Mrs. Wright, that I'd be proud to have my own daughters know her. Would I say that if— Oh, can't you trust me, Mrs. Wright? So many people have."

"And the father?" Constance asked. "Would you like to have him for a son-in-law?"

"The father," said Mrs. McNenemy firmly, "is a very fine man. A college graduate, as I said. A very gentle, refined—"

"You did tell me, didn't you, that the baby was illegitimate?"

"Yes. But, Mrs. Wright, you know— To understand all is to forgive all." Mrs. McNenemy smiled again.

"Oh, Mrs. McNenemy, don't misunderstand me. I want an illegitimate child. There are a great many reasons for an illegitimate child's being a better bet. But what I should very much like to know are the circumstances of this child's conception."

Mrs. McNenemy blanched.

"His . . ."

"His conception," said Constance in a cheerful voice.

"Why, I—"

"I should like if possible to know," Constance went on, "whether he is the outcome of his graduated parents' acquaintance of one evening—"

"Why, Mrs. Wright, I—"

"Or whether he is the result of a genuine and passionate young companionship. That I should like very much. On the other hand, it may have been that one of his parents was bound to a mate, which would make him an even more complicated kind of love child."

Constance paused. "Well, those are the things I should like to know."

Mrs. McNenemy stood up. Then rallied throbbingly.

"MRS. WRIGHT," she said, "if you had talked to these young mothers as I have; if you knew the torture and concealment they have to go through; if you knew out of what agony comes their decision that the best thing for the baby is to give him up; then you would realize how sacred are the secrets that they confide to me. You would understand that we would be betraying a trust to tell everything we knew. Besides, it is a protection for you. If we told you everything about the mother we would also have to tell the mother all the things she longs to know about you. Then there is always the danger that at some future time she might regret her decision to give up the child."

"You mean and try and kidnap him?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wright. You know as well as I do that those cases are not rare."

Constance walked over to the table and flipped the pages of a copy of Baby's Health.

"You won't make an exception?" she asked after a minute.

"No, Mrs. Wright. We couldn't do that."

"Well, I'm sorry. Then I guess there's no use." She pulled on one glove. "I'm sorry, too, to have taken your time because I know you are busy." She held out her other bare hand.

"Oh, but Mrs. Wright," Mrs. McNenemy puckered all over with distress, "you won't go away without looking at him?"

"The baby?"

"Yes. Oh, Mrs. Wright, he's the *dearest* . . ."

Constance glanced at her watch.

"It would take just a minute and I want you to see how happy our babies are. Why, it would break my heart if you didn't just *peek* at our nursery." There was more than earnestness in Mrs. McNenemy's voice. There was

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery, slimy coating.

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Film clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say authorities, who have spent years in research.

Germs breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Film hardens into tartar. And germs, with tartar, are a definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Film discolors teeth and fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

passion. Constance was suddenly distressed at having distressed her.

"Why, surely, I'd love to," she said.

The nursery was a large, beautifully sunny white-and-blue room. On tables along the walls were about a dozen wire baskets trimmed with white muslin and tied up with blue and pink bows.

"Blue for the boys, pink for the girls," beamed Mrs. McNenemy. "I always see to that myself."

From the baskets, to Constance's surprise, came no unhappy sounds. Only some small replete noises.

"Why aren't they yipping?" she asked.

"They've just had their ten-o'clock bottles," breathed Mrs. McNenemy. "Oh, this is the best time to see them. Fresh from their baths and their tummies all full. See, Mrs. Wright, here he is."

Constance crossed the room.

The thing certainly looked like a boy as it lay there turning its head toward the bright winter window. His legs descended like pink bubbles into his pink bootees. His hands and feet jerked earnestly. Life was serious, he seemed to say, and yet what about that shining object on that lady's hat? It might bear looking into. Oh, yes, indeed—it glitters and it shines. . . .

"Oh!" cried Constance involuntarily. "Oh, see him smile!"

It was no mean smile. Starting in his larkspur eyes, it trembled for a minute on his lips, and then, like spreading ripples on a pond, broke out around his dimples and fat neck and ended in a chuckle lower down. He did it twice.

"Well," said Constance, straightening up.

"Well," she said in a firm even voice, "he's a commendable infant and I'm glad I saw him. Thank you very much."

"Yes, he's just the *dearest.*" Mrs. McNenemy poked the baby in his neck. "And he's going to have a nice home, too, he is, he is, he is." She straightened up and looked at Constance sadly. "Though I'm sorry that it can't be yours."

"Oh, you have a second choice for him already, have you?"

"Oh, my, yes! Why, Mrs. Wright, I know a dozen women who would be out of their heads with joy to have this child. But Mrs. Norris is next on my list." She relapsed into her unfortunate shop jargon, "We're making her the happy little mother."

"Mrs. what Norris?" asked Constance.

"Mrs. J. Townsend. She has the loveliest home. Perhaps you know her, Mrs. Wright?"

Perhaps she knew her! Lord, that woman! A sentimental whining limpet of a woman. Constance had always considered it one of the well thought acts of God that she had had no children. A child devourer—that's what she would be. A horror of a woman.

"Yes," said Constance. "She has a lovely place."

SHE looked once more at the baby. As she bent her head the light caught at the buckle in her hat, and again his little features spread themselves. Ridiculous. That smile was nothing but a simple act of nature. Passing gas. So much she had learned from mothering friends. Well, his college-graduated parents were probably a loathsome couple too. And Mrs. Norris had ten wooded acres and a swimming pool.

"Good-by, Mrs. McNenemy," she said abruptly. "I must run now. Thank you so much for letting me see your nursery. I'm sorry we couldn't get together."

"Then you won't . . ."

"No, I'm sorry."

"Well, I'm sorry, too, Mrs. Wright, for the baby's sake, and for your own, because he *is* the dearest . . ."

Constance started the car automatically and turned toward home. Well—that was that!

But, damn it, the thing was cute! Much too cute. That smile!

"Won by a baby's smile," said Constance under her breath. "My Gawd!"

Would she not be the first to hoot at the idea that a look of deviltry and understanding could pass between a woman of thirty and a seven-weeks brat?

If only it weren't that Norris woman!

"And this is my own little son," Constance could hear her gargling. "Dearie, this is an old friend of mother's and she loves little boys. Other hand, dearie. He's so shy."

And later, when he went away, to have to show that face to the other boys at school functions and commencement!

And later, when he was grown and ought to be left alone, how she would hang on to him!

Oh, dear, oh, dear!

If only—and again she blushed for herself—if only he hadn't grinned. . . .

WELL, she couldn't help it. That's the way she was made. She had married John most unexpectedly, and bought her house because she liked the garden. . . .

Slowly she backed the car and turned around.

Mrs. McNenemy herself opened the door.

"Have you telephoned Mrs. Norris?" Constance asked.

"I've been trying to get her, but the line is busy." Mrs. McNenemy puckered hopefully. Was this woman not a monster after all? "Why, Mrs. Wright? Do you . . ."

"Yes, I do. Give him to me quick before I change my mind."

"Now?"

"Now."

"But have you any clothes? It's the custom—"

"Not a stitch. Roll him in some blankets, and I'll bring them back to you tomorrow."

They both ran up the stairs.

"And here's his powdered milk," said the nurse. "I've pasted directions on the can. And when you've decided on your baby doctor, he'll change the formula as the baby needs it."

"Dextrose Maltose?" asked Constance quickly.

"No; Whoosis Albumen Powder," said the nurse.

Ah! A splendid talking point for ladies' luncheons.

. . . . .

It was 6 o'clock. Constance had spent the afternoon stocking up. Diapers, bands, shirts, safety pins, nonbreakable milk bottles, nonshrinkable nipples. That ought to hold him till tomorrow.

The nipples hadn't worked. When she first shook the milk out on the back of her hand, the way she'd so often seen her friends do, it had seemed to flow quite freely. But as soon as the baby started to suck, the hole had closed up. She'd tried three. And then, proud of herself for remembering the asinine germ susceptibility of babies, had made a bigger hole with a flame-cleansed paper knife. Ah, at last! Long happy gulps. The baby closed his eyes and clenched his toes.

What was that? Startled, Constance raised her head. Yes. No. Yes, it was. John was coming up the stairs.

She thought, "If only I could move, then I could hide the thing. If only God were kind He'd strike me dead."

Sick with apprehension, she saw her husband standing in the door.

"John," she faltered.

"Hello!" said John. "I thought it would be twins."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

A society girl tells why it is a misfortune to be RICH

Tough Luck

by

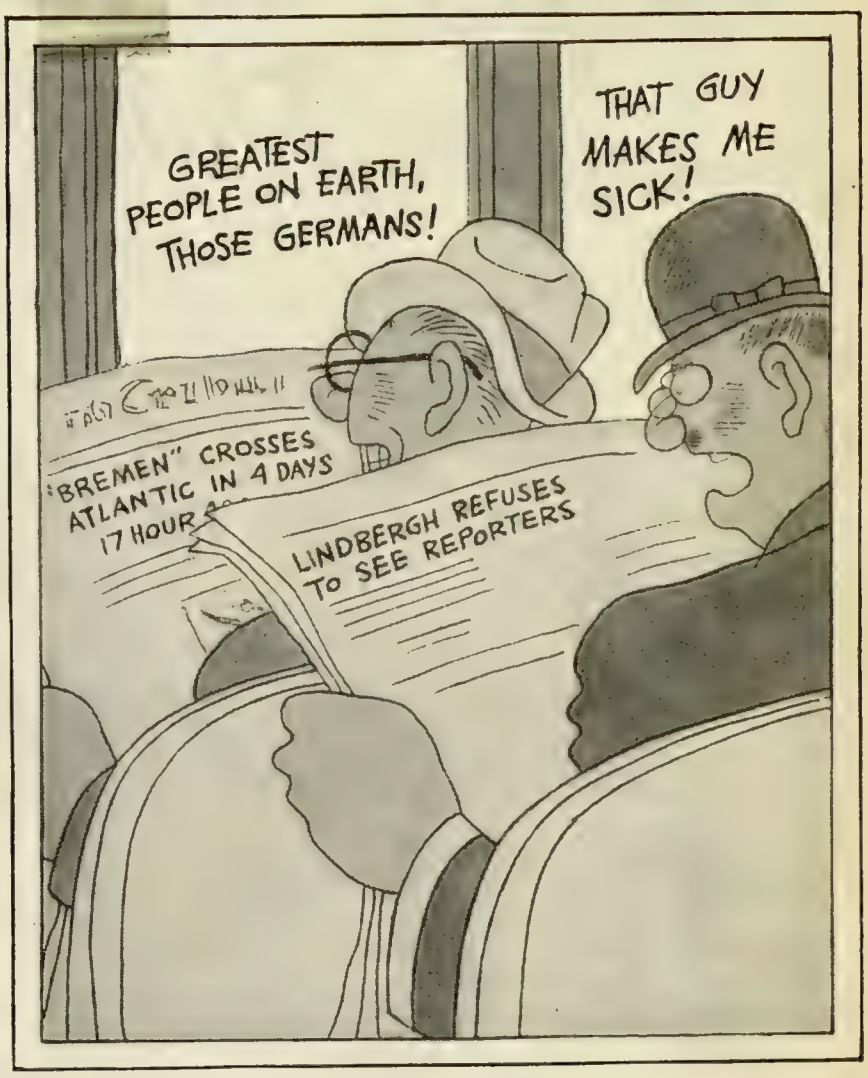
Marjorie Oelrichs

GRAPHIC SECTION

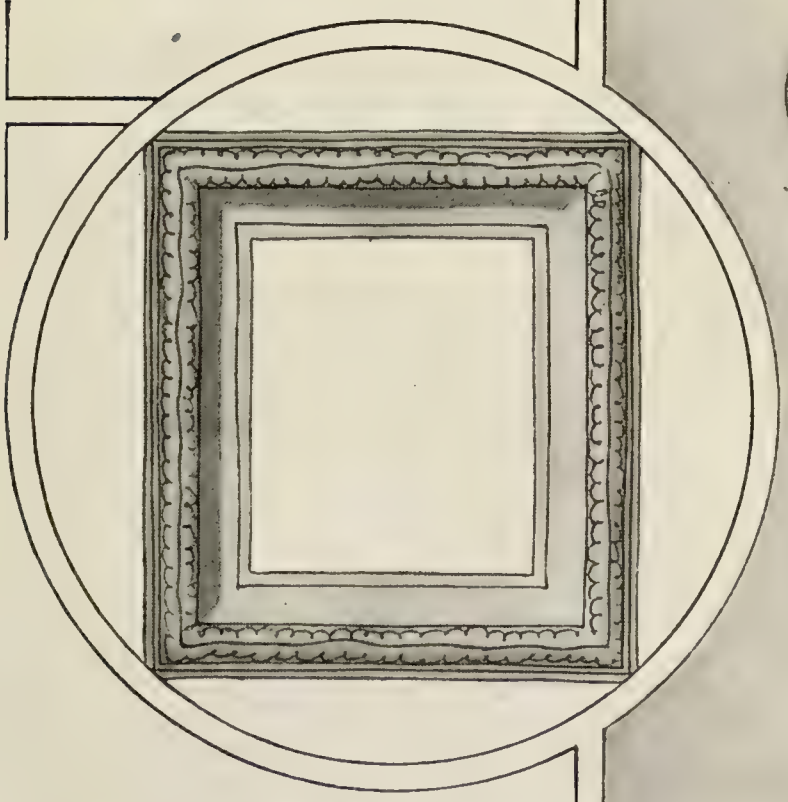
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

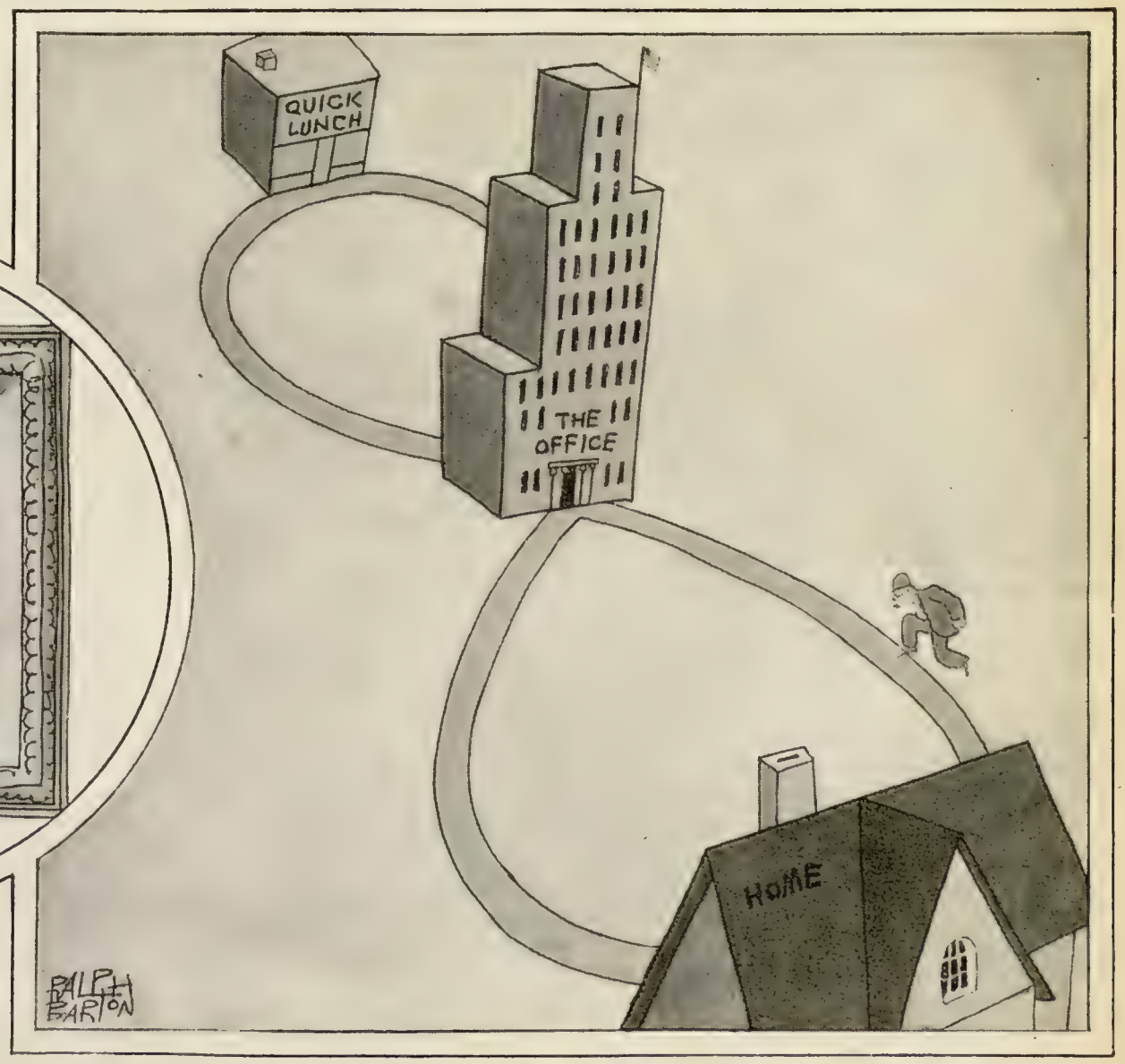
TWO AMERICANS IN FRANCE assuring each other that, when one is in a country where one can get anything one wants, one doesn't drink at all.



IT'S A QUEER WORLD.



LIFE-SIZED, FRAMED PORTRAIT of the man who really believes, in the bottom of his heart, that the debtor nations will still be making regular annual payments to the United States sixty years from now.



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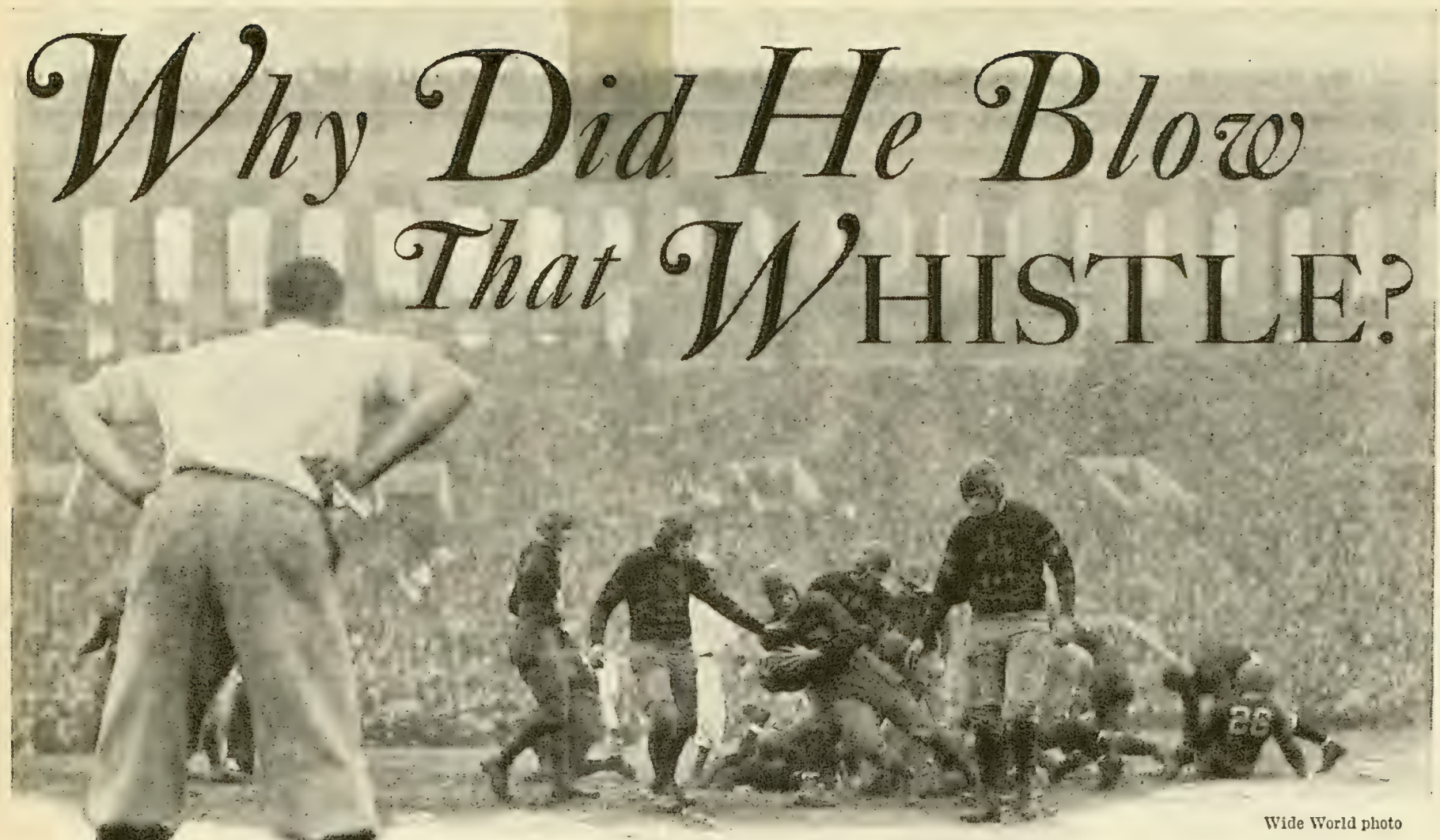
Why Did He Blow That WHISTLE?



Wide World photo

The Football Spectator Doesn't Know What It's All About

Notre Dame vs. Southern California at Chicago in 1927. In this game a decision given by the referee under a vague rule cost the Californians a victory.

By GEORGE TREVOR

Pictures by WILL B. JOHNSTONE

HIS hips shimmying like a hula-hula dancer's, the hawk-nosed, wispy-looking, crimson-jerseyed halfback ghosts through a hole off tackle, nimbly sidesteps a blue-clad secondary, and darts into open country.

The Harvard side of the Yale Bowl rises en masse as its idol heads toward the Blue's unprotected goal, his cleats drumming an earthy rataplan. Well may they shout! Eddie Casey is away for the touchdown that means victory.

So excited are the partisans of both sides that few hear the thin squeal of the whistle, few see the white-shirted referee waving his arms semaphore fashion.

Casey has covered the sixty-odd yards separating him from Yale's goal line before the players and the crowd realize that the run doesn't count. It seems that a lynx-eyed official has detected illegal use of hands by a Harvard forward. The fact that this foul, a hair-splitting technical violation, was committed on the other side of the scrimmage line, not on that which Casey penetrated, and did not directly contribute to the success of his run, does not influence the referee. Rules are rules, even when they are so deviously worded as to befuddle a Philadelphia lawyer.

Groans and grumbles from the Harvard side of the field. Sighs of relief from the Eli stands.

"Why is that man bringing the ball back?" ventures a bewildered flapper. "It was such a pretty run!" Her escort tries to look wise, mutters something about offside play. Not fifty persons in that mob of 70,000 know what it's all about. A Harvard senior puts it tersely: "A guy who's looking for trouble can find it on almost any play in football." Solomon never spoke more shrewdly.

Behm of Iowa State resorted in pinches to three safeties.

Fade out on the 1916 Yale-Harvard game and iris in on the human-carpeted sweeps of Soldiers' Field Colosseum, Chicago. Southern California's stalwarts are at grips with the nomads from Notre Dame.

The Trojans, as the U. S. C. players are known, have penetrated deep into Hoosier territory. Suddenly Captain Drury of Southern California wings a forward pass toward the goal line. The ball is intended for his left end, but Riley, Notre Dame's safety man, has other ideas. Leaping skyward, Riley tips the ball—it bounces off his fingers—he grabs it again, bobbling the elusive leather like a Japanese juggler.

Riley runs at least three steps as he plays tag with the ball. While crossing his own four-yard line he is tackled viciously. The pigskin spurts from his insecure grip, rolls backward over the goal line, and stops two feet behind the end zone boundary, where it is recovered by Notre Dame.

Now the fun begins. The referee finds himself in the vortex of a seething mob of players, all talking at once. Southern California claims a safety.

Under the 1927 code it is a safety if Riley had "possession and control of the ball" when tackled. That would mean two points and victory for Southern California. It is a touchback (no score) if Riley did not have "momentary possession." The number of steps Riley took while juggling the ball has no bearing on the decision if he didn't have "legal possession." It is conceivable that a player could be adjudged "in possession" if he did not take a single step.

In this memorable 1927 game at Chicago

the badgered referee, forced to make a hair-splitting decision on the spur of the moment, ruled that Riley did not have possession of the ball when tackled. A touchback automatically followed, and Southern California got a large goose egg for its expenditure of energy. Instead of winning, 8 to 7, the Trojans eventually lost, 7 to 6.

Rule 6, section 15 reads: "It is a touchback if a ball, before becoming dead, goes out of bounds behind the goal line, provided the impetus which sent it across was given by the attacking side. It is a touchback when a forward pass goes out of bounds behind the goal line or when it touches the ground within the end zone."

IS that clear? Just about as clear as an income tax schedule. Only a mind capable of understanding the Einstein theory can fathom the cryptic football code.

Let's hop out to the Pacific Coast for our next horrible example. The winter air is heavy with the scent of blossoms as Pittsburgh and Stanford battle for intersectional supremacy in Pasadena's picturesque Rose Bowl.

With a few minutes to play, the Pitt Panthers lead 6 to 0. Stanford's white-jerseyed giants have forced their way to the threshold of the enemy citadel. On fourth down Dick Hyland shoots a flat pass meant for his right end. A Pitt halfback, bounding up, spears the ball, takes a stride or two, is struck savagely by a Stanford man, and drops the pigskin.

Take it from Bob Zuppke, a football has a funny shape. You can never tell which way it's going to bounce. This particular ball has Stanford leanings. No Australian boomerang ever returned more obediently to the hand of its thrower than does the pigskin in question carom back into Hyland's arms.

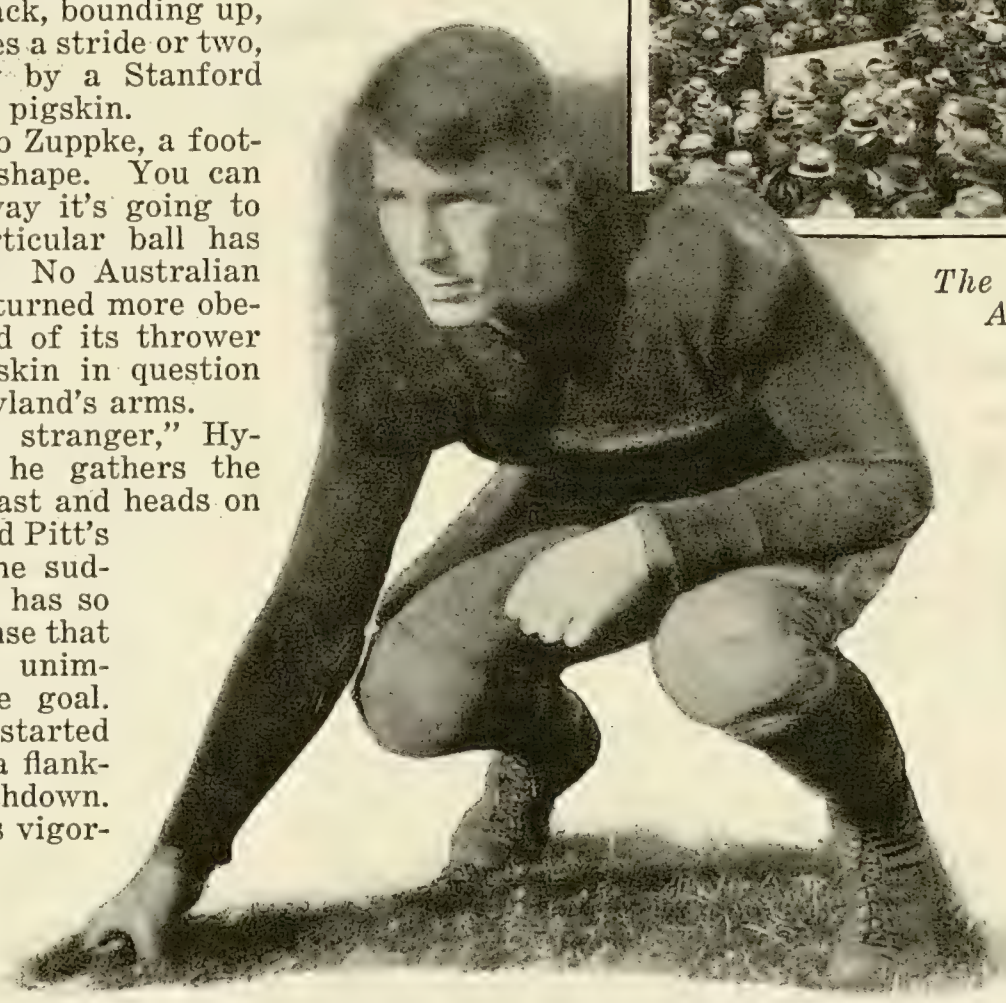
"Welcome, little stranger," Hyland whispers as he gathers the prodigal to his breast and heads on a wide sweep around Pitt's opposite flank. The sudden turn of events has so dislocated the defense that Hyland enjoys an unimpeded path to the goal. The play which has started as a pass ends as a flanking run for a touchdown.

But Pitt protests vigorously. The Panthers base their argument on the ground that the Pittsburgh interceptor never had legal possession of the ball.

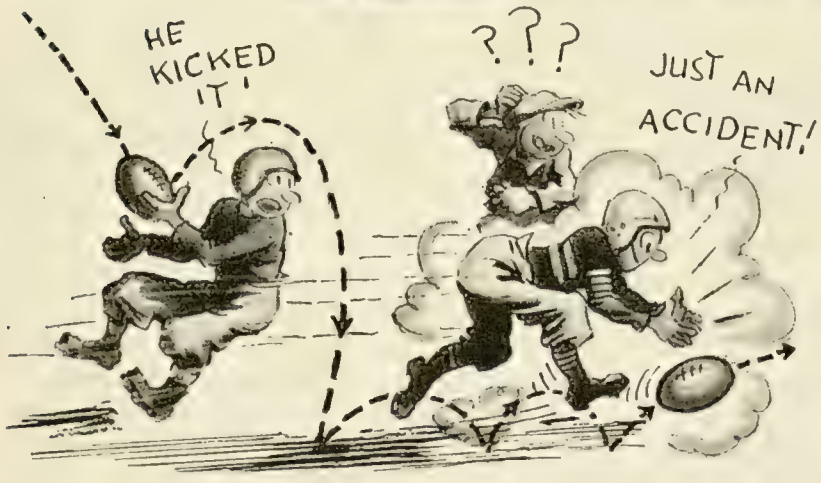
Was it a muff or a fumble? Did the Pitt man have momentary possession? The issue hangs on the answer to these questions. This particular referee rules that Pitt's halfback actually did come into possession of the ball. It is not an incompleted pass, on which the pigskin would automatically change hands by reason of failure to complete on fourth down, but rather an interception followed by a fumble. Under the 1927 code, the ball is as free as service station tire air. Hyland's touchdown is legitimate. Stanford wins, 7 to 6.

Wide World photos

The Chicago crowd that saw the Army-Navy game of 1926.



Harbold, the Army end whose foot struck a fumbled ball, saving his team from defeat.



The referee decided that Harbold had not kicked the fumbled ball intentionally.

THAT Rose Bowl crowd was mystified. It doesn't know to this day what the argument was about. The intercollegiate football rules are quite beyond the capacity of the average spectator to understand. For that matter they're too intricate for the players, coaches, and even the officials.

John Heisman, who has coached at Georgia Tech, Pennsylvania, Washington and Jefferson, and other colleges, says: "Latin or calculus pales before the manifold complexities of the football code. I soon gave up trying to teach my pupils more than the A B C of the gridiron rules. The ordinary college boy hasn't the analytical powers necessary to fathom the finer technical points. You seldom see a referee's ruling questioned, for the good reason that the team captain doesn't care to expose his ignorance or doesn't understand the code sufficiently to spot one of the many technical loopholes and press a valid claim. He is beyond his depth."

American football is essentially a synthetic game. It has been in a continuous state of flux ever since William Webb Ellis, an English schoolboy with a fine disregard for the rules of his time, first picked up the ball in his hands and ran with it—thus originating the cardinal characteristic of the Rugby game.

Our American colleges borrowed the Rugby game from England and at once started to "improve on it." A wag might add that they seem to have started something

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

which they can't finish. Hardly a year has passed since the Intercollegiate Football Association was founded in the historic Massasoit House at Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1876 without some drastic change in the playing code.

We will not bore our readers by tracing the gradual evolution which has produced the ultra-complex code now in vogue—a set of rules so interlarded with buts, ifs, whereases, and provided-thats that only a lawyer versed in deciphering abstruse wills could possibly avoid losing himself in the maze of double meanings.

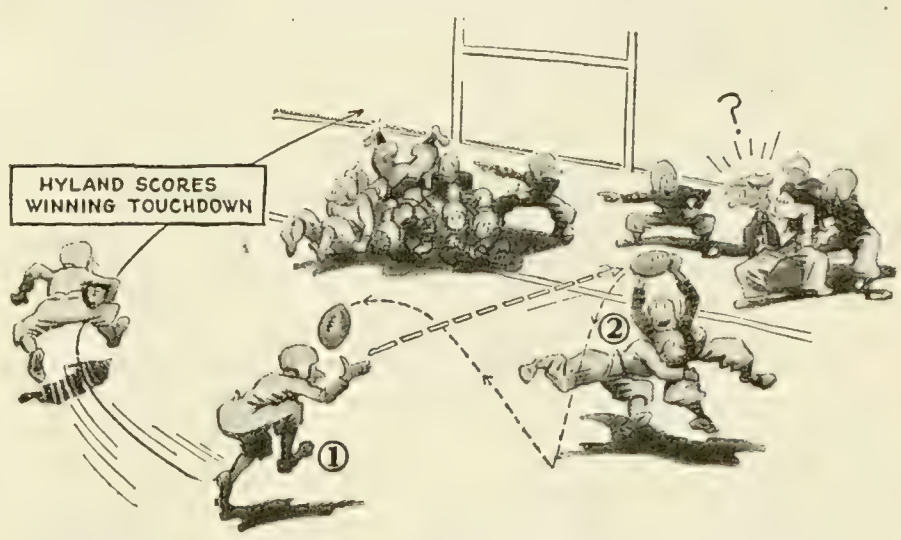
So ambiguous is the present code that the Rules Committee is compelled to issue annual interpretations of moot points. A subcommittee is now at work rewriting the rules in a form more comprehensible to average intelligence. But at best such simplification can only be comparative. The game is so involved in structure that its rules must necessarily be complex.

In justice to the rules tinkerers one must add that the 1929 amendment putting all forms of fumbles in the same category is a step in the right direction. With the abolition of the breath-taking run from a fumble much of the thrill has been deleted from football. But the referee's burden has been lightened, and once the onlooker has mastered the revised code, he will be less befuddled by happenings down on the field.

Not contented with its yearly predilection for making minor refinements, the Rules Committee modified one of football's cardinal principles when it adopted the controversial "muff or fumble" rule in 1927. Under that ruling a punt catcher who muffed a kicked ball at the moment of contact received partial protection. Such a muffed ball could change hands, but the opposition was not allowed to advance it beyond the point of recovery.

THE idea behind this radical shift was to encourage those faint-hearted safety men who had been letting punts hit the ground to actually try and catch kicks in the good old-fashioned way. It was a bright idea, but the committee neglected to provide any sure yardstick by which the already sorely harassed officials could distinguish between a muff and a fumble. Just what constituted "momentary control"?

A little tampering breeds a desire for further changes. No sooner had the Rules Committee altered the basic character of the game by the "muff or fumble" provision regarding punts, than it decreed lateral passes dead at the point of incompletion. This, if you please, was to "encourage greater freedom in handling the ball." In effect, it meant that you could fumble with impunity. The pigskin could not even change hands.



A muff or a fumble? The referee rules that Pitt's halfback did come into "possession of the ball."

Fearing that it had gone Bolshevist, the committee added an amendment in 1928 modifying the protected lateral pass rule so that it applied only to laterals which traveled two yards through the air. The unhappy referee was required to be a human surveying machine—capable of deciding instantly whether a thrown ball had gone the necessary six feet. A few inches might make the difference between a touchdown and a dead ball.

NOW, for the season of 1929, the committee has attempted to minimize the element of luck by outlawing runs from any type of fumble. Under the latest amendment all fumbles are subject to the same restricted consequences. When team A "loses control of the ball" in any manner, team B is entitled to recover it but cannot advance it from the point of recovery.

Please note the phrase "loses control." That's an important distinction. It goes a lot further, covers more contingencies, than if the protection merely applied to fumbles. For instance, the memorable runs of Arthur Poe and Sam White, neither of which began in a fumble, would be automatically illegal under the 1929 code.

In 1898, scrawny, pallid little Arthur Poe won the Yale-Princeton game from a superior Eli eleven by a ninety-five-yard touchdown run. Most football fans have the idea that he scooped up a fumble. That is not so.

Poe—whisper it softly—actually stole the ball from the confiding Durston of Yale. The Blue juggernaut had crunched its way to Princeton's ten-yard line. Beady-eyed De Saulles called for a mass on tackle. The wedge struck Doc Hillebrand, Princeton's redoubtable lineman, who piled it up in a pyramid of arms and legs.

Suddenly hawk-featured little Poe

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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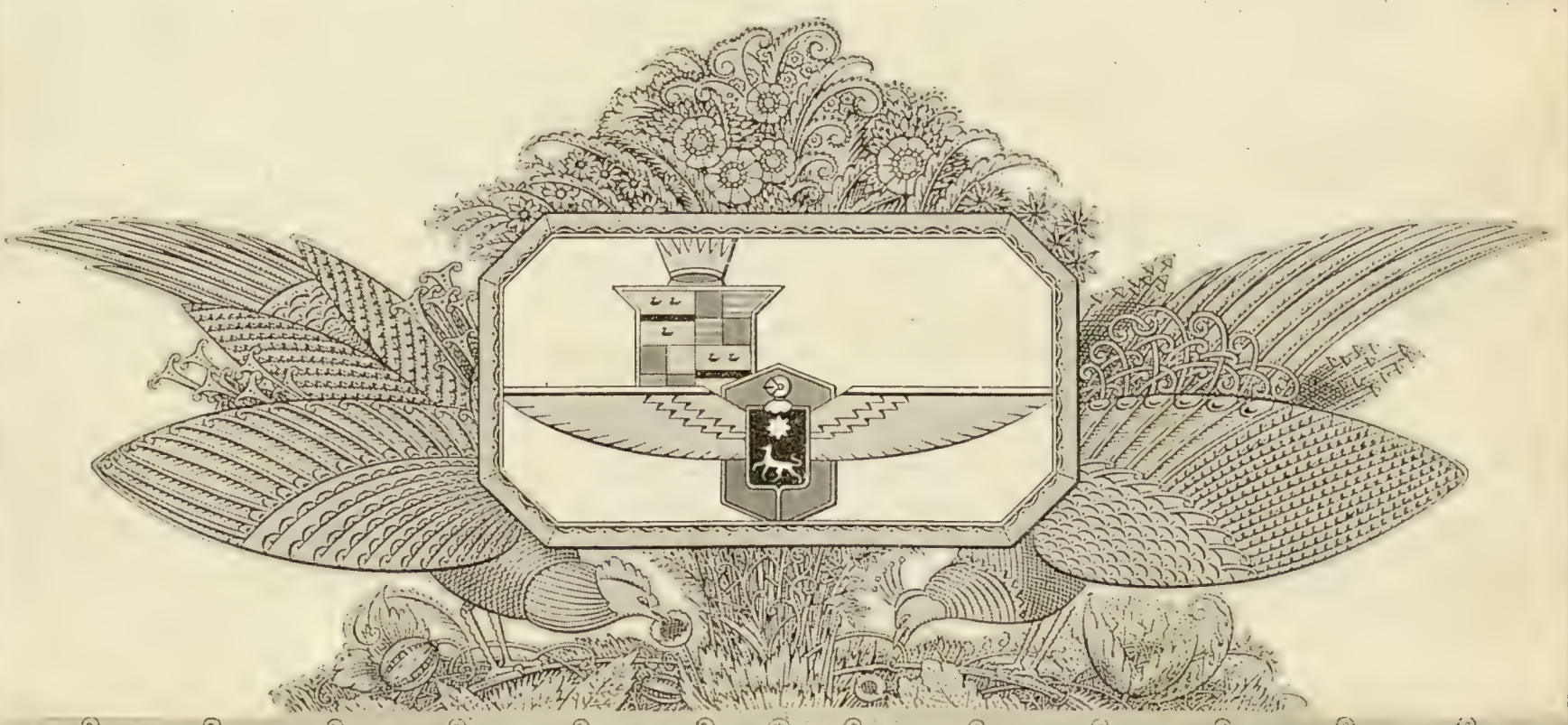

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[WHY DID HE BLOW THAT WHISTLE?]
Continued from page twenty-eight

darted into the mêlée and wrenched the ball from Durston's hands. Like an unleashed whippet, the Tiger end bounded away toward the distant goal line, winning the game for Princeton.

The Rules Committee wouldn't allow such a run today. Even if Yale couldn't prove that Poe stole the ball, his dash would be called back and the pigskin awarded to Princeton at the point where Yale had lost control.

Consider what would happen to Sam White under the 1929 code. His run that beat Harvard in 1911 would still be legitimate, since that had its origin in a blocked kick. Dunlap, White's wing mate, blocked a Harvard drop kick, and Sam snapped up the ball and ran unimpeded for the touchdown that gave Princeton victory.

Is the defending halfback trying to intercept, or to smother the enemy?

The new rules, however, would deal less kindly with White's New Haven exploit. You may recall that Princeton's gawky end treated Yale to the same bitter medicine he had made Harvard swallow.

A fumble did not give Sam his opening in the 1911 Yale game. Instead it was a missed signal by Dave Dunn, the Eli fullback. Yale was forcing the fight on a quagmire gridiron when Dunn failed to shift, and the center snapped the pigskin into space. Sam White, always solicitous for the safety of an unattached football, personally escorted this one across the Yale goal.

"Stop right where you are!" an unfeeling referee would warn Sammy White in 1929. His team mates would be given the ball where he recovered it, after it had "passed out of Yale's control," but Sam wouldn't get away with his grab-and-run specialty.

THE Rules Committee must have a grudge against Princeton. A loose ball used to be considered the legitimate prey of any Nassau end. For an enemy team to fumble was equivalent to spotting the Tigers a touchdown. Them days is gone forever—well, anyway, till the Rules Committee next changes its mind.

Roy Riegels must wonder why the code meddlers didn't think of the anti-run-from-fumble rule sooner. If the 1929 code had been in force last New Year's Day, California would have beaten Georgia Tech, and Riegels would have been a local idol instead of a "national goat." California would have obtained the ball at the spot where Stumpy Thomason's fumble was recovered by Riegels. Roy took several strides forward before turning back.

By the way, an official raises the point that Benny Lom should have been penalized for yanking at the jersey of his moonstruck team mate when the latter was making his unforgetable backward run. There is convincing evidence that Lom violated the rule against pushing and pulling the runner while frantically trying to stop Riegels. No penalty was imposed.

There are so many obscurely worded rules in American football's cryptic code that harassed officials can't be blamed for missing one now and then.

FOR instance, take rule 9, section 3: "No player of either side shall encroach on the neutral zone before the ball is put in play." The zone is defined by imaginary lines drawn through opposite ends of the ball, but the phrase "before the ball is put in play" is so loosely worded as to be meaningless. A literal-minded referee could call this foul on every line-up. Players have to encroach on the neutral zone when resuming their stations. At precisely what second does the neutral zone law begin to apply? The code is silent on that point. All it says is, "—before the ball is snapped," a phrase which embraces a nebulous chunk of time.

Quite evidently the Rules Committee presupposes that the referee is a Solomon. Like the news-reel lens, he must see all and know all. It isn't sufficient that he shall determine visible facts; he must also decide in some cases what a player's intention was.

Let us illustrate. In the dying moments of the Yale-Dartmouth game of 1928, with the score deadlocked, Dartmouth attempted a far-flung, neck-or-nothing pass. McGunigle, a substitute Eli back, shouldered a Dartmouth receiver aside, intercepted the long heave, and raced deep into Green territory. Yale won the game on the next play, a victory for which McGunigle's interception was chiefly responsible.

That play had a bitter aftermath. Dartmouth partisans claimed that McGunigle had interfered with an eligible Dartmouth receiver. They argued that the ball should have been awarded to Hanover at the point where McGunigle shoved his green-jerseyed foe aside.

The rule says that no player of the defending side shall in any way interfere with an eligible receiver except in an actual attempt to catch the ball or bat it down.

In other words, the referee must be a mind reader. He must decide whether the defending halfback is actually trying to intercept the pass or is merely endeavoring to smother the enemy receiver and thus spoil the

play. An official can interpret most of these cases either way without any conscience qualms, but no matter what his ruling there is bound to be ill feeling.

One of the most conscientious and capable officials has not been asked to officiate in the Thanksgiving Day game at Franklin Field since he called a foul on a Penn defense man who flagrantly interfered with a Cornell pass receiver. The decision was eminently just, but Cornell eventually won the game 14 to 7 on the touchdown which grew out of the "interference" ruling. That incident gives you a faint idea of what the unhappy referee is up against. Even when he's right, he's wrong.

When two rival players collide at top speed in pursuit of a pass, only an East Indian mystic can tell if the defending back is thinking, "I'll get this ball myself," or if he is mentally murmuring, "Watch me smear this bimbo all over the landscape."

Next to the little matter of divining the intentions of a pass-blocking wing back, the question of shifts gives officials more sleepless nights than any phase of football. Shrewd coaches have concocted subtle ways of "beating the ball," of securing illegal momentum.

"Get there first with the most men," old General Forrest used to preach, and in trying to live up to that precept many coaches violated the spirit if not the letter of the gridiron code. To curb these loophole seekers the Rules Committee, in 1927, ordained that "on all shifts, the players must come to a complete stop for a period approximating one second."

Here again the referee is asked to decide a delicate question of fact. By counting "one, two, three, four," the official is supposed to be able to gauge the legality of the delay. Prior to the one-second provision, the rule required only a "momentary pause."

Few referees coincided in their ideas of what constituted a momentary pause. Opponents of West Virginia, Minnesota, Notre Dame, and Army complained that those teams swept right out of the shift into a charge without any appreciable break in the continuity of action.

THE fake shift or false start employed to lure the defense offside is a maneuver which tantalizes officials. In a post-war Penn-Dartmouth game, the White Mountain men used their regulation single shift on a steady march to within Penn's ten-yard line. The Quakers had been timing their charge to coincide with the snap of the ball.

Suddenly Dartmouth switched to a double shift. Anticipating the customary single shift, the Pennsylvania forwards sprang offside en masse as the Green players broke into motion. To Pennsylvania's chagrin, Dartmouth didn't snap the ball—it was simply a second shift, smartly executed.

The referee had to call offside on Penn, penalize the Quakers halfway to their goal line, and give Dartmouth a first down. No wonder the Quakers were sorer than Job's boils. They protested angrily that they had been decoyed offside by a snide trick.

Dartmouth's warriors as hotly denied such flummery. The second shift was a legitimate part of their repertoire, they claimed, not an unethical ruse to coax Penn offside. Multiple shifts were perfectly legal, they maintained. They just happened to pick this spot as a happy time to shift twice, never dreaming that the gullible Quakers would impetuously charge before the snapback —oh, dear, no!

Wasn't that a pretty pickle for a referee to find himself in? A question of intent was at issue. Did Dartmouth deliberately bluff Penn offside or was the second shift a legitimate maneuver? Here is another instance when a mind reader would have come in handy.

Princeton's 1925 eleven repeatedly decoyed a slow-witted Yale line offside by varying the starting beat. Outside scoring territory the Tigers snapped out of the huddle, delayed two beats, and charged. The Elis soon caught the hang of this two-beat count. They would count "one, two" and time their countercharge to meet the Princeton attack.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

...and I learned about shaving from her

THE other A. M., as I grouched out of the bath after shaving, the little woman called me into a huddle.

"Jim," she says, "At times you're swell— but not after you shave." Then she hands me a bottle and says, "Try this on your disposition."

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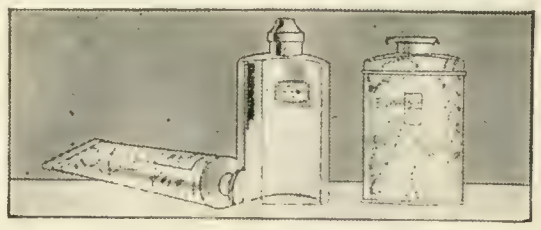

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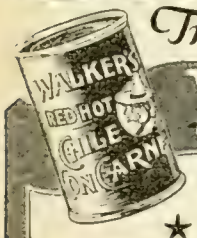

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[WHY DID HE BLOW THAT WHISTLE?]
Continued from page thirty-one

Whenever the Tiger pilot worked close to Yale's goal he would suddenly interpolate a six-count hesitation, thereby coaxing the impatient Elis into a premature charge. Those damaging offside penalties contributed vitally to at least two of Princeton's touchdowns. Here was a loophole in the code that hadn't been anticipated by its framers, prolific as they were and are with ifs, whereases, provided-thats, and other qualifying phrases. Princeton's cagy strategy was within the law, though it was doubtful ethics.

Crafty coaches and foxy quarterbacks have frequently compelled changes in the rules. Johnny Behm, quick-thinking pilot of the Iowa State college eleven, may fairly claim responsibility for the change in procedure following a safety. Prior to 1926, the side forced to register a safety was permitted to put the ball in play from its thirty-yard line by scrimmage.

Behm wasn't the first quarterback who conceived the idea that it might be profitable to swap two points for thirty yards of territory plus possession of the ball, but he was the first to apply the scheme in a wholesale way. Behm's three intentional safeties occurred in the Drake-Iowa State game of 1925.

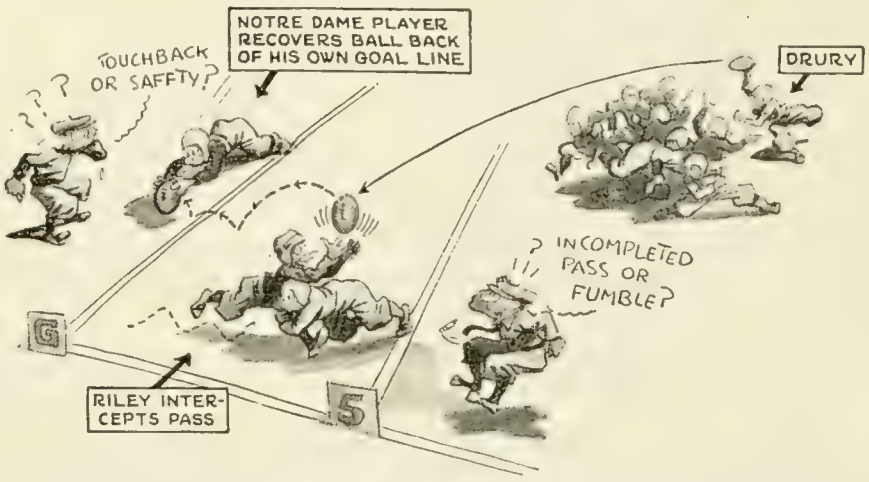
Iowa State, leading 7 to 0 as the result of a lucky touchdown, found itself hard pressed by Drake's superior attack. To ward off threatened touchdowns, Behm resorted to three deliberate safeties when forced into tight quarters. He stood behind his own goal line and touched the ball down. Each time he traded two points for position on the field and temporary immunity. Thanks to his shrewd generalship, Iowa State won the game, 7 to 6.

Of course it wasn't the Rules Committee's intention that a team should thus trade points for yardage. The theory behind the safety was that of compulsion. It was presumably forced upon the defending side, which accepted the two-point penalty reluctantly, thankful at having escaped a worse fate.

THE rules makers never dreamed that a team would purposely seek a safety to protect a threatened lead, but when Northwestern also employed this ruse in 1925 to conquer an infinitely more powerful Michigan eleven, they decided that the cocky quarterback who thus profaned the game should be taught a lesson.

Accordingly, the code was amended so that the side scoring a safety had to put the ball in play by a free kick from the twenty-yard line. There is now no option permitted. The team resorting to a safety is forced to kick the ball. No longer is it possible to trade two points for thirty yards plus a first down and possession of the pigskin.

Not one spectator in a thousand can distinguish between a touchback, which counts nothing, and a safety, which gives the attacking side two points. The distinction depends on where the impetus that sent the ball over the line originated. If the defending side imparts the impetus to the ball, a safety is registered; if not, it is a fangless touchback.



The badgered referee ruled that Riley did not have possession of the ball when tackled.

ON a blocked kick, strange as it seems, the impetus is traced back to the punter's foot. The fact that the ball caroms off the person of an attacker, rolls across the line, and is then recovered by a defending player, makes no difference—the play is ruled a safety. This is tremendously confusing to the average spectator, who can't see why the man who blocked the kick didn't give the ball the impetus which sent it over the goal line. It is simply arbitrary hair-splitting, similar to medieval controversies as to which came first, the hen or the egg.

The only safety the general public can comprehend is the kind where a member of the defending side attempts to run the ball out from behind his own goal line and is tackled in the end zone. Princeton was forced to make such a safety in last fall's Yale game.

Usually a safety is more inscrutable than the Rosetta stone. A perplexing example decided a recent scholastic championship game between the Mooney School of Tennessee and the Gordon Academy cadets of Georgia.

The elevens were deadlocked, 0-0, when Gordon punted deep into Mooney territory. As the Mooney safety man got under the descending ball, a boisterous tail breeze whisked it out of his hands. The befuddled safety man pursued the ball into the end zone, where he was tackled.

Some referees would have ruled the play a harmless touchback. This official declared a safety, arguing that the Mooney fullback had provided the impetus which sent the ball over the line.

It all depends on whether you choose to name the wind or the hapless punt-catcher as the motivating agency. In either case the puzzled spectators wouldn't know what was what. That goes for the players, too. O'Brien of Harvard made an unintentional safety in a Yale game under the delusion that he was registering a touchback.

How many coonskin-coated spectators can tell a touchdown when they see one? Most of 'em cherish the fallacious notion that the attacking side must literally touch the ball down on the turf beyond the goal line. This is emphatically not necessary. The rules expressly state that it suffices for the ball to be carried to a spot on or over the goal line.

In last year's Yale-Princeton game, Wittmer of Princeton, finding no slit of daylight through which he could squeeze, climbed up the backs of his own linesmen. He was checked in midair by Yale's desperate countercharge and flung rudely backward, but the referee correctly ruled a touchdown for Princeton.

At the extreme point of its forward progress the ball had reached the spot over the Blue goal line. That it was subsequently shoved back did not matter. The touchdown was legal. But a majority of the Yale partisans felt that their side had been denied the fruits of a successful defense. Hadn't they seen Wittmer hurled backward and smothered under Blue jerseys?

The referee of the 1927 Yale-Army game ruled "no touchdown" for West Point on a twin to the play described above. Slow-motion movies of this goal line mêlée show Murrel, Army's fullback, holding the ball directly over the double stripe just before he was engulfed by the Yale counterthrust and toppled backward. That was a case where the camera lens was quicker than the human eye. This film created quite a furor when run off for the benefit of the Army coaches, but to their credit as sportsmen they offered no alibis. Yale won the game 10 to 6 instead of losing, 10 to 13.

DECISIONS based on technical points even up in the long run. West Point owes its 21-21 tie with Annapolis in that seesaw battle at Chicago in 1926 to an official ruling that might have been made the other way.

Ingram's Navy eleven had rushed Army's all-stars off their feet. With the first half almost spent, the midshipmen led, 14 to 7. It looked like Navy weather when a sudden break put Army back in the game.

Navy's safety man fumbled one of Murrel's arching punts. Harbold, Army's fleet end, coming down hell bent for leather, accidentally kicked the ball. It bounded ahead. He dove after it, retrieving the pigskin so close to the goal line that a touchdown followed.

There was much whole-hearted protesting on Navy's part. The Annapolis players were dead sure that rule 20, section 2, covered the case. It reads: "A loose ball in possession of neither side may not be kicked or kicked at. Penalty—loss of ball at spot of foul."

The Navy captain had overlooked a rider to that particular rule, which adds, "This prohibition is against a positive act on the part of the ball kicker." Here again the referee was required to read the player's mind. The official decided that Harbold had not kicked the ball intentionally. The crowd was baffled. To this day most of the onlookers believe that the officials did not see Harbold kick the pigskin.

Ironically enough, the rider to rule 20, which in this instance saved Army's bacon, was originally written into the code because of a West Pointer's ball-kicking tactics. Back in 1904, Tipton, Army's famous center, ran half the length of Franklin Field booting the pigskin ahead of him, soccer fashion. Tipton made no attempt to pick the ball up. Instead he drove it over the goal line by a series of kicks and finally fell on the oval for a touchdown. "Naughty, naughty," chided the Rules Committee, which hadn't thought of such a contingency. P. S.: The rule was changed that winter.

The term "football" is something of an anachronism as applied to the modern game. Little by little the foot is being taken out of football.

Shoving back the goal posts to the end zone line was a wallop to those who like drop-kicking. Since the up-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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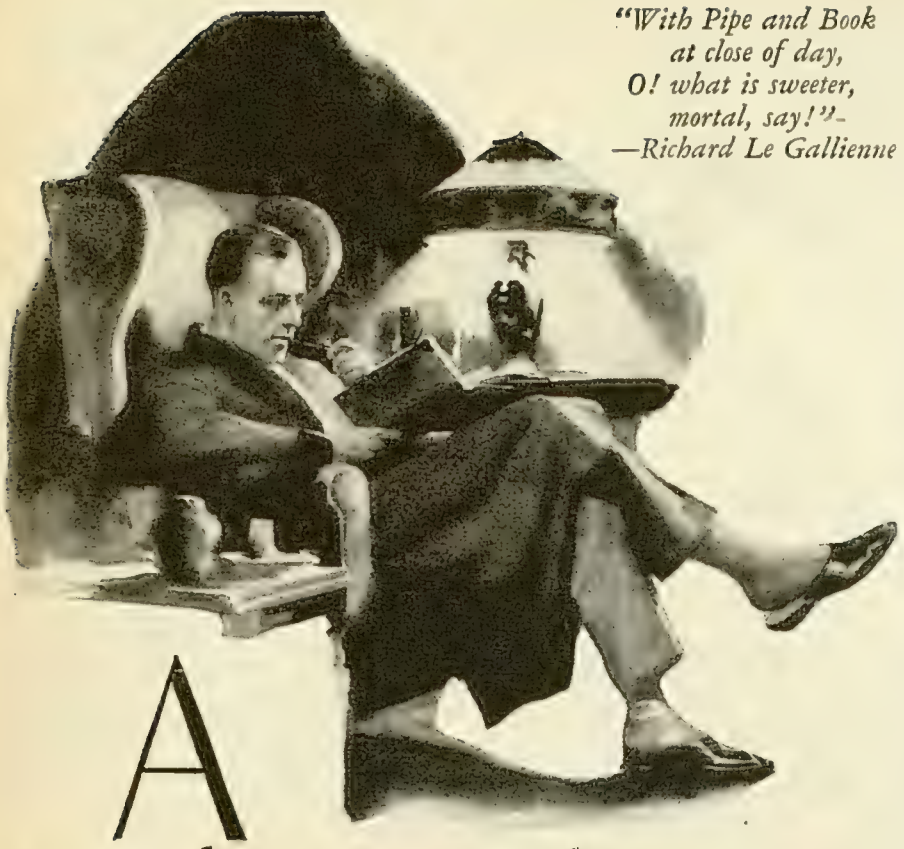

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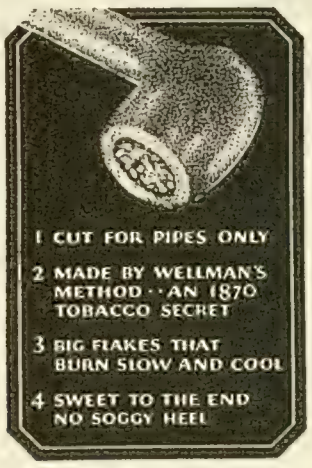

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[WHY DID HE BLOW THAT WHISTLE?
Continued from page thirty-three]

rights were exiled to Siberia in 1927, the field goal threatens to go the way of the Gibson girl and the leg-of-mutton sleeve. Those who saw Alex Moffat, Billy Bull, Al Sharpe, Walter Eckersall, Pat O'Dea, John De Witt, "Indian" Hudson, and others split the posts with spinning drop kicks are sorry to see this change.

The next move will be to do away with the goal posts entirely on the ground that they "incite to riot." Aside from their value as souvenirs, trophies, the uprights and crossbar no longer serve any useful purpose.

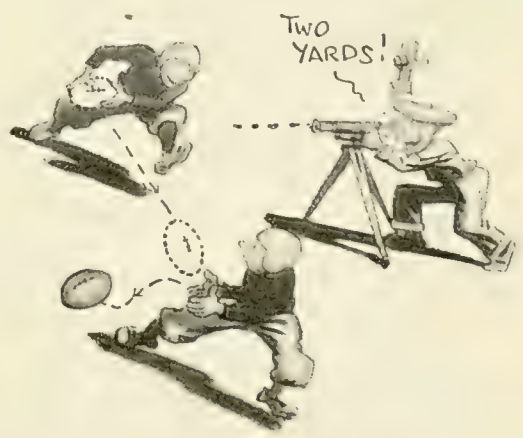
"To avoid possible injuries" was the excuse the Rules Committee gave for uprooting the timbers from their traditional place on the goal line, which was thereby left as naked as a barepoled schooner. The writer doesn't recall any player who was seriously hurt by colliding with the padded posts, yet if such a hazard did exist it could have been eliminated easily by employing projecting arms from the uprights. The crossbar, resting on these inclining arms, would be superimposed above the goal line. Thus the posts would be removed from scrimmage contact while the field goal range would remain the same as it used to be.

The try for point has ever been a thorn in the side of the meddlesome Matties who aren't happy unless they are tinkering with the football code. Years of tampering have evolved the farcical option of rushing, passing, or kicking to add the extra point. The provision for putting the ball in play on the two-yard line (it used to be the three-yard) savors of the artificial. You score a second "touchdown"—which isn't really a touchdown—and get one point for your pains!

In its memorable 14-13 upstream victory over Lafayette at the Polo Grounds some years ago, Washington and Jefferson forward-passed for the decisive extra point. This was one of the rare occasions when an eleven employed this dramatic if anomalous device to convert. Mostly they try a stodgy, point-blank kick—and usually it fizzles abjectly.

ONE can't help feeling that the pre-war system of punt out, fair catch, and kick was as far superior to the modern hybrid method of "converting" as pre-war bourbon is to the synthetic kind.

The old system governing the try for point put a premium on centering the ball between the posts when making a touchdown. It emphasized tactical position. The nearer to the middle of the field the ball crossed the goal line, the easier the angle you had on your try for point. That made some sense. No longer do we have the dramatic lining up of the team scored upon beneath its own goal posts. Instead we see an arbitrary scrimmage which, as Goldberg says, "doesn't mean anything."



The referee was required to be a human surveying machine, capable of deciding instantly if a ball had gone six feet.

How many football followers know that only five men on the attacking side are eligible to receive a forward pass? The passer's three backfield mates and the two men on the extremities of the rush line are thus eligible. Note that we did not say "the two ends." There's a catch there, if you will pardon the pun.

A tackle, for instance, can become eligible to receive a pass by changing places with his end and shifting out to the extremity of the line. Yale is fond of catching opponents napping by this "tackle-over" ruse. The Elis are generally more foxed against than foxing, but on two memorable occasions they tricked the opposition by having their tackle move out to end and receive a pass. Joss scored on Princeton by this slick device in 1924, and

Quarrier beat Army with the same strategy in 1927.

Harvard blames the loss of the 1926 Yale game on a peculiar quirk in the rules. The Crimson fullback got off a driving punt that covered all of sixty yards only to have the play nullified because Yale happened to have twelve men on the field.

It developed that a Yale substitute had dashed out from the bench just after the ball had been snapped. Nobody heard the umpire sound his horn. Yale was penalized, but Harvard was soon compelled, through no fault of its own, to try the punt over again. This time Sturhahn of Yale blocked the kick—and scored the winning touchdown.

How's that for gross injustice? Because of bone-headed work on the Eli bench, Yale got a chance to win the game, a chance that was capitalized. It would seem only fair to let such a punt stand and penalize the offending side on the other end of the kick.

The foxy "Pop" Warner sewed fake footballs on the jerseys of his Indians.

SHREWD coaches will always find loopholes in a code so intricate as football's must necessarily be. Only recently, somebody discovered that the rules defined the size and weight of the football but not the shape.

Cagy strategists took advantage of this oversight by ringing in long cigar-shaped balls that afforded a passer a sure-fire grip. These "fashionably thin" footballs wouldn't kick worth a darn, but how a forward passer could peg 'em! Naturally, only coaches who were long on passers and short on kickers introduced these footballs.

The committee, awake at last to this unethical practice, has now adopted a skeleton mold through which the ball must be squeezed by the referee prior to the start of play. Balls which won't go through this ingenious gauge are thrown out.

Speaking of getting around the rules while staying within the law, you probably recall how Glenn Warner bedeviled opponents of his Carlisle Indians. It was in 1908 that foxy "Pop" hit upon the scheme of sewing imitation footballs on the chests of the jerseys of his four backs. When the wily redskins cuddled their arms around these camouflage pads, the enemy couldn't tell which one had the real pigskin.

Employing the deceptive jersey pads, Carlisle's warriors scalped the powerful Syracuse team 60 to 0. The befuddled Syracusans spent an unhappy afternoon chasing decoys. Nobody could tell which of the Indian backs was the real carrier.

Haughton swore like a top sergeant when he read the score of the Syracuse massacre. Harvard was to play the Indians the following Saturday. "We're in for a terrible lambasting," Haughton told the squad that evening. "I know Syracuse had a powerful eleven. Any outfit that can whip 'em by sixty points must be a world beater."

On Monday Harvard's scout returned from Syracuse with a full report on Indian guile. Haughton's deeply lined features were grimly drawn as he faced his squad at practice. He described the camouflage trick which had demoralized the Syracuse defense.

"Men, I've read the rules from A to Z," said Haughton, "but I can't find anything in them to prevent Carlisle from using those trick jersey pads. They violate the spirit but not the letter of the code.

"If any man on this squad can suggest some scheme for outlawing those imitation footballs I'll see that he gets his H. I'll put him in the Yale game even if he's a fifth-string substitute!"

Spurred by this incentive, you can be sure those Harvard players cudgeled their brains and wore their rule books to tatters. None was successful. It remained for a Boston newspaper man to give Haughton the tip that double-crossed "Pop" Warner.

When the Indians tossed away their yellow and red

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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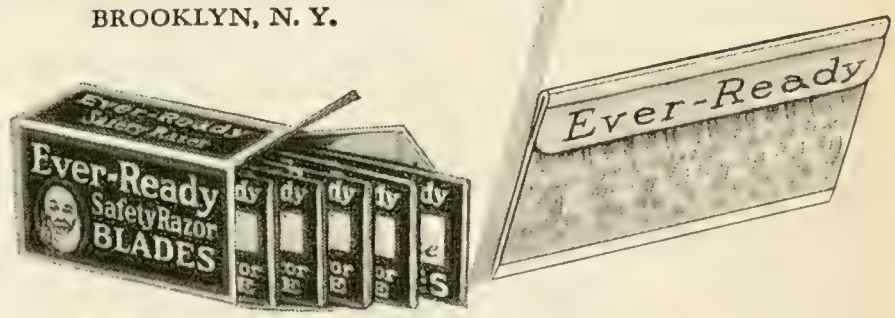

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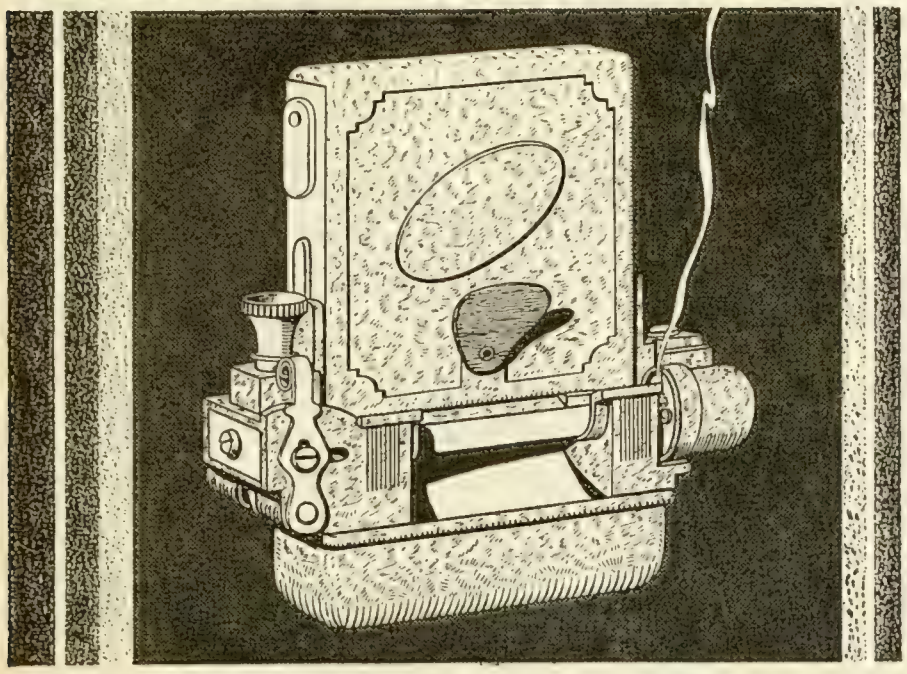

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[WHY DID HE BLOW THAT WHISTLE? Continued from page thirty-five]

striped blankets inside the stadium horseshoe, the objectionable tan pads could be plainly seen against the black background of the Carlisle jerseys. Suddenly the Harvard trainer appeared with an armful of footballs. Something about those pigskins struck the Indians as unusual. They chattered like magpies, cursing in all the thirty-seven Indian dialects. They had good reason for their agitation. Each football was painted a vivid crimson—a shade which, by some strange coincidence, matched the Harvard jerseys.

Carlisle threatened to withdraw if the red-painted football was used. At that moment Haughton stalked on to the field. "Gentlemen"—his Beacon Street accent was flawless—"the home team has the right to provide the ball. There is nothing in the rules which specifies that the ball must be any particular color. I've chosen to paint this one crimson. If you don't like it"—here he glowered at the Carlisle braves—"rip those fake pads off your jerseys and I'll produce an uncolored pigskin."

The redskins realized that they had been outsmarted by the palefaces. Sheepishly the Carlisle players removed the offending leather ovals. Harvard won the game, using the regulation unpainted ball.

WHEN winter came, the Rules Committee added a clause giving the referee discretionary power to outlaw tricks of that character as "unsportsmanlike conduct."

So it goes. The committee makes the rules and cagy football strategists find ways to nullify them. Then the committee makes some more rules. Small wonder that the code which has been evolved painfully through fifty years of tinkering reads as though it had been written by the same man who phrased the income-tax blanks.

We quote this gem from the latest football guide: "It is the opinion of the Rules Committee that the game has now reached the point where no important changes are indicated for the near future other than such changes as may be necessary to protect essential and desirable features"—oh, what's the use? There they go making reservations and qualifications. What the solons really mean is that there won't be any changes until next year!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What falls in Africa is named for an English monarch?
2—How many acres in a square mile?
3—What is a quadroon?
4—Ships of what nations were engaged in the Battle of Jutland?
5—What two bodies of water are connected by the Dardanelles?
6—What is a chalet?
7—What is the Wightman Cup?
8—Who led the Green Mountain Boys in the Revolutionary War?
9—What is the literal translation of *faux pas?*
10—Who is called the Bard of Avon?
11—Who commanded the dirigible Graf Zeppelin on its recent voyage around the world?
12—In what state does the Mississippi River rise?
13—What is a vertebrate?
14—Where was George Washington born?
15—In what country was the Battle of Waterloo fought?
16—Where is the Salton Sea?
17—What is the chemical symbol for water?
18—What is called the City of Magnificent Distances?
19—What National League baseball player is nicknamed The Rajah?
20—Cambria was the ancient name of what country?

(Answers will be found on page forty)

PIONEERS

Hollywood's First Revue and Ann Harding's First Film

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ HOLLYWOOD REVUE

METRO-GOLDWYN'S Hollywood Revue gets four stars as the screen's initial try at a series of dancing and singing divertissements minus all pretense at a story. If the Hollywood Revue falls down on accomplishment, it is long on potentialities.

The Metro-Goldwyn folks simply marshaled all their stars into the rôles of specialty performers, imported song writers to construct special numbers, brought dance creators from Broadway, and—because they lacked faith in their own stars' audible efforts—added some stage and vaudeville entertainers.

Strangely enough, movie producers fail to realize the inevitable public interest in film stars doing something different, even badly. Not all the Metro-Goldwyn stars entered. Greta Garbo balked. Despite the fact that there is a number called Lon Chaney Will Get You if You Don't Watch Out, Lon himself declined to participate. Nils Asther was in the Los Angeles première, but he was cut out afterwards.

Bessie Love is the outstanding all-round performer in the screen's first attempt at roof-garden entertainment.

Ann Harding and Frederic March in Paris Bound, a movie based on the problems of modern marriage.

Including the opening and the finale, there are eighteen numbers. The best song is Singing in the Rain. It seems to me that little Bessie Love stands out as the brightest all-round performer, with the robust Marie Dressler, droll Polly Moran, the pleasant-singing Charles King, and Ukelele Ike lending able assistance.

Marion Davies does very well when, as a dapper cadet, she leads a battalion of husky grenadiers in a neat tap dance. She should have contributed her deft imitations, however. William Haines clowns a bit and Joan Crawford does a blue number effectively.

The biggest fall-down among the screen stars is contributed by Norma Shearer and Jack Gilbert in the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet. They are terrible when they tackle Shakespeare and they are nearly as bad when they try a modern flip version of the love tragedy.

The Hollywood Revue has several interludes in Technicolor. All the scenes of a film musical show should be in color. Otherwise the costuming is a total loss.

The makers of the revue wisely have resorted to camera trickery. Here the film revue always can top its stage sister. One scene, in The Minstrel Days number, dissolves from positive to negative and back again with startling optical effect. Ever observe the reversed effect of a kodak negative? Then you get what I mean.

★ ★ ★ PARIS BOUND

Philip Barry's study in modern marriage, Paris Bound, has been filmed by Pathé and is chiefly noteworthy for the celluloid début of Ann Harding, another stage star.

Paris Bound starts with the marriage of its chief protagonists. It traces the story of Mary and Jim through the varying wedding anniversaries, with their problems and adjustments.

Mr. Barry seems to think that married folks can stray from the path of unswerving faithfulness and yet love each other completely. Indeed, only when Mary comes to that discovery does Paris Bound end without divorce.

You will find Miss Harding a genuinely compelling and sympathetic actress as the wife. I like her better than any other footlight actress won over since the dawn of Movietone and Vitaphone.

Frederic March is excellent as the husband, and the direction of Edward Griffith is highly competent.

(No stars) HALF MARRIAGE

Decorative Olive Borden is the star of RKO's Half Marriage, another popular exposé of the wild younger set. All of which is as worn out as the word whoopee. Miss Borden is a wealthy girl (secretly married to a poor boy) who gives giddy Greenwich Village parties and accidentally pushes a scoundrel off a roof, but nobody seems to mind much. Dull.

Do you know that—

2,300 sound-on-film and disk-reproducing equipments had been installed by Western Electric on September 1st? . . . Installation is climbing at the rate of 100 a week? . . . The Pagan Love Song, theme melody of The Pagan, ran to 625,000 copies in two and a half months? . . . The authors get nearly $25,000 in royalties on the 625,000 copies?

Inheritance

The Story of a Brave Man

By EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

"HE'LL kill you," they cried to him, reaching out their hands to restrain him. "Don't go in there—he's got a gun!"

O'Toole cursed them with his eyes. Women! Always around giving advice, screaming, getting on a man's nerves. Dark squat women, sharp shrill women, great strong women, little girls and little boys running up from everywhere, some of them in nightgowns; standing in the rain and screaming.

"Get you out of here!" he roared. "Do you want to get hurt? And don't you know it's raining?"

They tried to explain to him that they lived in this tenement—and that they had run out through fear of "Cokey" Price. And— "Cokey's in there wid a gun in each hand."

"He'll kill you!" they kept screaming.

"Bah," said O'Toole. "And if he does, I'll be the last he kills. Rastus—" all little Negro boys were Rastus to Policeman Marty O'Toole—"Rastus, here's the key to the patrol box on the corner. Do you open it now, you little devil, the way you've seen me do it, and tell them to send the wagon down here with every man they can spare. Off with you now. Get!"

And his gun was out of his pocket at last, and he was walking in through the doorway of the tenement, his gun hand steady and rigid as a bar of iron.

No. 110 Sebor Street, a five-story brick tenement festooned with crazy fire escapes, one of a row of snaggle-toothed cliffs in a narrow cañon running between two elevated lines; looking up to the lights of the trains that cut across overhead and the sparks of fire spat out by the rails; looking up to the black sky and the rain; a crowd of screaming women, and a rubber-clad policeman going through the doorway with a gun in his hand; going to battle; going to death.

Brave? There wasn't a woman in that crowd who realized how brave it was.

O'Toole had just come from a flat two blocks away, where they were holding a wake for young Mike Ryan, the last cop that Cokey Price had killed.

He had stopped there only a little while, to say a prayer, to condole with the widow, to see his own wife and his two oldest children, to smoke a pipe, and to meditate a little on the shortness of life.

Half an hour ago he had left, walking through the dark streets, glancing into doorways mechanically, out of long habit, thinking of Ryan and Ryan's widow and the little pension she would get; thinking of his own wife and his children, and of Cokey Price.

There had been many of the men from the station at the wake, sitting in the room next to that where the coffin lay, and their womenfolk were with them. But the men sat in one room and the women in another. There was talk of many things, and laughter and jokes, as there must be at wakes—and weeping, too, whenever the widow greeted a new consoler. Sometimes when it was very quiet you could almost hear the women in the other room wondering, "What's to become of her now?"

"But she is young and handsome," O'Toole said to himself as he patrolled his beat. "Handsome enough to get another man. And there's neither chick nor child depending on her. The pension will mean something to her. But if it were me—"

Ma wasn't handsome now, just ordinary looking, maybe, after twenty years of mothering; and she wouldn't think of marrying again even if she had the opportunity. Just ordinary looking, but show him a woman who could beat her at anything! Show him one who was half so clever, or half so decent, or one-tenth part so lovable.

What would she do—and her a widow? And the kids?

Mary June would have to go to work. She'd come home tired and hot and sulky, crying some nights from weariness. It would be Mary June that would have to support the family until—

"Good Lord!"

How she did breeze into the house when she came in from school—throwing her books in the hall, tossing her tam at the hatrack, hit or miss, running up the stairs.

"Hullo, Big Boy! How's the cop pop? Give us a kiss for luck. Say, I seen the funniest thing—"

"You seen! What kind of talk is that? Go back to school and get your money, Pig Tail. You've been cheated."

"Pig Tail? Who's a Pig Tail?"

Mary June the eldest, and Michael who was dead, and Martin who might become blind in a year or two, and the roughneck twins who aped every act and gesture of their big sister, and the three littlest ones — Con named after his granddaddy; Hannah, who was just learning to read pictures; and Agnes, who was just learning to talk and was really the prettiest and the wickedest child in the city—they were all walking with him along his beat.

Con . . . telling his father, in an insolent shrill voice, how dumb he was about baseball.

A cro

He smiled when he thought of Agnes. "She ought to get a good walloping," he thought. That was his favorite expression for Agnes, especially after she had managed one of her cute tricks, such as mixing eggs and flour and butter and talcum powder on the front room carpet.

"She ought to get a good walloping," O'Toole would say, and everybody would pretend to be terrified. But Agnes, the rogue, would laugh and turn up her little bottom—and O'Toole

of screaming women, and a rubber-clad policeman with a gun in his hand; going to battle; going to death.

would pick her up and hug her. A walloping? Marty O'Toole had never touched one of them in anger; not even Con who fought on the street every other day, and got one black eye after another, and skinned all his knuckles, and swore now and then, and insisted on telling his father, in an insolent shrill voice, how dumb he was about baseball.

BEGGING for a fielder's mitt, he was, only this morning. He had wakened his father with a punch in the ribs and a wild, "Hello, Poppo the coppo. How about that mitt?"

"I'll mitt you," Marty had roared with a ferociousness that begot only laughter. "Go catch 'em with your hands like I did when I was a dirty-faced brat like you. Go get you an umbrella and see can you catch a real fast one with that."

Con had thrown himself on his father, and they wrestled all over the bed, with such noise that Ma came running in. Well, Con would get his fielder's mitt. Maybe Ma had some money stuck away that Marty could borrow. He should have asked her about it up at the wake—but those women with their talk of "What'll she do now, poor thing, on her widow's pension?"—those women had chased Con's mitt out of his head. Women! Always around, giving advice, screaming, trying to get on a man's nerves.

Darkness, rain, wind, a policeman on his beat, thinking his own thoughts—and then that voice in the doorway: "He ducked in there not two minutes ago. No. 110. I seen him. Cokey Price!"

"You seen him? Go back to school, you—"

And Marty O'Toole was running, tugging at his gun. He was cursing those screaming frightened women. He was sending Rastus to the patrol box. He was in the hallway, going down the long corridor, hugging one wall, flashing a light at intervals. The corridor was empty, but there were wet marks on the steps. Footprints.

Marty started up the stairs—and stopped. Perhaps Cokey was up there on the landing, waiting. What a fine target O'Toole would make.

Sure death! And there was Ma weeping, and Mary June going to work, and Con—wild young Con rushing into the room where he wrestled Poppo the coppo every morning, a quiet, subdued, red-eyed Con—and little Agnes waiting for

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

the walloping that never would come!

O'Toole felt he couldn't go up those stairs. His family needed him so. Wait a little while and the wagon would be outside, and the reserves would be coming in through the door. Wait a minute or two and the place would be surrounded. A minute or two? And give that murderer a chance to get up on the roof and away?

No, O'Toole must go on by himself. This was his job. If Cokey should escape through any fault of his, how could he come home to Ma? How could he face Ryan's widow?

He put down the gun and the flashlight. He took off his cap, and from the lining took a stub of a pencil, and one of the cards on which he made out his reports. The water dripped from his coat sleeves on to the paper as he wrote, but it didn't bother him. He wrote quickly, firmly, just a few words, put the card and pencil back in his cap, took up gun and light, and started once more on the stairway of duty and death. And his gun hand once more was as steady as an iron bar; and he called out in a great proud voice that he was coming:

"Surrender or die!"

"BRAVE?" The Widow O'Toole examined the word in her mind. "It wasn't anything braver than living honestly on a policeman's pay," she said. "We'll get along somehow. There's the pension, of course. Not much—but Mary June has been promised a job, and she's eager for it, that one. Yes, we'll get along, all right.

"He left us nothing but the memory of his death—and the little card. He must have written it before he went up those steps. Just a few words written in pencil and blurred by the rain: 'You taught them how to live. I'll show them how to die.'

"A dozen words is all he left—but it's a legacy the children of kings might envy, don't you think?"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Victoria Falls in the Zambezi River.
2—Six hundred and forty.
3—A person of quarter Negro blood.
4—England and Germany.
5—The Ægean Sea and the Sea of Marmora.
6—A small wooden house of the Alpine regions of Europe.
7—A trophy competed for annually by women tennis players of the United States and England.
8—Ethan Allen.
9—False step.
10—William Shakespeare.
11—Dr. Hugo Eckener.
12—Minnesota.
13—An animal which has a backbone.
14—At Bridges Creek, Virginia.
15—Belgium.
16—In southeastern California.
17—H_2O.
18—Washington, D. C.
19—Rogers Hornsby of the Chicago team.
20—Wales.

Prizes!

AWARDS have been made as follows for the detection of errors in Mistake Picture No. 3, which appeared in LIBERTY for August 17.

FIRST PRIZE—$500

Allen Mehle,
Masonic Temple Building,
New Orleans, La.

SECOND PRIZE—$200

Lieut. R. O. Williams, U. S. N.,
85 Market St.,
Annapolis, Md.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

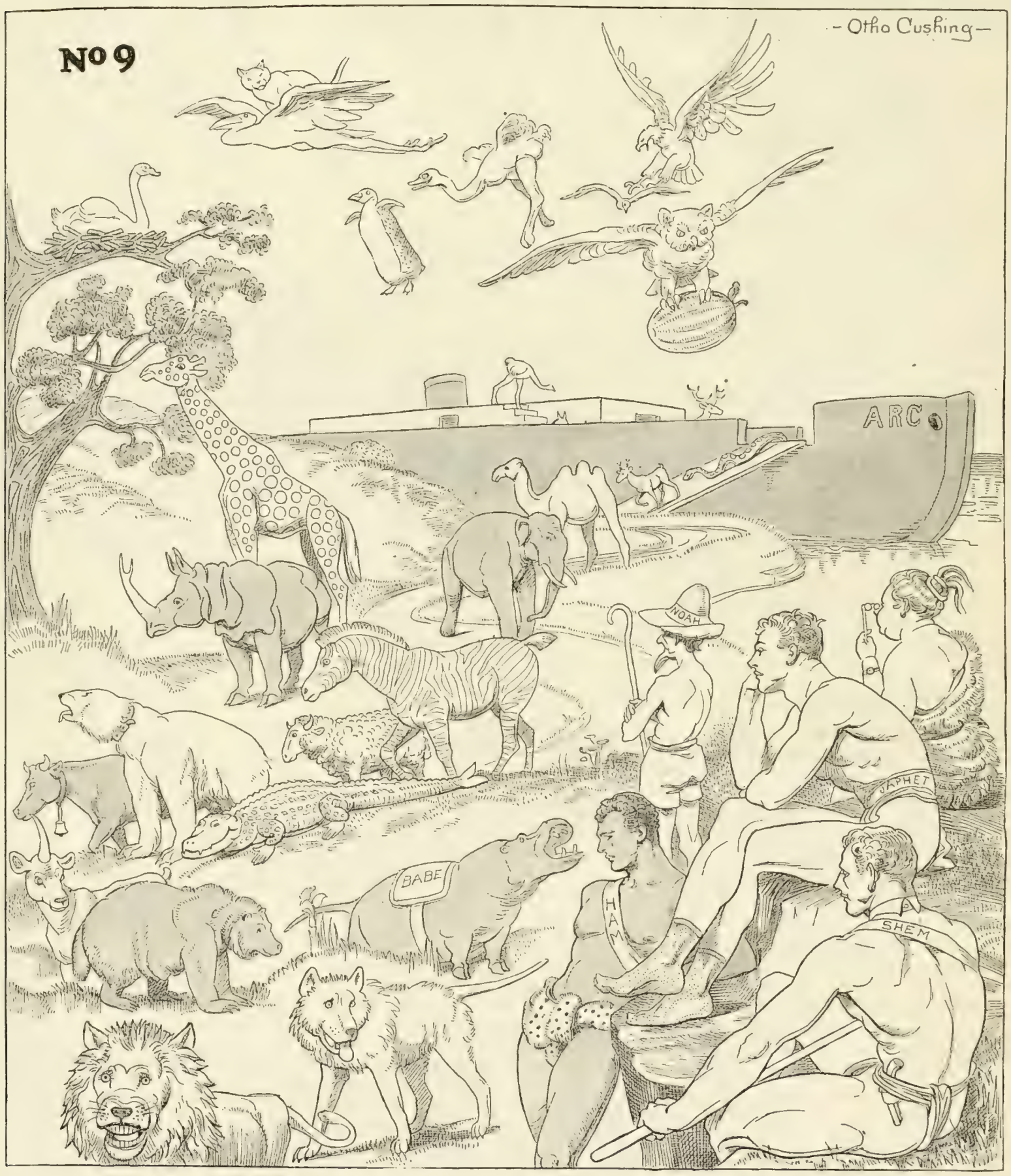
Harry J. Humphreys,
Box 566,
Reno, Nev.

FORTY PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Bernice A. Baker, 103 Pearl St., Springfield, Mass.
Miss Claude G. Baulard, 2621 Broadway, Galveston, Tex.
Donald Baum, 5836 E. Tenth St., Kansas City, Mo.
Ray Blain, Ft. Hayes, Columbus, Ohio.
A. W. Bryan, Box 237, Iowa City, Ia.
Mrs. A. C. Cowling, Box 1494, Hollywood, Calif.
Morris M. Davidson, Jr., 77 Puritan Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y.
G. C. Davis, 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
H. L. De Sonier, 6905 Catina St., New Orleans, La.
William C. Dryer Masonville Rte., Loveland, Colo.
Hugh B. Dunning, 1701 S. Eighth Ave., Maywood, Ill.
Charles F. Eddy, Ft. Bragg, N. C.
L. V. Fautch, 217 E. Seventh Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Mrs. N. Fellman, 75 Woodbine St., Providence, R. I.
Ruth Gessner, 1328 Astruria Ave., Coral Gables, Fla.
Lucia B. Gilhousen, 848 Belmont St., Portland, Ore.
Mrs. Frank Good, 1936 St. Elmo Ave., N.E., Canton, Ohio.
John Albert Hanson, 13 Jay St., New York, N. Y.
George H. Hart, York, S. C.
H. H. Haynes, Box 286, De Ridder, La.
Jack D. Heckman, 1225 Amity St., Reading, Pa.
E. H. Kary, 37 Church St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Irwin Koenig, 1721 Chapman Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Louis E. Lange, 1907 Almonaster Ave., New Orleans, La.
Paul I. Laudenslager, 23 N. Poplar St., Allentown, Pa.
A. E. Lee, Hotel Frye, Seattle, Wash.
W. E. Little, Ewing, Mo.
Frank Major, 1219 Euclid St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Thomas A. Murray, Jr., 504 Union Trust Bldg., Baltimore, Md.
R. J. Nearine, 22 Pearl St., Fitchburg, Mass.
Frank Newcomer, 27 Woodland Drive, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nell G. Osmond, 2601 N. Harding St., Indianapolis, Ind.
C. B. Robbins, Box 1758, Miami, Fla.
R. Robnett, 2320 W. 17th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
George D. Rodgers, 542 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
John A. Russell, 27 Mulberry St., Rochester, N. Y.
Selena Smyth, 303 S. 18th St., Allentown, Pa.
R. E. Snuggs, A. and M. College, College Station, Tex.
E. E. Thomas, 3612 College St., Kansas City, Mo.
Phre Voiers, Box 791, Menlo Park, Calif.

Prize awards for Picture No. 4 will be announced next week.

How Many Mistakes In This Picture? $1,000 for Answers Every Week



Rules and Regulations Covering This Contest

IN drawing this picture the artist made between thirty-five and forty mistakes. How many can you find? LIBERTY now offers $1,000 a week for the most skillful detecting of mistakes in the series of drawings of which this is the ninth.

It is not necessary to indicate the mistakes by drawing on the picture itself. You may use a tracing of it or, if you prefer, you may describe them on a separate sheet of paper. *Be sure to state somewhere the exact number of mistakes you have found.*

You need not purchase a copy of LIBERTY to compete. Copies of LIBERTY may be examined at our various branch offices or at the public libraries free of charge. Neatness and ingenuity of arrangement, as well as accuracy and the number of mistakes detected, will count. In case of ties the prizes will be duplicated.

This contest is not open to professional artists, nor may any employees of LIBERTY WEEKLY or their families compete. Entries should be addressed to MISTAKES PICTURES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and must be mailed within one week of the date of this issue. No entries will be returned, and LIBERTY cannot engage in correspondence on the subject of the contest.

These Prizes Are Offered Each Week

First prize	$500
Second prize	200
Third prize	100
Forty prizes of $5 each	200
Weekly total	$1,000

Vox

We Don't Get Your Point, But Here Goes

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the August 24 issue of LIBERTY, under the caption "Black and Great," Frederick James Smith states that "Harry Gray, the old Negro who does Zeke's parson father, walked into Vidor's office to interview him for a Harlem Negro newspaper. At the moment he wore a top hat and frock coat—and Vidor signed him on the spot, although he had never acted in his life."

Our complaint is that Harry Gray has never been connected with the editorial department of this newspaper and was not assigned to interview Mr. Vidor. Therefore we feel that the statement in your publication is harmful to the reputation of The Amsterdam News and reflects discredit upon all of its editorial department workers.

For your information, we might state that up to the time that Mr. Gray signed with King Vidor, he had been employed by The Amsterdam News as a furnace attendant and janitor.—*William M. Kelley, editor in chief, The Amsterdam News.*

And Then What Happened?

TULSA, OKLA.—In a recent issue of LIBERTY, Mr. Lee of Fullerton, California, recommended a national safety week for motorists and suggested that you present the idea. He advocated a check-in-and-out system which would include some petty official's certificate permitting transportation through a state. Ask him if such a plan has been successful in California.

On my last trip to that state, after crossing that little region of sunbeams known as the Mohave Desert, my party was stopped by some petty inspectors who were looking for parasites—not hooch.

This was all very funny until they started searching our baggage and our clothing. We considered that a little too personal and when I raised my voice in protest there appeared a senior inspector with a high-powered rifle. He informed me that all was in accordance with a state law and, remembering my obligation to uphold all laws, also having no objection to losing a few parasites that I might have acquired after arriving on the scene, I submitted to the search.

When it was completed, the inspector, with the aid of a little ordinary spit, stuck on my windshield a label certifying that the car and its occupants, as well as the luggage, were free from "what have you."—*Q. E. Dickerson.*

Singapore and Mr. MacDonald

WICHITA, KAN.—As a British reader of your most excellent magazine, I feel I must express my deep appreciation of your editorial, "The Passing of a Great Race?" I am going to forward it to the London Times, to let that loyal paper see that there are others outside the British Empire who can see the wanton neglect with which the new government is treating its responsibilities with regard to Singapore. Of course no sane Englishman thinks of Singapore in terms of war with the United States—it is up to us English-speaking white people to be the best of friends.

In passing, please allow me to point out a slight but common misquotation. The song does not say "Britannia rules the waves"; it merely exhorts "Britannia, rule the waves." But no one need mind that. With Ramsay MacDonald at the helm, Britannia probably never will any more.—*A Friendly Briton.*

Puffed Rice

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—What's the matter with Sandy? I have two sons, ten and twelve, who need thrashing about once a month, but I've never asked my wife to do it. The kids are husky young Americans and I'm proud of them. Imagine how they'd feel if their mother had to be called on to spank them.

Little Ulysses is certainly going to be a mollycoddle if he has a father who is even afraid to watch him get tanned. From the time my kids were three years old they wouldn't have felt any licking a woman might have given them, and although some people might think I'm brutal, I'm not raising any child gangsters.—*Thomas Rice.*

A Garbo Fan Is Born

HOUSTON, TEX.—I never had cared for Greta Garbo until I read that piece by Adela Rogers St. Johns.

I always had preferred Bill Haines or Clara Bow, but after reading Garbo's life story I dug up sixty cents and headed for a theater to see The Single Standard.

I realized then that Garbo was wonderful, and, furthermore, it is pleasant to remember that she never has had any unpleasant publicity connected with her name.—*Ruth.*

This Bozo Smith

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Who's this bozo Smith, who writes your movie reviews? Is he a propagandist for the "squawkies"? He seems inclined to knock anything in the shape of a silent picture, regardless of its worth.—*Film Fan.*

BROOKLINE, MASS.—My thanks to Mr. Frederick James Smith—he is absolutely reliable, discriminating, and fearless.

I have never failed to agree with him in the matter of every movie he has recommended.

Splendid work he is doing.—*Margaret S. Byrne.*

"Kept"

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—No matter what some of the Vox Pop knockers may say about Viña Delmar, the fact remains that she is a literary genius. In my opinion she is by far the most realistic writer of the present day; her fidelity to detail is startling—almost uncanny; in that respect I believe she surpasses even Dickens.

That she also can rise to dramatic heights is proved in Part Nine of "Kept," by her description of Lillian's outburst of pent-up indignation "standing motionless in the center of the little room that was too pitiful to misuse." That is as fine a bit of realistic writing as I ever read.—*Stephen O'Hagan.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your magazine seems to me one that has the worst stories from the best authors.

"Kept," by Viña Delmar, was terrible. —*Dorothy May.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Say! I use to be a steno. Made a mistake or two and now am just making a living pounding the streets.

When I read some of the wisecracks that a number of your readers make, praising the author of "Kept" because they say it's so true to life, let me tell 'em that they are all wet.

Harvey O'Higgins and Reginald Wright Kauffman know more of this in a day than Delmar does in a week.

Take it from me, a poor fish with lots of looks left yet, it's a hell of a life, and in spite of all the goody-goodies there's no comeback when once the line is crossed.

And above all there's neither pleasure nor money in it.

This is from one who has tried, but the life has got me and there's nothing for me in the future but to keep on being a—*Broad.*

They'd Probably Miss It Again

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Your editorial "Let Us Have Peace—and Parity" was a "pip." I would suggest that you print it again so that it may be read by those who might have missed it.—*Charles Mills.*

A Pagan Speaks

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I see someone who calls himself A Minister's Son says your recent editorial on preachers in politics was written by a ninny.

What a bigoted ninny A Minister's Son must be to dream that we need ministers to expose flaws in politics or personal character.

Here is one pagan who will never give a cent toward the support of one. They should get out and earn honest livings in some productive pursuits. —*Ex-Preacher Atheist.*

Pop

T. R.—Two Letters

ST. PAUL, MINN. — After reading every number of your perfect magazine since number one, I hesitate to express the least doubt of your wisdom.

And as a member of the American Legion I need hardly say that I esteem Col. Roosevelt, my old pal, highly.

Will I be called a 60% American if I tell Col. Roosevelt that he is not the only man who ever had a wife and babies?

Nevertheless, I am patient enough to learn of great Americans. It may be that the third Teddy may be born with the gift of silence. But I doubt it.—*Harold J. Johnson.*

SODUS, N. Y.—I have just finished reading the concluding installment of "All in the Family," by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. May I thank you for the pleasure it has given me? In a world where Kept women, and Show Girls, and Interior Decorators flourish as a green bay tree, it is good to be reassured that there are yet people who cherish the old ideals of family life with its hardships and discomforts; its griefs and disappointments; its unity and faith; its blessed memories.

I thank the writer who, in giving us this saga of his life, has touched a tender chord in mine. We, too, were many; I alone am left.—*Mrs. A. G. D.*

Rien

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Of course you have a good magazine. Don't your advertisements say so? *Que voulez vous plus encore?—Henry Liebschutz.*

We're Doing the Best We Can

DORCHESTER, MASS.—There is only one thing wrong with your magazine and that is you don't give your dealers enough copies. Three days after issue I went into at least twenty stores that carry LIBERTY and was unable to get one. They all told me they could not get enough copies.—"*Satisfied.*"

The Case of Miss Wills

CHICAGO, ILL.—That growl against Helen Wills from One Who Knows, in Vox Pop for August 31, might have gotten by me as a truthful report on just one more young lady spoiled by fame, if the wisecracker hadn't pulled that dumb line about Helen's drawings. Miss Wills' work isn't going to be hung with the Rembrandts, of course, but, as an art critic, I'll say right here and now that she could get a job doing such drawings for any good magazine.

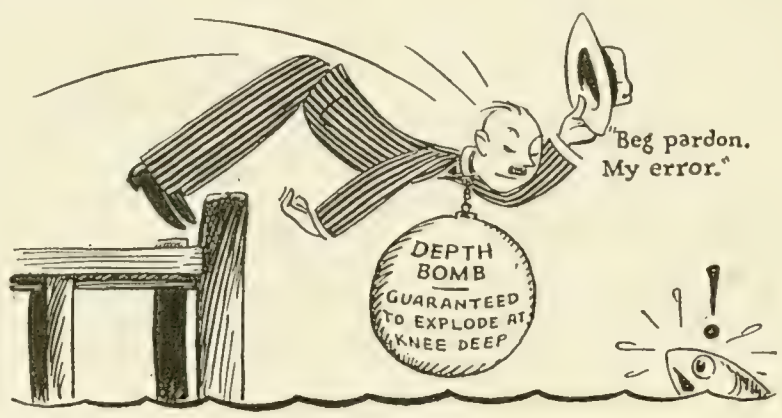
Print something a little less obviously jealous next time, won't you? One Who Knows wouldn't have to go to a psychiatrist to get her complex defined. Any good friend could tell her.

Jealousy is as bad for one's popularity as halitosis. Get wise to yourself, Jealous!—*Mickey.*

NEWARK, N. J.—In a couple of years, when Helen Wills begins to get stale, and the fickle public looks for something new, we girls can give her the merry ha-ha. I never liked her anyway, she is too stuck on herself. That kind of people don't last long. Look at Gene Tunney—he's last year's Christmas presents. Good for a while but all worn out.—*Sarcastic.*

Aren't You a Little Severe?

NANTICOKE, PA. — In answer to "Truth Is Stranger than Fiction," appearing on a recent Vox Pop page: If the idiot who wrote that had brains enough to know what a kiss and a medal are in France, he would do a Steve Brodie with a depth bomb around his neck. It is the dirtiest insult a Legionnaire could get—and from whom?—*H. J. Gallagher, a Legionnaire.*



We Will If You'll Tell Us Where the l. t. of Babylon Is

PORTLAND, ORE.—Tell that Canadian who is picking on Lindy to fall down and stick his finger in his eye. Lindy is like the leaning tower of Babylon. He may look like he is going to fall, but when you get down to plain facts he is as permanent as the Rock of Gibraltar.—*An American.*

P. S. Please put your address where a person can find it in at least thirty minutes.

Facts-of-Life Stuff

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—E. C. says that she is an old maid because she refused to accept either of two men who proposed marriage to her when they were drunk, and that she has never "played on the sexual emotions of the male, as is done by 85 per cent of the females of the human race."

If 85 per cent of the females of the human race and 100 per cent of the females of every other animal race employ that strategy, I can't, for the life of me, see why she thinks it's wrong for her.—*D. S. D.*

He Has Studied It. See Page 44

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.—To an American spending about half of his time in the United States and the other half in Canada, Mr. Palmer's "How They Drink in Canada" is intensely interesting.

He should not fail to make a study of the situation in the Ontario frontier district. The innumerable speak-easies operated in Canada by Americans and for Americans, as well as those run by Canadians for their cousins across the line, would furnish material for a chapter of great significance.

We Americans are so strenuous in our drinking that we do not confine the activities of illicit drinkeries within our own borders, but extend them into the realm of our friendly neighbor, operating very much in the same way as in our own country.

Thus, Americans, not content with breaking the laws of their own country must also violate those of Canada and provide an incentive for Canadians to break their own laws in order to slake the insatiable American thirst. This, mind you, in spite of the fact that it is the simplest thing in the world for the American visitor in Canada to drink to his heart's content, and legally, too, of real liquor—not the vile bootleg stuff so plentiful in the States—in almost any part of the Dominion.—*John Dewar Walker.*

It's Only Been a Week

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—What's the matter with Bert Green? Is he still on his honeymoon? Seems a long time since we had word from Merry Mike.—*Green Fan.*

The Authors Do It When We Aren't Looking

BREMERTON, WASH. — Why crowd every story with tough characters? Reference to any issue will show you the basis for my criticism.—*C. J. F.*

Of Course

GARY, IND.—I save the Twenty Questions, Mistakes, Bert Green's page, the editorials with which I agree, and the Vox Pop letters, all to send to friends in rural districts. Then LIBERTY is good to keep the home fires burning. Of course I do all this after reading the magazine from cover to cover.—*Sabina McRae.*

Print Them

BOSTON, MASS.—Reading down your table of contents one finds that four out of nine are continued stories or articles and yet you say you'll pay $100 for short short stories. What, in heaven's name, are you going to do with them after you get them?—*R. Byrne.*

How They Drink

IV—Ontario's Frontier of Thirst

By FREDERICK PALMER

THUS far, Colonel Palmer, touring Canada as LIBERTY'S observer of how they drink there, has visited and told about Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which still have prohibition laws; Quebec, which never did go dry and now has a liberal liquor control system; and the big cities of Ontario, which has adopted a relatively stringent system after trying prohibition and scrapping it.

THERE is a new kind of frontier on the American continent. Europe has not its like. No war-nursing ancient race hates glare across this imaginary line between two peoples of the same origins who speak the same tongue.

So bred are they in good will toward each other that no regular gunboats patrol the 1,000-mile water boundary and no regular soldier does a sentry-go on the 2,000-mile land boundary. Not a single gun is mounted in a single fort for war defense.

Yet no boundary waters in the world are so sharply patrolled as these, where swift armed cutters—swifter than any naval cruiser—are daily answering the alarms for action. No international railroad or highway junctions are so sharply guarded.

On this new frontier reigns a lawlessness as lurid as when pirates waylaid treasure galleons and buccaneer fought buccaneer for ill-gotten spoil on the Spanish Main.

The cause links the facts that since the dawn of history or earlier, men have sought money and men have drunk alcoholic beverages.

For thirty recorded centuries, and perhaps a thousand unrecorded ones, from huts to skyscrapers, the peoples who are now known as Christian had their drink. Scholars and clergy drank in the dawn of learning when the cathedrals were building.

Less than fifteen years ago there came a sudden change. Except in some states and communities, in both the United States and Canada, there had been the open saloon which any adult might enter for a drink. A grocer might have a license to sell all alcoholic beverages.

But it was concluded that drink did nobody any good. It was not food. Why not stop all drinking? And drink was especially bad for the soldier and his efficiency.

International photo

A rum-chaser on the Detroit River stops a suspected launch by ramming it.

The Canadians, who were in the World War more than two years before ourselves, thought to save their soldiers from temptation. Their provinces passed prohibitory laws. And they became wroth with their neighbors across the border. For it was we who started the new Spanish Main on the Great Lakes.

Our distilleries and breweries running full blast supplied the liquor for bootlegging on a large scale. Then when we went into the war we too turned prohibitionist.

And then, as drinking had been stopped in the United States and Canada during the war, why not wipe it out forever? Let feet that had walked crooked after resting on the brass rail walk straight in future. The two peoples of the same origins, social customs, and governmental forms, and who get much the same popular urges in their progress, passed laws accordingly.

ALL confirmed drinkers, including the most temperate, would go without their drink in order that the next generation might never know the taste of it.

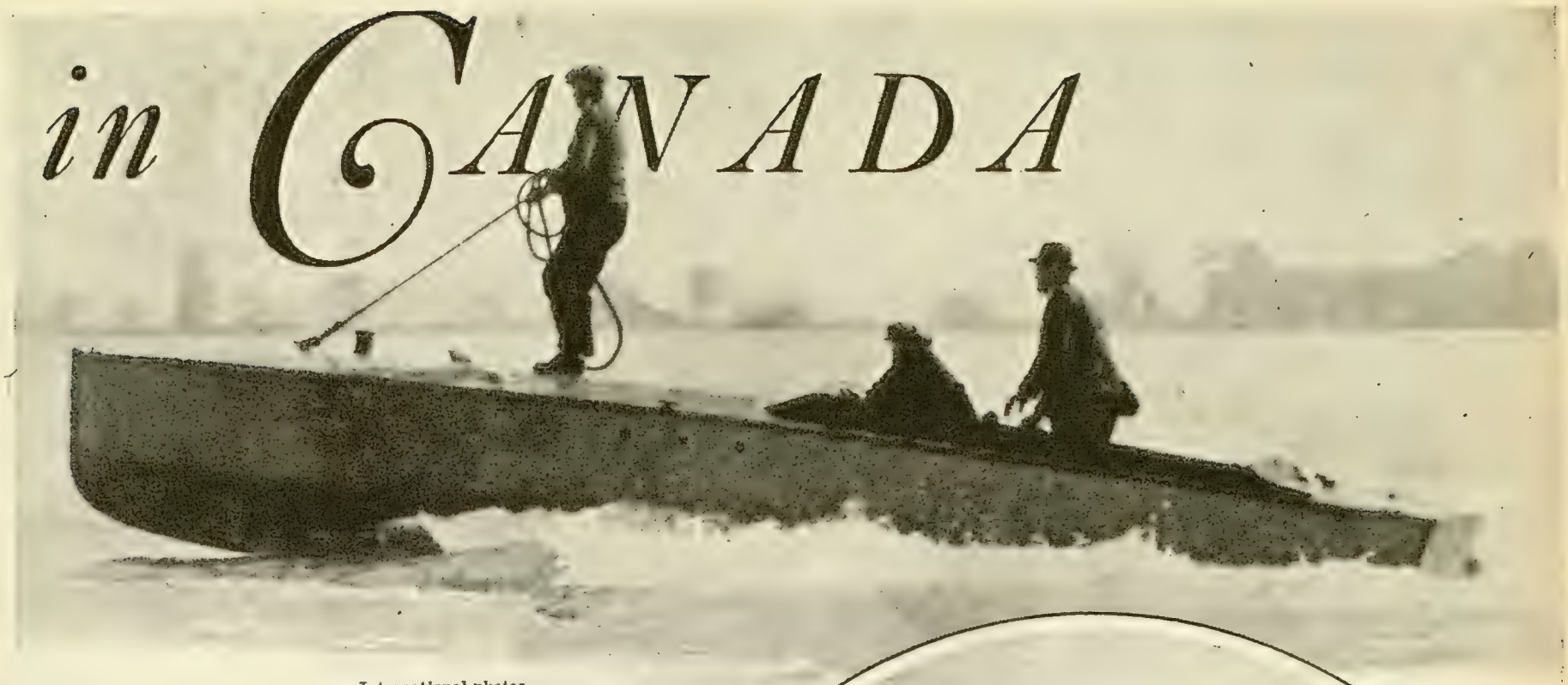
The new law looked good. Laws must be obeyed, and many drinkers obeyed it not only for that reason, but for the sake of the future generations. But, unfortunately, what looks good for human nature is not always accepted by human nature. A reform breaking scores of centuries of habit was a big job.

After eleven years of prohibition our Canadian neighbors found that it was not so good. It was defeating its object, a majority thought. They backslid. They repealed the law.

They adopted a plan which they thought was better than either the saloon or prohibition. In consequence, today on one side of the border you may buy from a government store a bottle of whisky, wine, or beer, while on the other it is illegal for anyone to manufacture, sell, or transport intoxicating liquor.

And today the question on either side of the border is, on which is the more drinking done per capita? American feet that do not walk straight, although they have not rested on the brass rail, make their rail fence in some cases under the influence of smuggled liquor from Canada. With her distilleries and breweries running, Canada has

in CANADA



International photos

A patrol boat in hot pursuit of a rum-runner near Detroit.

turned the tables on us. The galleons of the new Spanish Main of the Great Lakes depart from her shores. Canadian lake-port cities look across to American lake-port cities. Detroit and Toronto are larger than any cities on the Mediterranean. The immense Canadian province of Ontario bounds the northern shores of the lake system, making a range for the new pirate larger than the old enjoyed in the Caribbean.

And it is on the Niagara and Detroit rivers, which connect the lakes in a chain, that the bootlegging business centers under the limelight of public observation. The rum-runners and their cargoes are as much on the itinerary of the tourist seeing Buffalo and Detroit as courthouses, city halls, and parks are.

A few minutes in a car from the heart of Buffalo, and you are at the new Peace Bridge, sometimes called the drink-commuters' bridge. Facing you as you cross are some new apartment buildings on the Ontario side.

In Ontario there are no taverns where beer and wine may be drunk, as there are in Quebec; but what you buy at a government store you may drink in your home with your guests.

The lessees of some of the flats have many guests. They are making new friends every day.

Bootleggers on the Canadian shore, loading up in broad daylight for a dash across the Detroit River.

TURN your sight-seeing car to the right, downstream. Then, if you have not seen enough, go upstream to see more of the same. At little wharves on the Ontario side swift motor boats are being loaded for the night's dash with visible cases of whisky and bags of bottled beer—all as businesslike and commonplace as putting vegetables in the wagons for tomorrow's city market. Sometimes when the going is good, crossings are made in daylight. The loading boats are quite secure in their rights while on the Canadian side.

Opposite Grand Island there rises above the tree line an immense new hotel. It has a swimming pool, golf course, spacious ballroom, and all the luxuries that go with Palm Beach grandeur, as prices attest. There is also an aviation field where the thirsty who are rich may land as they beat time and distance from Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and even New York and Philadelphia, for a liquid week-end. Buffalonian realtors, sadly viewing that majestic pile, say that it would be on the American side if New York State had liquor control.

As you return across the bridge two inspectors halt you on the painted white international line. They do not have to drop on their bellies, or even stoop, to see if there are any bottles of booze tied underneath the car. They press a button, turning on lights flush with the pavement, and refracting mirrors tell them the tale. But the button is not pressed until the car is stopped. Thus the inspectors may catch some tourist stranger who is not on to the trick.

They look into the car, and at intervals, regardless of reason for particular suspicion, they will take up the seats of a car and even frisk the clothes of the traveler for flasks.

This is a warning of what they may do on any occasion. Thus they gather in a few bottles a day, and doom to disappointment a few friends who expected their friends to bring in something from across the border. The lawbreaker is fined five dollars a bottle. Who gets the booze?

And in plain view of the inspectors on the bridge, as they fish for the occasional bottle and flask, are the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page forty-five]

motor boats taking in cargo on the river bank. The contraband they take is, relatively to the whole, as if they had lifted a spear off a passing load of hay. It is to laugh.

The inspectors may not laugh—not out loud when on duty. They forget themselves and grin sometimes. Oh, that inspectorial and Prohibition Border Control grin extending the length of the Great Lakes and also the land boundary! It's the grin of varying degrees of cynicism, born of the old human "What's the use?"—intensified in the supreme irony of paradox tumbling over paradox in the region of the Niagara and Detroit rivers.

In going from Detroit to Buffalo across the Ontario neck you pass through a rich land, as thickly set with vineyards as our southern shore of Lake Erie, which is the original home of grape juice. But the Ontario growers mostly ferment theirs. They supply native wines which are sold by the liquor control boards and commissions.

Their slogan is Canadian wines for Canadians and also for American visitors, and they aim to keep on improving quality.

With wines now so lightly taxed in order to discourage whisky drinking, and their sale increasing so fast all over Canada, the growers have another motive besides the consideration that wine is the temperate drink for supporting liquor control.

In the vineyard region are towns and townships where there are no government liquor stores and drinkers may get theirs only by journeying to the nearest one, or by parcel post. For no store is opened except at the request of the local authorities, which is usually made after a wet majority in a referendum.

A store may be closed in the same way, but none has been closed yet. The number is increasing because more communities are concluding, as they see the practical working of the system, that they would rather have their drinkers get theirs at home than in neighboring townships.

NOT the least notable of paradoxes of the new Spanish Main is in either bootleg—I am not making a pun—of the Ontario peninsula, where two little subpeninsulas extend to the Niagara and Detroit rivers. They are opposite the two famously wringing-wet cities, Buffalo and Detroit—although someone has yet to show me that these cities are any wetter than Cleveland, Cincinnati, or Pittsburgh.

While there are very busy government liquor stores and wineries and brewery warehouses on the Canadian banks to supply local and overlake demand, there are dry—at least, officially dry—belts right across the ankle of either boot. Here the people are protecting home industry. They make their own alcoholic beverages. A glass of wine is as cheap as a glass of cider.

Bootleg action has been even hotter on the Detroit than the Niagara River. Detroit has about twice the population of Buffalo; and conditions are more favorable to successful bootlegging.

On the Canadian side, rapidly growing Windsor, a city of 70,000, lies along the bank which is thickly populated for many miles by the chain called the Border Cities. From the Windsor ferry slip as you look across the river, were Windsor itself silent, you might hear the roar of the traffic of Detroit, whose business center is only a few blocks away from the ferry slip on the other side. This time it is both turn right and left for the sight-seeing tour.

Upstream is the most famous of Canadian distilleries in Walkerville, named after its founder, who was not Johnny but Hiram. The vast acreage of its plant is surrounded by other distilleries and breweries. When I was there, one new warehouse had just been completed by the famous firm; and the foundations were being laid for another, so that, as facilities of supply catch up with demand, fastidious customers might again have a product which was aged in the wood.

Canadian distilleries have cut melons; split stock keeping up dividends and then being split again. They have been merged for better protection and to reduce overhead. On the Canadian stock exchange they have speculative interest next to mines and water power. With our distilleries out of business they have embarked in making rye and bourbon for the American trade.

International photo

How worried the suspect in the foreground does look as U. S. officers frisk him for weapons!

DOWNSTREAM, many of the bootleggers, I found, have not just open wharves but warehouses, some of brick, where they store the stuff that they load for the nightly dashes. One had a railroad siding so there need be only one loading and unloading in transport from near-by distilleries and breweries to the boat. Brothers Harry and Louis Low are the magnates to whom distillery agents point as the shining examples of success. I was told that Harry's town house cost $200,000, while his country house in the suburbs near his business cost $50,000.

I was reminded of local conditions which may have strengthened Henry Ford's appeal to President Hoover for enforcement, when I noted that there were a number of bootleggers' wharves opposite a section of his plant.

Another paradox on the new Spanish Main! All the whisky cases and kegs of beer and bags of bottled beer that I saw were supposed to have their clearance papers, to have paid their Canadian excise duties for exportation. When manifest of delivery to any foreign country is turned in, the excise duties are refunded; but none on the stuff on that river bank would ever be repaid. The duties were added to the price to the American consumer.

Suggestions have been made to the Canadian national government to refuse clearances for liquor to the United States. There is a moral objection in some quarters in Canada against Canada being an accomplice of law-breaking in a friendly country. This objection has been heard in the Dominion Parliament.

In answer, W. D. Euler, the Minister of Customs and Excise, started something on both sides of the border when he said that he had been sight-seeing for himself on a launch on the Detroit River and apparently the rum-chasers were not trying very hard to catch the rum-runners. One of his inspectors reported seeing seven rum-boats, the names of whose masters he gave, make the crossing during the day. They carried a total of more than 100 cases of whisky, or more than 1,200 quarts.

If they put through that total by day, within sight of one man in one part of the river, how much would they put over on a favorable dark night? F. F. Pattison, Canadian collector of customs at Bridgewater, Ontario, reported that some of the bootleggers seemed to be on friendly terms with some members of the Prohibition Patrol.

That Prohibition Patrol grin! Generally the Canadians take the view which we took at the time we were helping to break Canadian laws early in the war by bootlegging our liquor across the border. It is not up to them to

enforce the other fellows' laws. Besides, they may make up in one kind of export what they lose in another if we raise our tariff. Business is business in this commercial age in Windsor as well as Detroit, in Ottawa as well as Washington.

Yet the Canadians would be accommodating. As a help they delivered clearances of liquor for the United States daily, as soon as issued, to our consuls, who promptly telephoned them to the Prohibition Patrol. But cargoes were put across just the same, for the consuls had no information from the rum-runners of where they were to be landed. Now the reports are again being made by mail.

I found that the gangs at the wharves on the Detroit River were quite frank about their occupation. They were hard-bitten, keen men, not given to drink themselves, and highly paid, probably good providers for their families. But the pilot on a rum-running motor boat was not so polite to the stranger when I asked him if he expected to make a trip that night.

"Maybe I'll be playing pinochle with grandmother," he said. "Mister, you're on private property."

Both the Detroit and Niagara rivers are narrow, narrower than the Potomac at Washington, or the North River between New York City and Hoboken. They afford less cost and time in transit than the main bodies of the lakes where the rum-runner, after he has entered American waters, may be pursued into Canadian, and where the rum-chaser has more area for overhauling him.

IT is a matter of seconds for a thirty-five-knot motor boat to cross the rivers. Boats have been back at their wharves, after discharging cargoes on the other side, in less than five minutes. When the government gets faster motor boats, the bootleggers get still faster ones.

But why land in crowded cities where there are so many to witness the lawbreaking and give the alarm? Because they don't give the alarm. For practical purposes the public is on the side of these lawbreakers—another paradox. And irregular city water fronts favor the rum-runner's game as alleys and cellars favor a criminal in flight.

Rum-runners have developed a technique by which the most cunning and fearless have survived. Under the high command are born leaders and strategists in maneuver with a wealth of experience. If the patrol is on the lookout, a boat may cruise leisurely up and down on the safe side of the river, waiting its chance, spar for an opening, feint and recoil, false scent and decoy, Indian stealth and white man's organization!

Two rum-boats may be running in company. One suddenly makes a dash across the line, or both do. The one nearer the chaser, which is overhauled, has nothing but empty bottles and beer kegs filled with water.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you open the soft-cooked egg that has just been served you for breakfast and you hear a faint "cheep-cheep"

. . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a MURAD.

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FRESH

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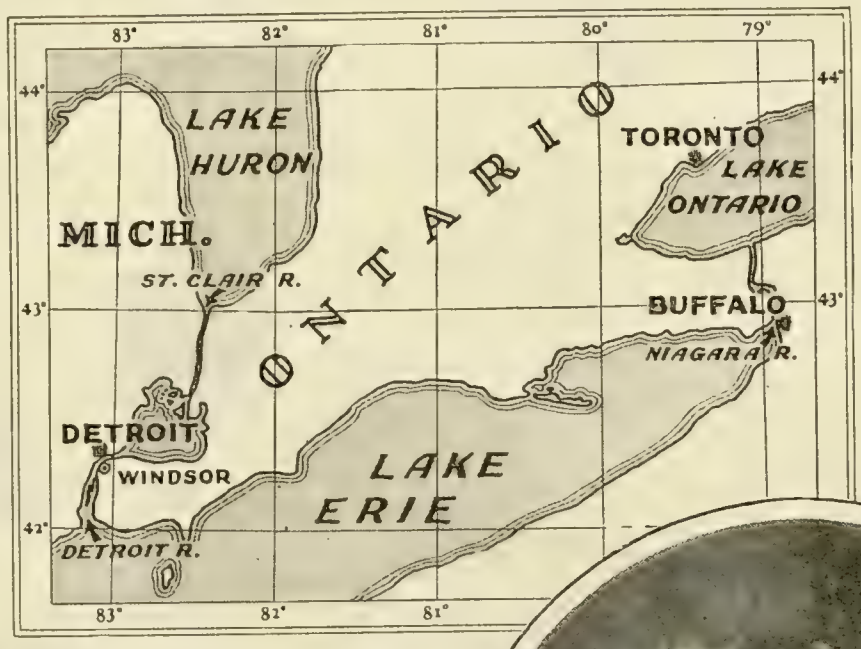
[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page forty-seven]

The instant the other touches our shore, a crew as well trained as a veteran field-gun crew is unloading the cargo into the waiting truck. The crew scatters through the streets and the truck speeds away. The rum-boat knows where it is going to land; the patrol does not. The rum-runners have the offensive and the advantage of surprise. Chasers are less wary about shooting on the open lake than on rivers where bullets may hit people in streets and houses.

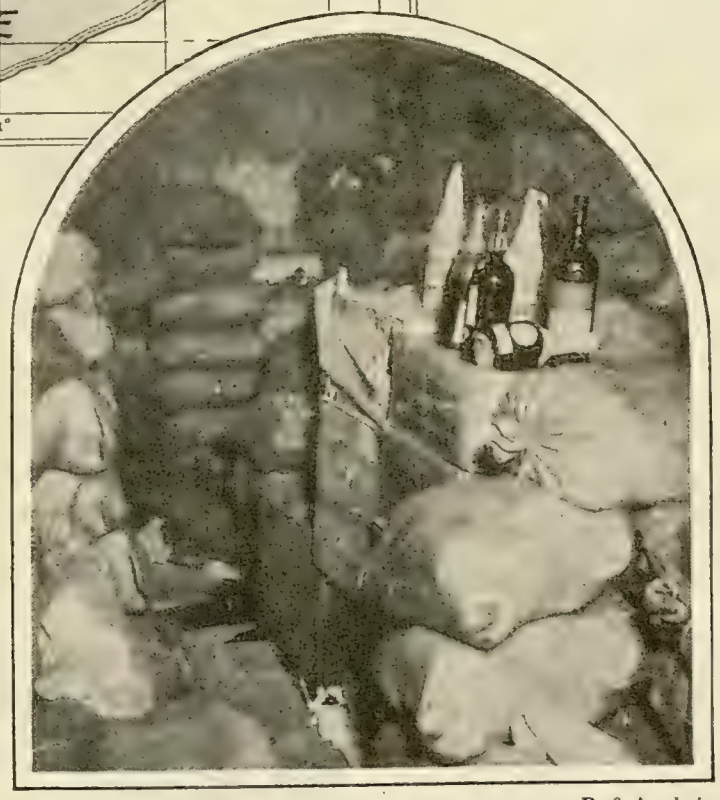
There is no bridge—one is building—between Detroit and Windsor. How long does it take the inspectors at the Detroit ferry slip, whose system is the same as that of the Buffalo Peace Bridge, to accumulate in dribbles an amount of liquid contraband equal to the hundred cases of whisky which the Canadian inspector saw put across the Detroit River in one day in daylight?



The Ontario peninsula, with the waters of the "new Spanish Main."

For ten years all the power of the great United States has not been able to stop the rum-running or even to reduce it—not with local public opinion willing that the rum should come in. Buffalo votes wet. Detroit votes wet. Buffalo's mayor is for letting people have their beer. Every Detroit newspaper is wet.

Prohibition officers, fighting their battle unsupported, are walking a tight rope. When they lean too far one way they must lean the other to keep from a fall. I will quote one high government officer without giving his name.



P. & A. photo.

Hooch in a Detroit cellar where raiders found $100,000 worth.

"WELL, Mabel [Willebrandt] is out," he said, "but Euler has spilled the beans. To enforce this law the patrol must be given the word to 'get 'em' and bring them dead or alive—no dropping of an eyelid by superiors, no excuses accepted. That means killings, and a lot of killings, and means that innocent people will be caught in the fire. Will the public stand for it? If not, we shall go on with weevil politics.

"And in any such program you are going against powerful forces. I know that. The telephone tells me so every day. Able men, men capable of running big businesses, are in the bootlegging game. They are in touch with powerful customers and with rich backers. They have heavy bank accounts, are big investors. When pressed they ring up a friend who rings up another friend and so on until they may reach the top, which has no idea the movement started in a speak-easy. And the top hangs up the telephone to rise at his desk to receive Dr. Wilson and Bishop Cannon demanding that the law be enforced."

Although Mabel was out, nevertheless, the candor of the Canadian Minister of Customs having started something, and his revelations having been of Detroit River and not Niagara River conditions, the Prohibition Patrol in Detroit when I was there was being rapidly reënforced to "dry up Detroit." The local grin must stiffen into grim determination. Will Detroit be dried up? We may expect a Washington announcement that it is. That it will be somewhat, for a while, is the local opinion.

Well-to-do Detroiters may not continue, although well-to-do Buffalonians may, to order what they want delivered, with the Ontario liquor board's list as a handy catalogue. When there is a scare, the bootlegger has an excuse if not a reason for raising prices. The Jones law had brought a scare to both cities.

"Better stock up!" said friend bootlegger. "I may be going out of business soon."

But the government had had to side-step applying such an extreme measure, leaving it as a gesture to satisfy the drys.

Meanwhile the bootleggers, in their government within a government, have been ten years developing an intelligence system in mutual association for the protection of their trade. It sounds information all the way from government offices and the top of the highly organized distribution system, where the butler receives a case of Scotch or champagne on regular schedule at the back door, down through the transient bottle customers to the speak-easies and the underworld.

IT is not only watchful hijackers but outsiders who would break into the ring. When forces of enforcement concentrate at one point, other points on the long border rejoice. Hit the line where it is weak. All the publicity given to Buffalo and Detroit is a good smoke screen for operations on the St. Clair River, and from Lake Huron and from the inlets of Manitou Island and Port Arthur on the thinly populated northern shores of Lake Superior. A long haul will do if a short haul fails, as long as *de luxe* customers pay the price. The bootleggers appeal to all grades of custom. So interested are we in the mass or popular side of the business that little or no public attention is paid to the suave branch which gets over small quantities of fine liquor, in the more remote and less guarded places, for the millionaire class.

There are figures which measure the success of enforcement against the inflow of Canadian liquor. Canadian government records for whisky are 41,000 gallons in 1922, 665,000 gallons in '25, 1,000,000 each in '27 and '28.

For gin, 277 gallons in '22, 3,500 in '25, 12,000 in '26 and '27; and since then, a decrease, owing to the spread of the idea that gin is easy to make by combining alcohol, juniper essence, and distilled water. As cocktails are the mainstay of hosts of wet leanings, it is clear we are not importing a teaspoonful of the ocean of gin we apparently consume.

For beer, 1,204 gallons in '22, 3,674,000 in '25, 4,210,000 in '26, which dropped 25 per cent in '27 and '28. Either we refuse to pay the price of the imported article and are drinking homemade, or are we drinking less beer.

For wine, thirty-one gallons in '22, 15,000 in '25, and 31,000 in '26, '27, and '28. The wine is all for the high class trade at a time when so many Americans are making their own from grapes and people of Mediterranean origin in our country are showing themselves so profi-

cient in manufacture, not to say distribution. The total imports of all liquors has jumped from 500,000 gallons in '21 to 5,000,000 in '28.

How much of the contraband that crosses the Niagara and Detroit rivers is drunk by Buffalo and Detroit, which are so near the fountainhead? Not 10 per cent of the hard stuff, it is estimated.

Trucks take the rest to the interior. And not 2 per cent of the liquor the United States consumes comes from Canada.

Sharper border patrol means that a larger percentage of our drinkers will have to accept the synthetic stuff, of which Detroit and Buffalo are drinking about as large a proportion as our other large cities.

There is the story of a rich Detroiter who asked his bootlegger to bring him some especially good whisky for a party of important friends. The bootlegger sent a case of Johnny Walker's best, Black Label Brand. Immediately after the party had begun consumption the host called up the bootlegger in protest.

"Somebody fooled you. This isn't as good stuff as you have been sending me. Haven't you any of that left?"

The bootlegger had plenty. He made it in a cellar out of alcohol, flavoring extract, and coloring matter. He hurried a taxi to replace the Johnny with a case of this, which the party found excellent.

"What's the use of being honest?" he groaned. "We're getting 'em so trained to the fake that soon there will be no more running in the real."

In that case the patrol can say it has stopped the rum traffic from Canada. It may even say that it has dried up the whole United States. Before it does that it will have to stop all private distilling, illicit alcohol making, and sale. One 250,000-gallon still was recently captured in Detroit where enough stills have been taken in a month to produce more than the total of whisky and gin importations from Canada. Still the captures keep on, and still there are more to capture. A still has to run for only a few weeks to pay fabulous returns on the investment.

THE contrasts—when the two peoples are so alike! Drop a blindfolded man from an airplane in a village back of the lake shore on either side and he would not know when he looked around whether he was in the States or Canada. His first identification sign might be that of the local liquor store. It might be a city newspaper.

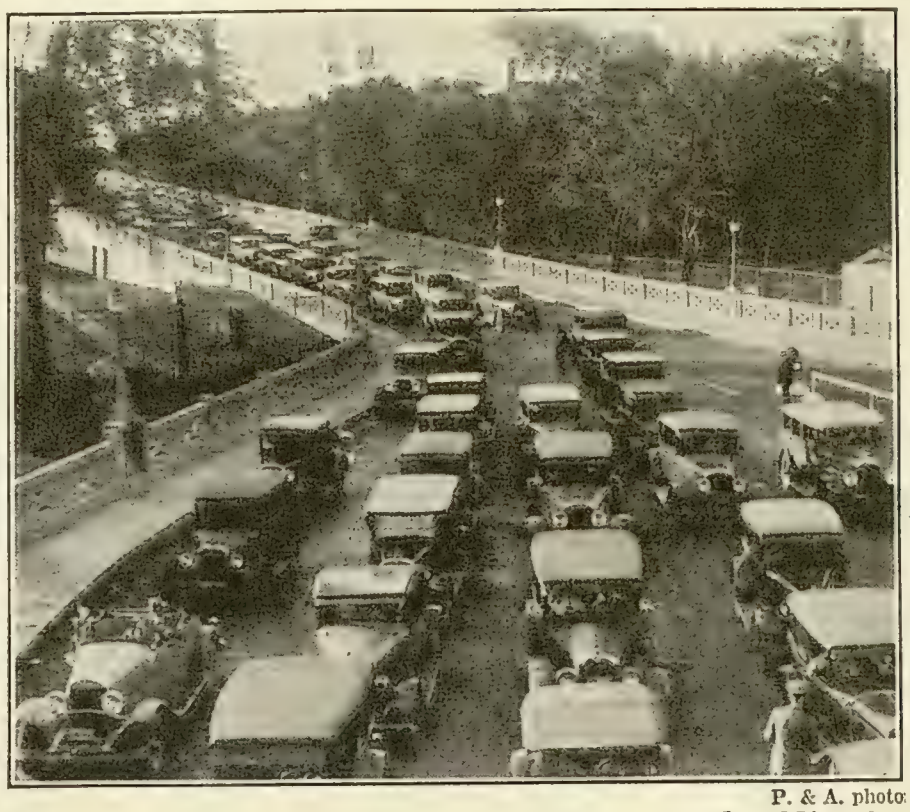
"Racketeer's Shooting Case Goes to the Jury!" was played across a front page the day I arrived in Buffalo. Another headline was, "Catholics Renew Dry Pledge as Lure of Drink Continues."

After the Volstead act was passed, the pledge for Catholic boys, when confirmed, to abstain from alcoholic drink until they were twenty-one was dropped, as apparently it would be superfluous in the future; but conditions were now such that the Bishop of Buffalo thought that they warranted resumption.

In Detroit I was greeted with "Huge Alcohol Plant Raided—Six Men Flee," and with "42 Are Jailed in Rum Raids." I also learned at the same time that the City Council had passed a "blue" ordinance forbidding the sale of foodstuffs on Sunday. Some construed it to make even the sale of ice cream illegal.

"It won't be enforced," was the general remark. And a lawyer said, "Just one more law to be disobeyed. Making laws to be broken is becoming a great American sport."

"Beer Seized at Frat House" was another headline to keep these company. This at a students' fraternity house at the University of Michigan. Talking with authorities at the University of Toronto I was told that there was little noticeable intemperance among the students and that hip-pocket flasks were not in vogue.



P. & A. photo

Motor traffic on the Peace Bridge over the Niagara River—and the Ontario border—at Buffalo.

The first headline pertaining to the subject in hand which I saw in a Toronto newspaper was "Ontario Leads America in Safety on Highways"—that is, led all our states and all Canadian provinces. The number of motorcars in Ontario had increased 25 per cent in a year, with a decrease in the ratio of accidents. So liquor control does not seem to mean more drunken driving.

"CITY editors on our side may envy city editors on yours," said a Toronto newspaper man. "On yours you are always talking about liquor. We've stopped talking about it. You get lots of spreads on what seems your livest subject as it was ours under prohibition."

But there was also a headline, dated Windsor, telling of the raid of an illegal whisky cache. The liquor board has its troubles on the border where rum-running has its stronghold.

The Windsor taxi driver pointed out two roadhouses where liquor was supposed to be sold publicly against the Ontario liquor law, also one that had gone out of business. Considering the demand made by the short ferry trip from Detroit and the shorter one over the Peace Bridge I was surprised at how few there were of these suspected places, compared with the number of speak-easies breaking the law on the American side.

I found some welfare experts and pastors of poor parishes in Ontario who thought that liquor control led to more drunkenness, others who saw little difference, and still others who saw an improvement. The agreement was that the public government sale of liquor had not, in itself, made conditions worse. Often, after spending hours interviewing experts, their views were summed up by that man about town, the taxi driver.

"This liquor control don't stop drinking no more than prohibition did," said a Windsor taxi driver. "If a man wants it he'll get it. Friend of mine just lost his cab from hitting the booze. Got my cab paid for—but I don't mind a drink occasionally."

"You can get all the booze you want in this burg," said a Detroit taxi driver. "Fools hit it up and the wise don't. I like a bottle of beer after work is over. Say, how do you figure this? Three guys paid me a hundred and twenty-five dollars to drive 'em to the Indianapolis auto races—all the way from Detroit in a taxi. Thought their booze safer from the patrol in a taxi, I guess. Then they found they could have got plenty of it without any trouble in Indianapolis."

"What's the row about when you can get all you want under prohibition?" said another taxi driver. "Why cross over to pay two-fifty for a bottle of Canadian whisky when they make cheaper stuff with just as much kick over here?"

In the course of this tour, when I am in prohibition territory I ask the wets to show me a speak-easy just as proof of how common they say they are. I had no trouble in prohibitionist Nova Scotia. In Buffalo it was evident

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page forty-nine]

that a reporter could make good when he said he could take me into a hundred within a mile circle.

"Competition has cut down the number in the heart of the city lately," said my conductor in Detroit. He would take me to another speak-easy just around the corner if the first was not enough. It was, with its miserable bar and two or three tables; it was so gloomy and grimy that the saloon of the old days with its open swinging door seemed to have been comparatively respectable. Yet there are 15,000 speak-easies in Detroit, more than there ever were saloons.

A man in a stupor was sitting opposite a woman at one of the tables.

"At first women were not allowed in speak-easies," I was told, "but women are appearing in them more and more."

I imagine that if a Kentucky colonel had tasted the concoction sold as whisky over that bar for fifty cents a glass he would have foreseen a degenerate America.

Local opponents of liquor control had insisted to me that there were many speak-easies flourishing under liquor control. I asked them to show me one, just as I had asked the wets to show me one under prohibition. Although I pulled the right strings I failed to gain admission to one in either Montreal or Toronto. At least, speak-easies under liquor control are more exclusive.

But now we turn to evidence more official than this or the talk of taxi drivers. As in Montreal, in Judge Hugh Semple, so in every city there is a veteran of the bench to whom people refer you when you ask for the name of a police-court judge who has public respect.

I do not know that Judges Semple, Jeffries, Coatsworth, and Wheeler, four such local eminents of four great cities, have ever met, but they should. For there is a likeness in their rugged faces, lined with deep human experience of humanity as it is and not as we would like to have it, and in their eyes, peering, discriminating, but also kind—eyes holding the lore of human misery in its weakness, shiftiness, meanness, cunning, viciousness, and helplessness. The hair of Judge Edward J. Jeffries of Detroit is as white as that of Judge Emerson Coatsworth of Toronto.

I should like to have every word of Judge Jeffries' talk to me recorded, as I should that of the other three judges, and passed on to the President's crime commission. That would lay the guts of the problem on their dissecting table.

P. & A. photo

Showing how close dry Detroit is to Windsor, Ontario.

THOSE who believe that prohibition is protecting the class which we hoped it would protect get little more comfort from Judge Jeffries than from Judge Patrick J. Keeler of Buffalo, who has been eighteen years on the police bench and was on the Mexican border before he served in France.

"Conditions are growing worse," said Judge Keeler. "We are getting a type in court, especially of young people, that we did not get before. Not the poorer class, but the sons and daughters of the well-to-do are suffering the most injury."

Judge Emerson Coatsworth, who knew Toronto as it appeared before him in the old saloon days and then under prohibition, stands four-square in favor of liquor control as the best system. There are convictions in his court where there would have been acquittals previously. The man who can get a drink legally has no excuse in that he did not know how bad was the bootleg drink that undid him. Ten dollars or ten days for the first offense; $200 or two months for the second; and three months, neat, for the third.

Now for a comparison in victims, brought in not by the patrol wagon but by the ambulance, on either side of the new Spanish Main. C. J. Decker, superintendent of the public receiving hospital of Toronto, ought to be an authority.

The numbers of motor accidents due to illicit liquor and of cases of alcoholism and delirium tremens had been greatly reduced under liquor control, which was an improvement in conditions for the working class. Under prohibition, doctors in the hospital had prescribed $3,500 worth of liquor a year, which figure had now been cut in two. The hip-pocket-flask habits of the young under prohibition were passing.

IN the superintendent's office of Buffalo's great receiving hospital, Dr. Goodale began by placing the figures on his desk in response to my call. Other cities may judge if they are distinctive because they come from the border. In 1917 the alcoholic cases admitted were 441. They dropped until they were down to ninety in '20. From 133 in '21 there was an unbroken increase to 803 in '28; and up to the date of my inquiry in '29 the record indicated a larger increase over '28 than '28 had shown over '27.

Doctors were called in to answer my questions. I was taken into the psychopathic wards to see the wreckage from drink. I learned that alcoholic cases took longer to sober up than in the old days. Again I heard that young people of the better class who had no "alcohol tolerance" were appearing among the victims. There might still be a slight decrease of the professional soaks; such decrease had been rapid before prohibition, owing to education.

But a new class of soaks was developing to take the place of the old. The stuff they drank! The stuff they made to drink among the foreign population! Inconceivable! I heard stories of young women who came from the rural districts, and had never tasted drink, but who had tried the contents of a hip-pocket flask with a tragic climax.

The Buffalo and Detroit hospital showings duplicate each other. Here are the figures of the Detroit hospital, where again they were laid on the desk as the first answer to my inquiries. There was the same drop after prohibition, just as there was in Toronto on the other side of the border. Cases of acute and subacute alcoholism rose from 835 in 1922 to 2,439 in '28, much faster than the increase of population. Chronic alcoholism rose from 200 in '22 to 1,879 in '28. Evidently the soak class is not diminishing in Detroit. Compared to 9,404 under the old saloon in 1914, arrests for drunkenness rose from 6,559 in '20 to 28,804 in '28—five times the number in Montreal, in relation to population.

Dr. Thomas K. Gruber, recently promoted to the St. Eloise Infirmary, was long the head of the Detroit receiving hospital. He was ready to be quoted. Anything so that the truth should be known.

"What would you have thought of a man fifteen years ago who had told you that he was drinking diluted alcohol?" he asked. "But now the habit prevails in the best circles. Cases of blindness and fatal poisoning

are rare. This is not the trouble. It is slow poisoning and physical and mental demoralization with which we have to contend."

That a gill of wood alcohol may be taken daily without fatal poisoning is well established by laboratory experiments. In this high-pressure wonder industrial city of Detroit, where those who cannot stand the strain are put off the pay roll, morning finds on the floors of the flop houses the waxy remains of "canned heat" which has been squeezed for its wood alcohol. It is bootlegged into the hospitals to convalescents. I have explained in a previous article how the liquor control provinces are dealing with the problem of prohibition's legacy of wood alcohol addicts, which addicts Detroit and Buffalo—and other big American cities, I am told—are recruiting by battalions.

P. & A. photos

Judges E. J. Jeffries of Detroit and, at right, P. J. Keeler of Buffalo.

"When prohibition came," said Dr. Gruber, "and alcoholic cases had such a drop, we thought that we had the panacea. There was joy among hospital doctors. Then the bootlegger began his deadly work and the making of substitutes began. There seems no control until you take the money out of the curse. We get degenerates who prefer to drink varnish to real whisky. Youth from good homes where parents keep the law are brought in drunk. We have a system of decentralization of liquor distribution to battle against now. Concentration is better."

There seems, at least on the shores of the new Spanish Main, to be some change of sentiment among industrial leaders, who thought that, although they themselves drank, prohibition was better for the masses. They are studying the Canadian system in earnest.

For a more direct reason our border realtors certainly would welcome liquor control.

A shanty for the summer on the Canadian side rents for $1,000, while good cottages go begging on the American side as Buffalonians commute across the Peace Bridge. The Detroit ferry tells the same story, although Detroit in its enormous prosperity is as a whole less sensitive to this factor. Coburg, on Lake Erie's northern shore, draws more and more Pittsburghers away from Atlantic coast resorts.

Not only are there dry strips in the subpeninsulas of Ontario back of Windsor and Niagara, but the rural region back of Buffalo votes dry; and so does rural Michigan. Everywhere, thus far, I have found the rural regions generally voting dry and the urban voting wet.

What is the reason for this has been one of my questions. A sheaf of answers has accumulated in my tour which takes me next to Manitoba, where the wheat regions, adjoining our own, seem to have broken the rule by voting out prohibition and voting in liquor control. Why?

Colonel Palmer's article on how they drink in Canada's grain-growing provinces, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Good for Bald Heads Too?

A building was under construction near small Bobby's house. At noon he would visit the workmen, who shared their lunch with him. One day he came home eating a huge onion. On asking him why he was eating it, he replied that he wanted hair to grow on his chest, and peacefully continued eating.—Mrs. C. C. Vail, 4070 Larchmont Ave., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

One-Way Road

This incident took place in my presence on my last visit to the Kentucky mountains, between a prohibition officer and a small boy.

"Little boy, I'll give you five dollars if you'll show me where your grandpa's still is."

"All right; give me the five."

"No; I'll give it to you when I come back."

"I want it now, 'cause if you go up to my grandpap's still you ain't a-comin' back."—Lenore Dawn Dils, 317 S. Walter St., Albuquerque, N. M.

* * *

The Child Has Insight

Grandpa was irritable. Granny suggested to her visiting granddaughter, "Come, dear, let's go out for a walk and see if we can get some peace."

As the door closed behind him, the child, poking her thumb a trifle up between two fingers, said:

"Grandma, don't you wish just that little bit you hadn't married grandpa?"—Mrs. S. C. Robbins, 202 Middlesex Ave., Medford, Mass.

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Announcing the Winners!

BELOW are listed the names of the Cash Prize Winners in the Contest printed in a two-color advertisement for Planters Salted Peanuts that appeared in the July 6th, 1929, issue of *Liberty*.

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The Cave Man

A New For the Love o' Lil

NIGHT'S mysterious blue-green curtain of darkness had dropped around them, silently cutting off the rest of the world. Lil and Sandy stood in the deserted park, facing two masked highwaymen! The golden gleam of the boulevard light glinted upon their revolvers. Their masks were black as a pirate's eye patch. And their shadows on the path jerked like giant beetles.

"Keep your hands up, see?" one robber told Sandy. "I'm goin' through your pockets, see?"

"Undo your diamonds, pins, rings, and earrings," the other robber said briskly to Lil. With each word his mask fluttered dramatically. "Then gimme your shoe buckles. Get a wiggle on!"

This week's cover picture.

Poor girl, she felt like a vaudeville shimmy dancer being prodded in the wings. Who were these two men? Ex-prize fighters who planned to mash their prey and then toss the remains ker-splash right into the reservoir? One wore the ugliest horseshoe-nail ring. What a scar he could plant on Sandy's jaw!

"Show me your hands," she was being told. "Take off them two rings." The revolver came nearer. She thought she heard it c-l-i-c-k. Did that mean it was going off?

"Those are my engagement and wedding rings," she heard herself saying. She didn't feel at all brave. She'd be shot inside of three seconds and a woman always has the last say. "I simply refuse!" The "fuse" stuck in her throat, but she did get it out.

Shades of Joan of Arc and of Marie Antoinette! Flame and la guillotine! Where did Lil ever inherit *such* courage? From her ancestor who sewed a rip in the Mayflower's sail off Cape Cod in a storm?

"You take care of the frail," the man holding up Sandy mumbled. "I can manage the gent."

"You can, can you?" Sandy suddenly whooped.

Lil turned nervously. Was her husband acting brave with no revolver to back up his gumption? He brought down his derby with a hollow thud right over the gun which had been flirting with his shirt front. A bang! Then three little bangs as the shot echoed in the night.

"Oh!" Lil screeched. "Who's killed?" And she hopped lightly to her parked car's running board. "The bullet went under my arch. *Help, police! HELP!*"

"Shut up!" Sandy told her, swinging at the man.

The thug who wanted her rings came nearer. Step by step. His revolver was nearing her ribs. Inch by inch. And then—all's fair in love, war, and holdups—she pointed to Sandy and screamed:

"Don't murder him! Oh, don't!"

Of course, the man turned to see how his pal was faring. In that twinkling second Lil drew a silver-headed cane from the car. She rap-rap-rapped that man on the top of his soft hat until he thought he was suffering with machine-gunitis. His revolver sprawled under the car.

"Cheesit the frail!" he whined, and sped away.

Sandy's fists were whirling. His collar popped loose. The robber swung his own mighty row of knuckles. They crashed against Sandy's chest.

"Knock him down!" Lil urged. She kicked a handy shin which happened to belong to her husband.

A blow. A gulp. Down went the robber, rolling his bloodshot eyes like a trout eying a pearl wabbler.

"Take that, you!" Sandy yelled, making a grand slam.

The cave man with his Tunney muscles had won!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Celebration.)

TELEGONY is a Superstition

It Fooled Darwin, Spencer, and Agassiz, But Is Not True

By RICHARD CARROLL

Pictures by PAUL BRANSOM

Ewart bred mares to a zebra, and afterward to horses. Of twenty-two foals by the latter, one was striped.

DO you believe in telegony?

Before you answer let me explain that telegony is that theory in genetics which teaches that after a pedigreed bitch is mated to a mongrel and has hybrid offspring, all future offspring from the mother will be tainted with the mongrel strain, no matter how high-bred the subsequent sires may be.

If you believe this you have plenty of company, that once included some of the world's greatest scientists. Since the eminent Charles Darwin, "father" of the theory of evolution, gave telegony his weighty assent, ordinary people have taken it for granted, and breeders of show animals, calling such offspring throwbacks, have dropped valuable animals from their lists because of it. Even today, with the amazing progress of science in the field of biology and heredity, belief in telegony persists to a surprising extent.

It might even come as a shock to many to learn that biologists today classify telegony along with the harmful effect of walking under a ladder, or breaking a mirror. They have ruled it off their lists as not only false but silly. Yet it seems to need more than the dignified thumbs-down of science to kill a notion that has existed since Moses came down from the mountain.

Belief that mothers can pass on to their subsequent progeny the characteristics of their former mates can be traced back to Israel. Faith in "maternal impressions" imbued Jacob with the idea of putting peeled rods before Laban's cattle so that the offspring would be marked like the rods. This belief extended until it became a law of the Israelites that a widow must marry a brother of her dead mate in order that she might bring forth children like the original husband.

In the Middle Ages, English breeders in particular believed that offspring inherited characteristics from a former mate of the mother. Later, no less a personage than Herbert Spencer claimed he had enough evidence to prove that a previous sire asserted an influence on subsequent progeny.

Other distinguished scientists supported him. Louis Agassiz, W. B. Carpenter, G. J. Romanes believed more or less in the doctrine of telegony.

And Darwin wrote in The Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication that farmers of southern Brazil were convinced that mares that had once foaled mules were extremely likely when mated to a horse to have offspring striped like a mule.

Meanwhile, the "classical case" of telegony was this: In 1820, Lord Morton sent a report to the Royal Society in England that his chestnut mare, after having had a hybrid foal by a quagga, had been mated to a black Arab stallion three times and each time had had striped foals, one of them being more striped than the quagga itself!

This was accepted as proof of telegony, for not only were the foals striped like the former mate of the mother, but they possessed other characteristics, a bearing and an appearance like his.

THIS supposedly definite proof of telegony became of the utmost importance, not only to breeders who would have to guard their valuable breeding animals with extreme care, but to human beings who were then becoming interested in the science of heredity.

It can be presumed that men contemplating marrying widows did not want their children to look like their prospective wives' departed mates.

In 1895, James Cossar Ewart, M.D., F.R.S., Regius professor of zoölogy in Edinburgh University and author of Multiple Origin of Horses and Ponies, conducted a series of experiments to prove or disprove the theory of telegony.

To this end he bred thirteen mares of various colors and breeds to a zebra and got seventeen hybrid foals. Later he bred the same mares to an Arab stallion, a thoroughbred, and a Highland stallion, and got twenty-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

two foals. Out of the entire number one foal was striped like the zebra. This foal was out of a black Highland pony by the Arab stallion.

Continuing his experiments, Ewart next obtained pure-bred foals more vividly striped than the first one had been, but these were progeny, by an Arab stallion, of mares that had never seen a zebra!

The fault then was traced to the Arab. The mothers had nothing to do with it. Telegony thus received its first setback. The experiments explained the Morton incident and cleared the field for further discoveries.

F. B. Mumford in his search for proof of telegony found only disproof in Missouri where thousands of mares are bred to a jackass one year and to a stallion the next year without any sign of one mating influencing the product of the other. Out of 168 cases closely observed, not one showed any influence of previous matings.

Sir Everett Millais, distinguished English naturalist, reported that after thirty years, during which he had made all kinds of experiments, he had never seen a case of telegony.

Experiments were tried with dogs. In one instance a Scottish deerhound and a Dalmatian carriage dog, two extremely pure strains of the dog family, were mated and the deerhound gave birth to seven pups.

The deerhound was next mated to a dog of her own breed and had five pups, none of which showed any characteristics whatever of the former mate.

AGAIN a deerhound was mated to a retriever, and when next mated with one of her own breed the offspring had no markings of retriever on them.

Ewart recited many incidents of accidental experiments. In one of them a black-brindled Scottish terrier belonging to a famous family of prize winners had a litter of pups by a cocker spaniel. In the opinion of many breeders, this ruined the terrier as a show dog producer.

But when the terrier was mated to a dog of her own breed again, the pups were not only pure bred, but some of them became noted prize winners. Yet another undesigned experiment came when a wire-haired fox terrier after having a litter of pups whose sire was a Pomeranian, was mated to a dog of her own breed and the three pups resulting were pure terriers and unusually good specimens.

SO it goes. Telegony seems to have received most of its "proof" from folk tales or unchecked experiments. When put to a real proof by factual science, the theory collapsed utterly. But however science might be through with it as unworthy of further credence, it lingered in the public mind along with such favorites as three-to-a-match, salt-spilling, and horsehair snakes.

Stock breeders in particular either retained the belief of their own free will or had it forced upon them by buyers of animals who, having paid highly for a pedigree, wanted no guesswork in its composition.

That such a belief as telegony should gain and hold weight with the public can be readily understood if it is remembered that no more passionate desire exists in the heart of man than to have his child as near an exact reproduction of himself as possible.

When the child looks more like the woman's former husband than like her present one, the latter is apt to seek an explanation that does not require gun-play. Telegony offered it. Now, though, telegony's gone.

But in this day of fancy dog shows, cattle exhibits, and priceless horseflesh—to say nothing of the multi-marriage mode—to know that telegonal influence does not exist in horse, fowl, dog, or man is some comfort.

THE END

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We have been deluged with manuscripts since this offer was first made, but we have a large staff of readers and are ready for more. *We cannot, however, undertake to answer inquiries or enter into correspondence concerning these stories.*

Baby Face

A Short Short Story

By

DAVID McLAUGHLIN

who is twenty-five years old and lives in Ames, Iowa. "I am intensely interested in writing," says a letter from him to the editor, "but so far have failed to find a ready market for my output. My gratification in having LIBERTY *publish even so short a story as Baby Face is unbounded."*

Picture by
DALTON STEVENS

She didn't look as though she'd turn a fella down if he offered her a ride.

SMOKY had picked her up at a certain corner out on Wellmington Avenue. Almost every evening for the past few months that he had taken the Wellmington Avenue way down to his "office" he had noticed her standing there on the same corner. She evidently worked nights somewhere and was waiting for a bus.

She didn't look as though she'd turn a fella down if he offered her a ride—or anything else. If she had stood on any other corner he'd have picked her up long ago. But Smoky was superstitious about that particular corner. The Vine Street bank stood there. And it had been in the Vine Street bank, a little over eight months ago, that he had killed Hep Washburn—and made his get-away with the haul that they had intended to split fifty-fifty. Got away clean, too.

But, what the hell! Why be superstitious? He could feel that last shot of whisky he had taken on just before leaving his room coursing warmly through the insides of him. He'd pick her up. You could see she wanted to be picked up.

Wheeling his roadster in to the curb, Smoky slowed down to a crawl and threw the door open carelessly. "Ride downtown, sister?"

"Thanks." Without a second's hesitation the girl stepped into the car and dropped down in the seat beside him. Jees, but she was pretty. Smoky slid the gears smoothly into second, into third. He liked the way her blonde hair escaped from under the narrow brim of that little black felt hat. He liked her eyes. On closer inspection there was something fresh and unsullied about her, something sort of innocent. Better drop her as soon as possible. She was just a good kid, a baby face. He tried to keep his eyes away from her.

But, cripes, that was just a trick of hers. She was old enough to know what she was doing. Must be twenty-three or four, anyway. Maybe older.

She opened the large purse she had carried hugged up under one arm, and drew out a package of cigarettes and a lighter. "Have one?" She held out the package to him. He refused. He had never used tobacco.

The girl lighted her cigarette and slid down in the seat, her head close to Smoky's shoulder. Not so slow, he thought. That kid stuff must be a pose.

"'Sa nice night," she offered.

"Yeah," Smoky drawled.

"Say!" said the girl. "Ain't I seen you before?"

"Not that I know of," returned Smoky. "And I usually remember a pretty face."

"Is that the best you can say for it?"

They laughed. Smoky turned the car deftly into the traffic on Roosevelt Boulevard. He could feel the girl looking him over.

A few blocks further along, she exclaimed: "Why, I do know you! You're Smoky Sutter."

"That's me, sister." Smoky wondered just how this girl happened to know him. Was she a sister or sweetheart of one of the gang? He could not seem to remember. His head felt foggy. He stepped down on the accelerator. The wind, maybe, would clear his brain.

The girl moved nearer to him and let her head rest on his shoulder. "I was at Bat Carrmody's party last winter. The fourteenth of December, it was. Remember?"

So she was the woman of one of the gang. He couldn't place her, but she must be okay. Anyone who went to Bat's parties was okay.

But the fourteenth of December! That was the night Hep and him had pulled the Vine Street bank job and he had come away and left Hep lying inside the bank on the floor. That was all the party he'd had on the night of December fourteenth.

"It couldn't of been that night, sister."

"Sure, that was the night."

"But I was pullin' a job that night," Smoky insisted.

"Say, what are you tryin' to pull now?" the girl demanded. "You know you was at Bat's that night. You took me home. Don't you remember? It was snowin', and you said you hated to go back to your room because it was so lonesome there. And I said you didn't need to go. There was no one in the flat but me. You could . . ."

"You're crazy," said Smoky. He wished he hadn't taken that last drink so his mind would have been clear. This jane was tryin' to pin somethin' onto him.

"Aw, come off it," sneered the girl.

"I tell you I was pullin' a job," Smoky stuttered. "Me and a pal of mine, Hep Washburn."

"Hep Washburn's been dead a long time," she scoffed.

"That was the night," said Smoky.

THEY were in the downtown traffic now. The girl smiled up at him admiringly. "Say, big shot, you must be the guy that bumped Hep off, then?"

Who in hell was this dame, anyway? Smoky glanced quickly down at her. His own eyes flickered away before her straight gaze.

"Where did you say you wanted to get out?" he asked.

"I don't intend to get out."

"You what?" Smoky faltered.

"I don't intend to get out."

What was this, a joke? Smoky pulled the roadster to a stop at the flash of a red traffic signal.

"I'm Hep Washburn's wife."

As the girl uttered the words, Smoky was aware of two sharp reports and a searing pain in his chest. Hep Washburn's wife had plugged him. She was sitting there now, calmly watching him die. Funny place to die. Anyway, he supposed this was dying.

The traffic signal showed green. Cars began to flow past. The drivers of the autos blocked behind Smoky's roadster began to honk their horns and cuss. A cop was striding swiftly forward. So this was Hep Washburn's wife. This baby face. Smoky could no longer see her sitting there with the pistol in her hands. But he knew she was there. He felt sorry for her. . . .

THE END

Treating Acne

By

Eileen Bourne

Health and beauty training of the child is getting to be as widely accepted as moral training.

MANY an adult looks at the present-day younger generation with envy over the physical advantages that are the latter's lot.

Early training of the child in the way it should go is getting to be as widely accepted an axiom of health and beauty wisdom as of moral. And the most recent addition to the already splendid achievements in this connection has to do with acne.

Heretofore the parents of the child with blackheads did not consult the dermatologist before the acne was quite generally developed, if at all. Too often, cases were simply dismissed as something the child would outgrow in time, in spite of the evidence that victims suffer from embarrassment and mental distress that increases as the individual approaches the age of maturity. The lack of confidence, of poise, of a normal, healthy interest in society that may be charged up to acne conditions is simply incalculable, as any dermatologist will testify.

One of these latter, a dermatologist of national repute, in a recent interview, says that the happiness of the human race would be appreciably increased with the eradication of acne, and to this end it behooves parents and physicians alike to appreciate the importance of the early recognition and treatment of acne.

"Although the time of puberty is often spoken of as the beginning of the acne stage," says our eminent authority, "it is a fact that the seborrhea usually is in existence before this time, being already quite prevalent in children of nine and ten years of age.

"From the time the child begins school, then, inspection should be made for beginning signs of acne. Attention should be called to the advisability of treating seborrhea of the face by a routine washing with soap and water during school hours. The school child sits at his desk for several hours of the day. He passes his hands over his face repeatedly. Dust and dirt and other foreign materials, and quite often perspiration, are wiped into, and occlude, the sebaceous orifices. In like manner are pus organisms apt to be inoculated.

"If school children, especially those in the grades, were given a short period to wash the face and hands with warm water and soap there would be much less comedo formation, we would see fewer of the severe cases of acne, and of course there would be a reduction of various other infectious diseases of the skin. If this procedure is not possible at school, the face and hands ought to be washed at home immediately following dismissal from school. Most children do not wash until time for the evening meal.

"Of course, in certain diseases of the skin it would be unwise to indulge in frequent washing of the face, but by far the greater number of children have an active sebaceous secretion of this part. Especially at puberty, when the comedo formation is apt to become more active, would it be desirable to wash the face five or six times a day. Touching the face with the hands as often as we do, it is only logical to expect we ought to wash the face as many times a day as we do the hands. Lack of real sebaceous cleanliness of the face is often a means of bringing on acne in the young."

We are assured by this noted dermatologist—whose name I've been requested to withhold, but whose standing in his profession is of the highest—that the above cleansing process will reasonably take care of a large number of potential acne cases.

For those who get on to a more advanced stage of comedo (blackheads) so that the removal of a sebaceous plug is difficult, the use of a local application becomes necessary, according to our adviser. The ordinary "lotio alba," as the lotion is technically described, is productive of good in early cases. Care, however, is urged to have the lotion properly prepared. To doctors it is suggested that it is well to note on the prescription that the ingredients be dissolved separately before mixing them, a precaution the layman may adopt.

THE formula for the lotion is a dram each of potassium sulphuret and zinc sulphate to four ounces of distilled water. This is the ordinary strength to be used. In obstinate cases, rather than apply stronger preparations, our adviser thinks it better to make more frequent applications of this simple lotion to avoid the risk of irritating the skin.

Enough of the lotion is applied, preferably on retiring, so that a film of powder is visibly remaining on the skin.

Along with the treatment it is urged that the use of all oily cosmetics be discontinued. Sometimes, when the skin shows signs of temporary harshness, the application of cold cream is permissible and of benefit, always, however, with the proviso that a soap-and-water cleansing will follow within a reasonable period. Finely powdered talcum assists in soothing the skin and also is absorbent to the sebaceous material. Each application of powder or other cosmetic should be followed by a soap-and-water cleansing before another application is made.

In emphasizing this local treatment, my informant would have it understood that there is no desire to minimize the important part played by other general measures in the treatment of early acne.

Proper diet, with a regular and sufficient time for eating, care of constipation, outdoor life, proper rest and sleep, care of gastro-intestinal disturbances, and so on merit careful thought in the treatment of acne.

However, what the afflicted person or his parents should know is that the process is one largely due to an oversecretion and faulty elimination of the oil-gland system, and that this action is likely to persist over a considerable period.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Crowned and Brimmed with Beauty

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

FIRST call for fall and winter hats! Paris responds with at least a thousand volunteers, replete with beauty and draped in chic. If you do not have a beautiful frame for your face this winter, it will be your own fault. And the penalty you pay will be loss of chic. Paris finds no cachet in what we used to call "smart ugliness" this season. Bonnets, cloches, and caps, machine-blocked, are in the discard. Expert hands drape, personally, the fall and winter hat. Little and big milliners, with a flair for enhancing by subtle drapery the beauty of nature's headlines, are going to be mighty busy.

Individuality of form is the great slogan of autumn millinery. Hats for long or short, fat or lean faces are all very smart. The forehead continues to bare its beauty to the world. The illustrations on this page show six leading versions of the Paris hat for the new season: the beret from Reboux; the draped hat drooping becomingly at both sides, from the same genius; the one-side brim from Agnès, and the fitted bonnet with flared brim over it from the same clever hands; the bandeau and ruffled brim from Le Monnier; the tricorne from Marie Christiane. Each of these millinery stars has a thousand satellites, giving to the world of women thousands of varying shapes.

The material side of the millinery mode cannot be ignored. It is extremely significant. Paris is fashioning many smart hats of velvet, and most particularly panne. Felt is still a reigning fabric, and there are glacé felts, novelty printed felts, plain felts, and soleils. Antelope and short-nap velours are high favorites of Queen Fashion. Satin is smart for the dressy hat. Fur, especially pony and shaved lamb, continues to drape the smart head.

Reboux' latest version of the beret, in black felt and bright green ribbon.

The one-side black satin hat by Agnès.

Le Monnier gives us a rose-trimmed blue velvet.

The Spanish influence is shown in the red felt and beige caracul hat above, from Agnès.

From Marie Christiane comes a novel tricorne, shown at the left, in brown velours.

Here is Everywoman's hat, from Reboux—in olive-green velours.

Trimming the hat. We will not have any such atrocities as the revival of fruit and vegetable gardens lading the hat of fashion. But we will see soft silken flowers, and feathers from the foolish ostrich and other millinery birds. Ribbon will remain. Trimmings will be used to outline or enhance, and never to deform, the beautiful outlines of nature.

Color? Well, that is for every woman to choose. You, if you are wise, will select your hat with a weather eye on the color of your winter ensembles, or ensemble. Paris likes bright shades, such as deep, rich greens, old reds, nasturtium yellows, and browns; but she likes quite as well such shades as black, beige, and navy.

STARTING at the upper right-hand corner and going down, we have, first, the smart new beret of black felt with half a bandeau and a knot at the right side of bright green grosgrain ribbon, designed by Reboux.

Black and green is a popular millinery combination, and Reboux, the queen of the world's milliners, uses it also in the other hat of hers shown on this page—at the lower center. It is velours in olive green, with long draped side brims and a bared forehead and neckline.

The second model from the top is Agnès' new one-side hat in black satin; it too is off the forehead.

Our third model shows the new Le Monnier bandeau hat with a soup-plate crown, a gathered, drooping brim, and a huge pink rose falling close to the left cheek. This hat is made of periwinkle blue velvet, a smart color and fabric.

To the left below it is illustrated Agnès' version of the bandeau, which flirts with the Spanish influence so much heralded in millinery. The fur bonnet that ties under the chin is of yellow beige caracul, and the brim and part of the crown are of red felt. For the woman with beautiful contours of face and head, and hair that is not so good, this chapeau is a real beauty boon.

At the extreme left is a new type of tricorne from Marie Christiane, made of nut-brown velours, with one side turned up in Napoleonic fashion and the other draped down over the cheek. A single jewel trims this hat.

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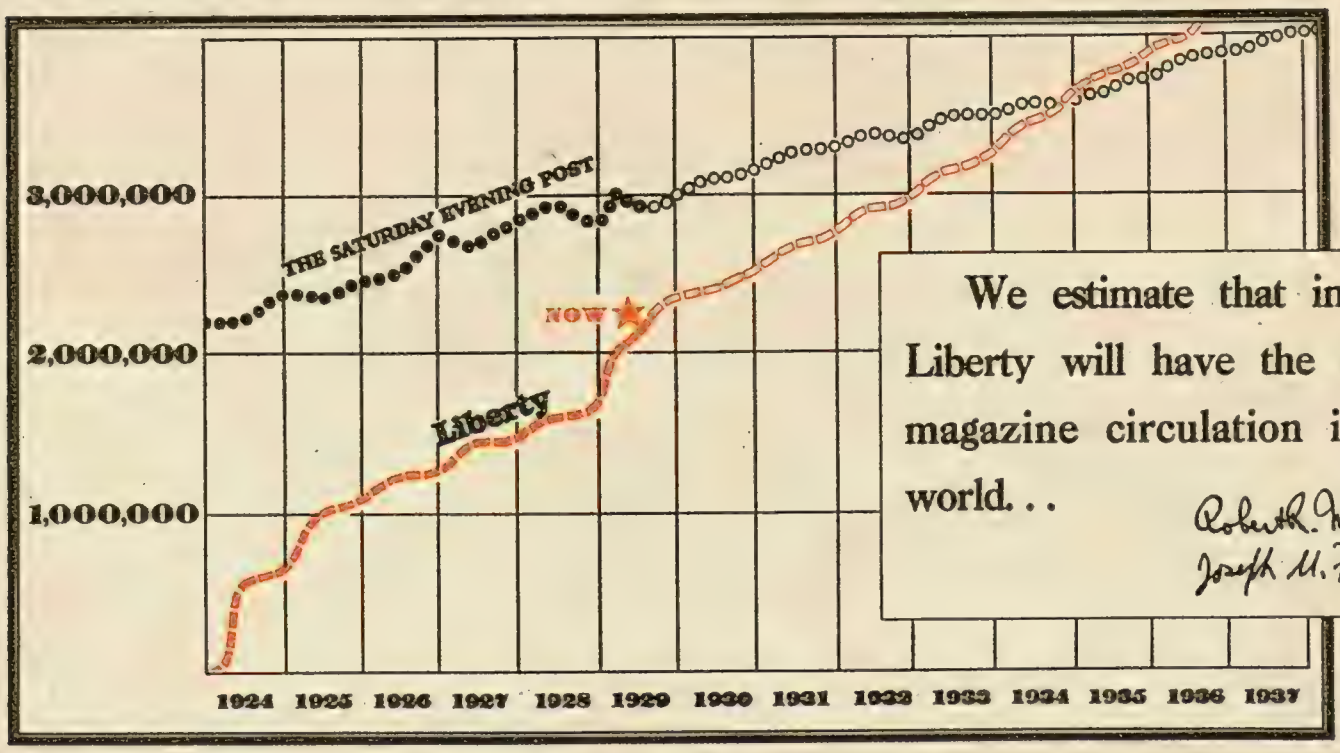

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Robert H. Clampett
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LIBERTY

A Weekly for Everybody

Valentino

The Life Story of "the Sheik"

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IN last week's installment Miss St. Johns told of Rudolph Valentino's Italian and French parentage; of his childhood and its background, his school days and calf loves in Italy; of a brief, spendthrift fling he had in Paris at eighteen, and the consequent decision of his scandalized elders to bundle him off to America.

PART TWO—THE DANCING MAN

HUNGER and loneliness—the streets of New York—a bed on a Central Park bench: these things drove Rudolph Valentino to become a dancer.

Women had nothing to do with it, nor did he himself desire it.

When he found himself friendless, penniless, jobless, in that most lonesome of all places, a big city—when he had actually worn his shoes through so that his sore and blistered feet were naked against the sidewalks—when the half-dollars that he could pick up polishing brass or "sweeping out" became so infrequent that he didn't eat for two or three days on end—when all his clothes except the suit he had on his back were in pawn—then the young Italian took the one chance that seemed open to him and became a dancing man.

He quite literally danced for his supper, for all he got in return for his services at Maxim's was his meals.

Oddly enough, when Rudolph Valentino landed in New York on the day before Christmas in 1913, he did not know how to dance. Count Alex Salm gave him his first tango lesson in front of the monkeys' cage in the Bronx Park Zoo some months after he came to America. The monkeys, no doubt, were greatly intrigued by the earnest whistling and capering of the two young foreigners.

Much has been said and written about Valentino's early days in New York. After he had leaped to international fame in The Four Horsemen all sorts of fantastic tales were told. All sorts of people popped up who had "known Valentino when." He was accused of everything, including white slavery. He had been, according to rumor, a bus boy, valet, groom, gigolo, waiter, and gunman.

As a matter of fact, his New York record is easily traced. Much of what actually happened I have heard Rudy tell himself, without any attempt to gloss over his mistakes and the difficulties into which folly led him.

Certainly he sewed his wild oats, but reading through these extremely youthful escapades of Valentino's Broadway nights, you will find nothing criminal, nothing different from the experiences of many a boy thrown on his own resources without guidance or control at eighteen.

As often happens, the biggest thing of those days and the most sensational—his first boyish passion for a woman who later became the heroine of a famous murder trial—seems to have escaped comment entirely.

Until he met Jean Acker in Hollywood and married her for a day, in a strange romance the truth about which I think we may now tell for the first time, this woman seems to have been the only one who awoke in him any real emotion. As she was famous on three continents for her beauty and charm, this is perhaps not surprising.

Valentino in profile, from one of the most popular of his photographs

His first New York home was an Italian boarding house in West Forty-ninth Street, Giolitto's. Here, after getting well lost in New York on his way from the dock, he installed himself in a rather luxurious suite. The $4,000 which his mother had given him with which to make his fame and fortune in the New World loomed large in his youthful eyes. He had had no experience of any kind in handling money, and though his bitter experiences taught him what poverty could mean, they never taught him the value of a dollar. Rudy lived and died magnificently in debt.

He and Natacha toured Europe in princely fashion, and bought $40,000 worth of Spanish shawls. On his last trip to London he acquired forty suits of clothes. If he liked a shirt he always ordered a dozen. Yet this same reckless young spendthrift could sit calmly in a New York bank and refuse $7,500 a week in order to live up to an artistic principle!

In 1913 he didn't know one soul in New York and not a soul there had ever heard of him. One of the first things he discovered was that his Italian name was much too long for the busy people he came in contact with and he soon determined to use the simplest two names of his array—Rodolpho Valentino. But since the Americans he met insisted on calling him Rudolph, he shrugged his shoulders and became Rudolph Valentino—not, of course, that anybody cared. Nobody suspected that this name would have to be fitted into electric lights before many years had passed. I think he himself suspected it least of anyone. The idea of becoming an actor or of having anything to do with the stage had never occurred to him. He had never spoken to an actor in his life and his few glimpses of the theater had been thrilling visits to the Folies Bergère and the Opéra Comique in Paris.

P. & A. photo

U. & U. photo

P. & A. photo

These three women played fateful parts in Valentino's life story. They are, left to right: Bonnie Glass, as whose dancing partner he took his first step toward success; Jean Acker, who was his wife for a few hours and later his sympathetic friend; and Natacha Rambova, his second wife, who was his one great love.

The first days were very lonely. He wandered about, poking his inquisitive young nose into everything American, trying to pick up the language as best he could. He was startled and intrigued by such unknown customs as chewing gum and having ham and eggs for breakfast. The conductors on the Fifth Avenue busses and the subway were his first English teachers.

Naturally his own kind called to him and he often went alone to Bustanoby's—a café then in the height of its popularity—because most of the waiters spoke French or Italian and he could break the long silences in a flood of words he knew.

There he made his first friends. Sitting alone at a table one evening, eating his dinner and watching rather wistfully the gay crowds about him, he noticed particularly three young men at an adjoining table. They were speaking French and they seemed to be having a very jolly time. The boy's dark eyes strayed to them over and over again.

Soon the three young men noticed his loneliness and his wistful glances, for one of them came over and ceremoniously asked him if he cared to join them. They introduced themselves as Count Alex Salm—afterward killed in the war; Count Otto Salm, who married Millicent Rogers; and George Ragni, whose father was head of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in France. Instantly the loneliness vanished and Rudy emerged, all smiles and gratitude. He was like that—way down or way up. Sunk in the depths of despair or sparkling with life and enjoyment.

JOINING himself to these three musketeers of New York night life, Rudy began to have a very good time. After the many lonely evenings in his boarding house and the lack of companionship of any kind, he was hungry for youth and gayety. In immaculate evening attire, top hat, cane, boutonnière, the four youths sailed forth—to Bustanoby's, to Maxim's, to Delmonico's, and quite a dashing figure they must have cut with their elegant manners, their easy French, their collective good looks.

Unfortunately, young Valentino could not dance. But it looked very simple and he was willing to try.

"I tried," said Rudy, "just as long as I could find a partner. But at last it became known that I could be depended upon to ruin my partner's dancing slippers and possibly her frock, if it was long enough, and I became the champion wallflower. I used to sit in state and pretend to gaze about with what I hoped was a princely air of indifference. In reality, I hated it. The girls were so pretty and the music so enticing."

Thus it was that one morning when he and Count Alex were taking a stroll he insisted upon being given a lesson in front of the monkey cage. The tango appealed to him immensely, suited exactly his ideas of beauty in movement. He picked it up rapidly. And before long he reversed his rôle of wallflower and became a conspicuous figure upon the dance floors of New York's most exclusive cafés.

Joan Sawyer, whose dancing partner the future "sheik" was for a time.

Then he was doing it for fun and he paid his own checks.

Later he was to become well known in those same places as—a paid dancing man.

The first fly appeared in the ointment when young Valentino awoke one wintry morning to have it forcibly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

The Sheik—Valentino in His Most Famous Rôle.

—International Photo.

[VALENTINO
Continued from page sixty-one]

brought to his attention that money, even so enormous a sum as $4,000, does not last forever. The balance which stared him in the face after he had done some sums connected with the previous evening's revelry was dangerously low.

Facing this fact, the boy took stock of things. Life was not all champagne and tangos, and perhaps he had better get to work.

In his possession was a letter from his brother Alberto to the commissioner of immigration at New York. It might not, he decided, be a bad idea to present that letter and let the commissioner know that an honor graduate of the Italian Royal Academy of Agriculture was in town and available for a suitable position.

Doubtless he was pretty grand about that time. Boys get like that—around the sophomore age.

Through this letter he was sent to Cornelius Bliss, Jr., a millionaire who was building a gorgeous estate at Jericho, Long Island. It was one of his ideas to lay out an Italian garden, and Valentino's training and background seemed exactly suited to this work. Bliss engaged him as superintendent of landscaping.

It did not occur to Rudy how fortunate he was. He had expected nothing less. Installed in his charming little suite above the garage, he made himself as comfortable as possible and surveyed his domain. Everything was covered with snow. Nothing in the way of landscaping could be done at that moment.

The country was dull and Rudy proceeded to amuse himself with long rides on one of the ponies left in the stables. Later he got into trouble with a motorcycle. The motorcycle, it appeared, belonged to one of the gardeners, who in a careless moment left it where Rudy could get his hands upon it. Never having been aboard a motorcycle before, the new superintendent made rough going of it. Why he didn't break his neck is a miracle. The motorcycle, at any rate, was never the same again.

Valentino in a scene from The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

GRANDILOQUENTLY Valentino paid for the motorcycle and dismissed the affair as of small moment. Evidently Mr. Bliss thought differently. Rudy was informed gently but firmly that plans for an Italian garden had been abandoned. But he didn't much care. The country was tiresome. The lights of Broadway called him.

There was much rejoicing at his reappearance. But now the lack of money had become pressing. He moved to a cheaper rooming house and once more asked the commissioner to get him a job.

It proved to be a job as just "one of the help" on a large place in New Jersey. Rudy was indignant. He, a graduate of the academy, to pick buggy leaves off rosebushes for fifteen dollars a month and his board!

Back to New York he went, his nose in the air. It didn't stay there long.

There is nothing like being broke to bring pride to the dust, and Rudy was broke. Thinking the matter over, he realized how kind Mr. Bliss had been to him and what an opportunity he had chucked away. In what was rather a fine moment, he went to Mr. Bliss and told him so.

"I know you have nothing for me," said the boy, "but you might know of something. I'm ready to work now."

Mr. Bliss laughed and gave him a letter to the park commissioner.

This time Rudy picked leaves off buggy rosebushes in silence. Officially, he was an apprentice landscape gardener in Central Park. Actually, he was an undergardener and he dug and watered and pruned with the rest. During those days outdoors in the glorious springtime that every year turns Central Park into a fairyland, he thought of Italy, and his dreams and the fever in his blood cooled a little.

BUT Fate had back bills to audit with him, as Fate usually has. He wasn't to get off so easily. Probably it is as well for the great motion-picture public. Otherwise Rudolph Valentino might have stayed a landscape gardener and we should have missed Julio and The Son of the Sheik.

After a certain amount of service it became necessary for him to take a civil service examination. Then the fact came to light that he was not an American citizen and therefore not available for permanent work under the park commissioner.

"How long does it take to become that—an American citizen?" asked the son of Italy.

"Five years."

Five years. A long time without food.

Then began what Rudy, with a faint and not very convincing smile, used to call his "O. Henry days." Lean, hungry, shabby days when the voice of the city became a menacing thing indeed.

He could not get a job. His money was entirely gone. The war had broken out and even had he been willing to ask for help, his family could have done little for him. Count Alex Salm had joined his regiment.

Days without food. Stealthy visits to the pawnbroker. Dark little rooms in New York rooming houses that smelled of stale cooking and previous tenants, but which for all their squalor were too expensive for him. Sweeping out barrooms and stables for fifty cents.

Hunger. Loneliness. Panic.

He slipped into saloons and grabbed a bite of free lunch and sneaked out before anyone could notice that he hadn't spent even a nickel for beer. He didn't have the nickel and he was glad to drink water from the public fountains. During the rush hours he went into the Hotel Astor and on its stationery wrote long and glowing letters to his mother—and sometimes had to tear them up because they were blotted with tears. When

he had a few cents he feasted royally at the Automat.

Finally he was turned out of his last room, a room near Forty-third and Broadway which he shared with the mops and dustpans. His trunk was held for back rent and the landlady refused to allow him to take even an extra pair of shoes, though he showed her that his were worn through. I have often wondered if, later on, that adamant landlady ever recognized her ragged Italian lodger in the great Valentino.

Three nights in the park. Three days without anything to eat.

Then appeared a good Samaritan in the shape of another Italian vagabond, who seemed to Rudy a veritable plutocrat. He had a room for the night and forty cents. Rudy had a dime. They pooled their resources, bought milk and bread and cheese and talked volubly and tragically in Italian and shared the bread and cheese and the hard, narrow bed.

The next morning the man gave Valentino a lecture.

"You are a fool," he said. "Put your pride in your pocket. Forget what you are in Italy. Right now you are a bum in New York. You will never pull yourself out of this—for who cares what happens to a poor, unknown Italian boy?—unless you appeal to your friends. Go and beg for work, if you must."

VALENTINO set his jaw, dressed with the greatest care, and set out to follow this advice.

There was a young Italian whom he had patronized in the days of his grandeur, who played the piano at Maxim's. To him Rudy told his story.

"The head waiter at Maxim's will remember you," said the piano player. "He's a good fellow. Go and see him. Maybe he can get you a job as a waiter."

A waiter! A wop waiter. How had the mighty fallen! Well, he had brought it on himself. He would take his medicine.

The head waiter did remember him. But it appeared that it was not so easy to be a waiter. It took training and knowledge. He might serve as a bus boy.

Rudy took that on the chin and tried not to flinch.

Suddenly the head waiter was visited by inspiration.

"You are a beautiful dancer," he said. "I remember how all the ladies liked to dance with you. We need here some dancing men for ladies whose escorts do not dance much. And for afternoon tea. Also, sometimes they desire lessons. You can have your meals if you will come and dance, and a room upstairs if you wish to give lessons. Come tomorrow night."

"I'll come," said Rudy.

But his heart was cold. Here was his chance—but how, oh, how, was he to get his dress clothes out of hock?

The fickle goddess of Luck, how-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

After Huckleberry Pie, the Lemon . . . .

now we have a tooth paste that works like that to give you *sparkling teeth*

THESE South Sea Island beauties don't have to worry about tooth pastes. Their almost exclusive diet of fresh fruit keeps their teeth white, sparkling, lovely. Wasn't it lucky for you that science observed that, and put the same idea into New Mix tooth paste? What a pleasant way to keep your teeth beautiful!

SCIENCE said "it's fresh fruit-whitener we want to get into a tooth paste, all right, but how in the world can you do that and still mix it with the other things that have to be in a proper tooth paste? It will be too weak to work . . . unless . . ."

AND then came the idea. Put the fruit-whitener into a separate inner tube. No sooner said than done, and in record time New Mix selling all over the U. S. A. as the *only* fresh whitener tooth paste.

See the red fruit-whitener cream come out on your brush between the white creams. Taste its tangy appetizing flavor. Watch it whiten your teeth before your very eyes. See how the white creams protect your teeth against decay, harden your gums, leave your mouth sweet, cool, fragrant.

Of course New Mix is on sale at all the good stores. The coupon brings you the trial size tube by return mail. Send for it now. Prove to yourself how New Mix whitens your teeth!

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Dept. 1-D, 121 Varick St., New York City, N.Y.

So I can see how different New Mix is from every other tooth paste, you may send me your trial size tube. I enclose 10c to cover packing and shipping.

Name .....
Address .....
Town or City ..... State .....

[VALENTINO
Continued from page sixty-five]

ever, having trampled him into the dust, had suddenly decided to smile upon him. In the street he met a friend who took one look at his shabby clothes and his sad countenance and demanded the reason therefor. Rudy unburdened himself. The friend redeemed his evening clothes and Rudy repaid the debt with dancing lessons.

When Rudolph Valentino stepped upon the dance floor at Maxim's for the first time as a paid dancing man, with who knows what fat dowager or neglected wife as his partner, he stepped into a new chapter of his life. Fate led him blindfolded to his destiny.

He shut the door forever upon those things to which he had been born and bred, those things which it would seem should naturally have been his experience. Never but once was he to glance back at the career for which he had studied and which his family had selected for him. That suave, grave, dark youth who glided about the polished floor was the beginning of Rudolph Valentino the great screen star, and the women who sat at tables about and cast admiring glances at his sleek black head and graceful movements were the first of millions of women who were to write him adoring notes and beg for his picture.

And for a long, long time he forgot entirely his early training, his family life, his own inbred dreams of a home and family. They were to come back to him later when love came, real love, in the form of a woman who belonged wholely to this new world he was just entering.

Into a brief year or so he had packed many experiences, played many rôles. We see him as the shy, friendless Italian boy, wandering alone through the mazes of the great city of New York, appealing, a little bewildered by it all, speaking English with a quaint accent. Later, as the dashing young blood of New York night life, spending his little patrimony after the fashion of reckless youth, very young, a trifle theatrical. Then as the discouraged bum, broke, hungry, sneaking free lunch, and too often contemplating an end in the great river, held back only by those deep-rooted teachings of his mother and his church.

And now as the dancing man. A little hardened, a new watchfulness in his eyes, his gayety dimmed to a cold, grave politeness.

EGOTISM had been awakened within him, the strong instinct of self-preservation, the conviction of the necessity of looking out for himself first. Rudolph Valentino from that time forward was always self-centered, except with the women who came to him and appealed to him in some way or another.

He regained his gayety, of course. He was too young to have it permanently shattered; the experience had been too brief to leave a lasting scar. But it was responsible for much of Rudy's "lone wolf" attitude toward life and for the fact that he never quite trusted life again.

Once the break had come, success followed swiftly. To his own amazement he found that he attracted much attention. The women who attended the café called for him with increasing frequency. They even made something of a fuss over him.

But not for long was he to remain a mere dancing man at the beck and call of the patrons of the café. His mind began to seek new angles of this new and amazing career. A dancing partner was provided and they did exhibitions which were well received.

Then, through a friend, he was introduced to Bonnie Glass, the most popular dancer in New York, who was showing at the New York Roof with Clifton Webb. At first she took him for some South American millionaire—strange forecast of his appearance as the never-to-be-forgotten South American boy in The Four Horsemen!—but when she found he was a dancer looking for work her shrewd eye saw that this dark and dangerous-looking youth might make a good substitute for Webb, who was leaving her.

Together they were remarkably successful. At Delmonico's, at Rector's, at the Winter Garden, at the Palace and Colonial, and later at Bonnie's own restaurants—the Montmartre and the smart Chez Fisher—they were applauded during the winter of 1914 and the spring of 1915. There must be many who remember Bonnie Glass' sleek-haired, somber partner, though few knew his name.

In Washington they danced, before President Wilson, a new version of the cakewalk and a pantomime waltz of their own conception, and "stopped the show."

Later they toured the eastern cities in vaudeville.

DURING this time Rudy met the first woman who really awoke his deep and passionate nature. He was twenty and had never had a real love affair, though he had assuredly not ignored the many pretty ladies who attended the parties he and his young friends used to give. He had kissed a few, cherished momentary illusions, danced too often with one or another, written delicate notes. But they had meant no more than the champagne he drank or the flowers he sent them.

Then he met Mrs. Jack de Saulles.

The tragic romance and marital woes of the De Saulles occupied the press of this country for a number of years and need be mentioned but briefly here.

She was a rich young South American beauty, whose whirlwind marriage to Jack de Saulles, Yale athlete and social favorite, was the beginning of numberless scandals. In the end she shot him over possession of their child and was acquitted by an American jury.

At the time Valentino knew her trouble had already entered the De Saulles household, and the young wife, as was afterward brought out in the divorce evidence, often sought solace for her husband's neglect and attention to other women in her favorite pastime, dancing.

Asked by her husband's lawyer on the witness stand how she could dance when her heart was breaking, she said, "Ah, one does not dance with the heart!"

In time, Rudy came to agree with her.

The tango was her native dance and she loved it passionately.

While there can be no question that her history is one of violence and tragedy, the fact remains that she was a woman far above the average in many ways. Her beauty was of the kind that has become traditional to South America—dark, voluptuous, brilliant. Her mind was as colorful, for she had been beautifully educated, had traveled much abroad, and known many interesting people.

Just how and where the two first met is not known. There is a story that Jack de Saulles greatly admired Bonnie Glass and that his wife, who was madly jealous, followed him to Miss Glass' dressing room and later became Bonnie's friend.

"She was my ideal," Rudy told an intimate friend years later. "For years I had cherished a picture in my mind of how the perfect woman would look, a picture composed of the things I had read and some of the great paintings I had seen. When Mrs. de Saulles stood before me it was as though this picture had come to life. I adored her. She seemed so far above me that I never dreamed she could look at a mere tango dancer.

"And, except Natacha, she was the most divine dancer I ever knew. It was perfection to dance the tango with her. She understood its slightest rhythm and meaning.

"I have always felt so sorry for her. She was very unhappy in America, as Latins can be. The ways of this country were new to her, and her husband did not

Wide World photo

Valentino at Nice, in the Basque beret that was his favorite headgear.

understand her. The things that happened were not her fault."

For months he laid his adoration at her feet, seeing her only occasionally, dancing with her when he could, finding no women in the crowds that besieged the cafés and theaters where he danced who could compare with her.

It is typical of Rudy that he selected both a woman he could look up to and a woman who aroused his pity. Whatever came later, Mrs. de Saulles had that first flame of love which a boy gives not to a real woman but to the woman who most closely fits in face and voice the ideal he has created for his love.

He went his way, when their paths parted, with only the memory of her beauty which he cherished always.

When Bonnie Glass married Ben Ali Haggin and retired, Rudy danced for a while with Joan Sawyer and then started into the unknown West with a musical comedy called The Masked Model. The show failed in Ogden, but Rudy went on to San Francisco, broke as usual.

He had already, in the previous year, made a serious attempt to join either the French or the British flying corps. But he was rejected on account of his eyesight. Very few people knew it, but Rudy was almost blind in his left eye. He had tried in every way to get around this fact, without success. In San Francisco he found a group of young Canadian aviators recruiting for the Royal Flying Corps. Once more he tried his luck and once more was rejected. Later, in Los Angeles, he went to a flying field and learned to fly fairly well and tried once more, but had to give it up. From San Francisco he went to Hollywood, having decided that if he was going on with his theatrical work he might as well get into pictures.

International photo

June Mathis, the writer who "discovered" Valentino.

The history of his early days in Hollywood has been told too many times to need repetition. It is the history of seventy-five per cent of the successful motion-picture stars—Wallace Reid, Barbara La Marr, Gloria Swanson, Harold Lloyd, Clara Bow, Tom Mix, Charlie Chaplin.

Extra work at five dollars a day. No work at all. He wasn't the type. There wasn't anything for him. A ray of hope in a small part as an Italian heavy. No work. Lead in a picture, The Married Virgin, upon which he pinned great hopes but which was not released because of financial complications. Dancing at the Watts Tavern and the Maryland Hotel to make eating money. Finally a lead with Mae Murray in The Big Little Person and later The Delicious Little Devil. Another starvation period. Extra work at seven-fifty a day and glad to get it.

He was a fairly well known figure along Hollywood Boulevard—which was then just a small village main street instead of the glittering avenue it has now become. Oftenest he was alone, with a dog at his heels. He wore a little Basque cap, the first we had ever seen, and his taste in such clothes as he could afford was Italian and execrable in our eyes. Green golf stockings and orange vests, vivid ties. He bought a battered wreck of an Italian Isotta automobile, once glorious. Often he was to be seen protruding from beneath it.

Once I met him at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga, on foot.

"They took my car away from me," he said sadly. "I couldn't make the payments."

By that time you noticed very little accent in his speech—it was soft and sort of slid together, with a foreign sound, but there was no distinct accent.

There was something a little pathetic about him.

Perhaps it was that he was so grave. Perhaps that he was very lonely. He didn't seem to fit in. I think he was always lonely in Hollywood, terribly lonely, until he met Natacha. Men did not like him and he didn't know how to make them. He wasn't a mixer. They took his shyness for conceit. His type was new to them. His only friends at that time were Norman Kerry and Douglas Gerrard. Also he had very little money and, since he couldn't hold up his end, he wouldn't go out much.

Then, all at once, things began to happen.

June Mathis—a great woman and a great writer—saw him and fought producers, directors, and everybody else in the world to get him for Julio in The Four Horsemen for which she was writing the scenario. Dear, loyal, fiery June! Idealist extraordinary. Rudolph Valentino, an almost unknown Italian boy wandering about Hollywood, was part of her dream for perfection in that great story and she would not give up.

She won her fight and gave Rudy his chance and from then until the day of his death—which was followed so shortly by hers—he repaid her with the utmost adoration and loyalty. Her word was law. She could do no wrong. And later she involved him in a sorry mess, which he realized all the time, but which his grateful affection would not allow him to sidestep.

And about that time, at a party in the home of Pauline Frederick to which Douglas Gerrard had taken him, he met Jean Acker.

NOTHING in Rudy's life, perhaps, has so much mystified his friends as that strange marriage and separation. But it seems to me that the truth can be told now and that Jean Acker, who had the man's friendship to the very end and who was in fact the last woman to see him alive, would want it to be told.

They were married on November 5, 1919, in the Hollywood Hotel, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Max Karger—Mr. Karger was then manager of Metro, the company that made The Four Horsemen—and May Allison.

His bride left him on their wedding night.

On December 6 they announced their separation.

All sorts of rumors were instantly afloat. What was wrong? What had he done? Why had they married at all?

The truth was that Jean Acker was in love with someone else when she married Valentino. But it was a love which she herself knew to be wrong and which she felt was dragging her down all the time. When Valentino, who found something immensely appealing in her sadness and whom she liked, asked her to marry him, she consented, as many women have done before her, hoping by that drastic step to break away from this affair, hoping to begin anew with this chivalrous, kindly Italian boy, who seemed in his loneliness to need her so much.

And then she found she couldn't go through with it. The old love was too strong, it held her enchained, and the mere words spoken that made her Rudy's wife could not change the situation for her.

So she told him the truth and left him and he agreed. He was gentle to her, and not once during the time that he was so misjudged and reviled because of her desertion, did he by look, word, or deed attempt to cast any of the blame upon her.

I don't think he ever loved her. But he found her sympathetic, knew that she was deeply troubled, and he wanted a companion. And he thought, I know, that with her he might find a companionship that would lift him above his growing unhappiness.

That was all. From the tragic ending that followed their marriage grew a real friendship. And during the last days in New York, when he was once more lonely and unhappy for all his outward gayety, he turned to her often for the same sympathy and understanding which had led to their mistaken marriage.

They were divorced on March 9, 1922.

In the meantime, on Nazimova's set where he was playing Armand to her Camille, he met a tall, beautiful girl with strange deep eyes—a girl who scarcely noticed him and refused to respond to his overtures for friendship.

Her real name was Winifred Shaunessey Hudnut. But as a dancer and an art director she was known in Hollywood as Natacha Rambova.

If ever meeting of man and woman was fateful, if ever it portended change, it was when Natacha and Rudy first came together.

In next week's installment, Adela Rogers St. Johns will tell how a great love came to Valentino—and brought with it omens of heartbreak.

Many
a Debutante
Has Started a

TEMPEST

by Starting a

TEA-ROOM!

Pity the poor young ladies of quality . . . the desire for freedom, for self-expression, is driving them out of the lap of luxury into the arms of Leo, the family chauffeur . . . into tea-rooms . . . into amateur dramatics.

How happy in their eyes is the free and easy lot of the shop-girl, the boss' secretary!

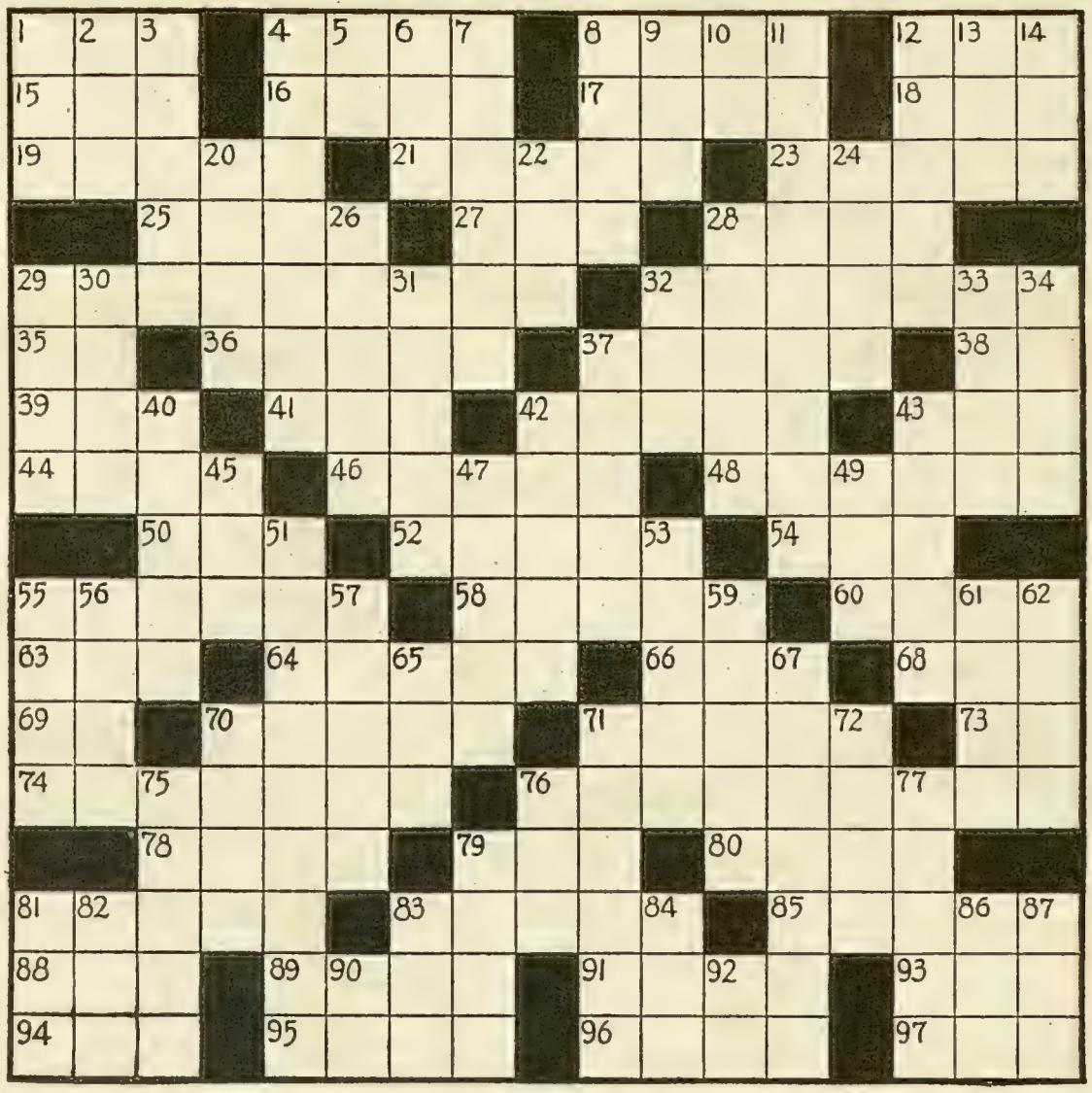
MARJORIE OELRICHS

knows the troubles of her sister social register-ites . . . Lose a few illusions and find new contentment with your lot by reading Miss Oelrichs'

TOUGH LUCK

IN LIBERTY
NEXT WEEK

Two New Puzzles:

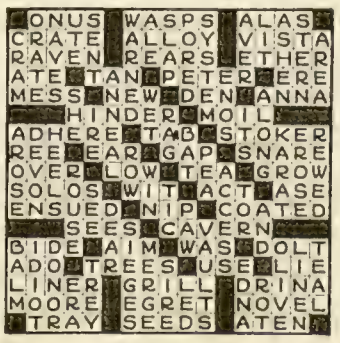


HORIZONTAL

1 Meadow
4 Hints
8 Part of a harness
12 Porcine animal
15 Measure of weight
16 Host
17 Free to be entered
18 Edible seed
19 Seize
21 A bird
23 Dens
25 Ditch
27 Poem
28 Ailing
29 Weapon cases
32 Female beast of prey
35 Toward
36 Turns about a fixed point
37 Tenth part
38 Greek letter
39 Greasy liquid
41 Termination
42 Heavenly body
43 Downcast
44 Envelop completely
46 Implied or indicated
48 Rigorous
50 Parity
52 Memoranda
54 Neither
55 Goes by
58 Ceases from effort
60 Form of to be
63 American author
64 Rasped
66 Devoured
68 Moral error
69 Note of the scale
70 Lakes or pools
71 Bottles
73 Act
74 Penetrated
76 Condemns to punishment
78 A bird
79 Yellowish brown
80 Mohammedan noble
81 Foreign
83 Forgive
85 Lyric poem
88 Succeeded
89 A fuel
91 To salt in brine
93 Pastry
94 Sheep
95 Margin
96 Give forth
97 Japanese coin

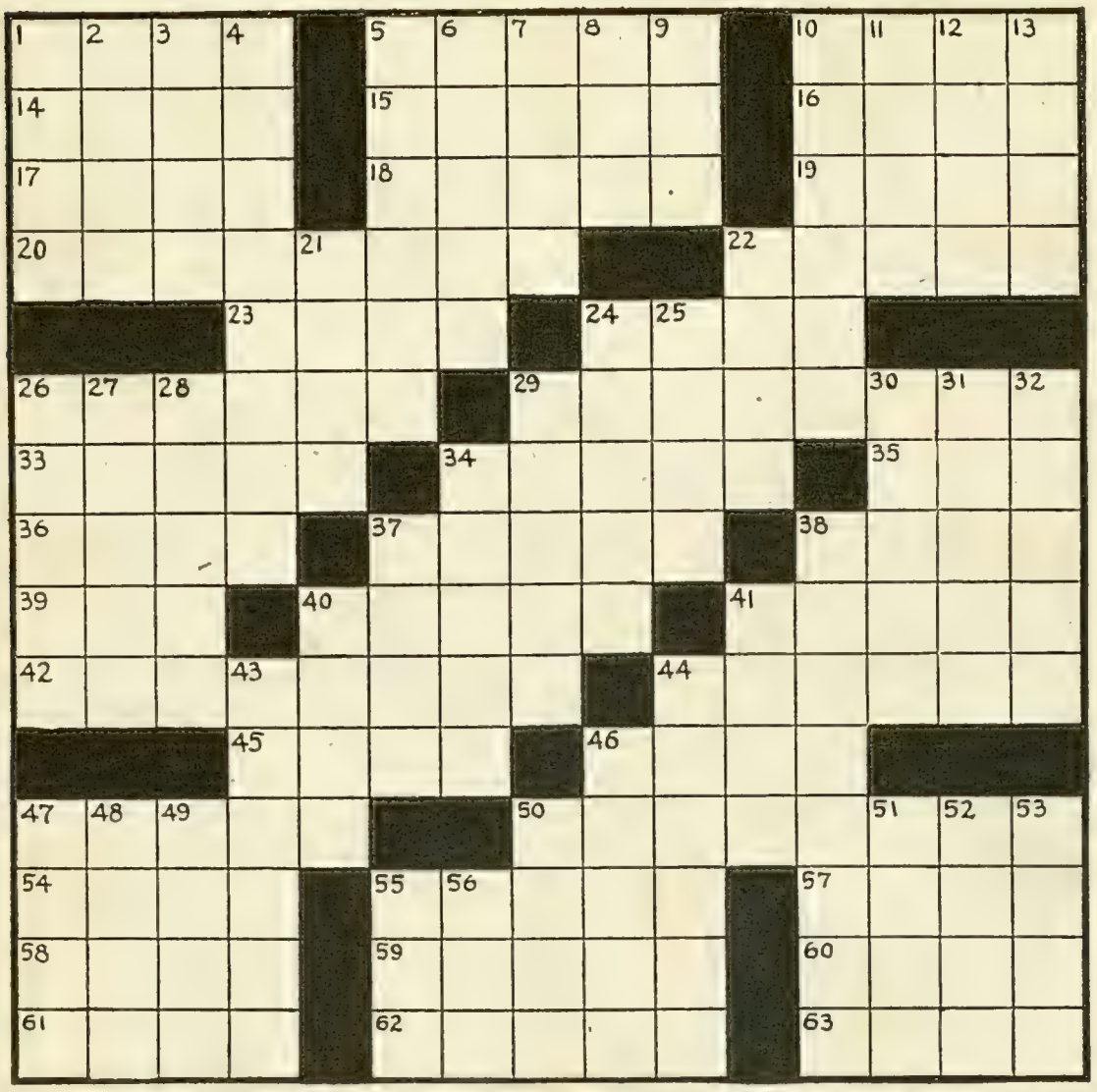
VERTICAL

1 Part of a chair
2 Stray
3 Genus of lizards
4 Able
5 Chaldean city
6 Printer's measures
7 Church bodies
8 Desire expectantly
9 Monkey
10 Pronoun
11 Instruct
12 Large nail
13 Over
14 Existed
20 Weeps convulsively
22 Small fish (plural)
24 Land measure
26 Jeer at
28 Locations
29 Pack away
30 Coconut fiber
31 A fortification
32 Man's nickname
33 To box
34 One of the faces of an object
37 Carries
40 A failing in duty
42 Quoted
43 Dries; withers
45 Dance step
47 Hearts
49 Solemn promise
51 An allusion
53 Soil
55 Peel
56 Arabian seaport
57 Enticing woman
59 Declare
61 To go horseback
62 One of the sons of Seth
65 Conducted
67 One of the component parts of anything
70 Such and no more
71 City in Italy
72 Clip off suddenly
75 Heavy cord
76 Total
77 Craws of birds
79 Strike out
81 Overcome with reverential fear
82 Unelevated
83 A tatter
84 Man's nickname
86 Expire
87 Even
90 Alleged force
92 Japanese measure



Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

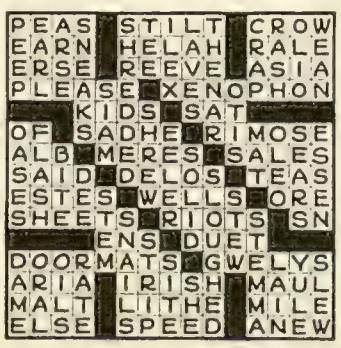


HORIZONTAL

1 To be driven swiftly, as a ship before a gale
5 Narrow strip of some flexible material
10 Charity
14 Mass of pollen-bearing scales of the pine
15 To bring about; to effect
16 A cleansing agent
17 Artifices
18 City in Cattaraugus County, New York
19 The right to hold court (Anglo-Saxon law)
20 Disclosed to view again
22 Regarded with favor
23 Metal-bearing masses
24 Greek god equivalent to the Roman Cupid
26 Imparts a granulated surface to
29 Crying like a goat or calf
33 Utters reproaches
34 To becloud
35 To plague or pester constantly
36 Pointed instruments for piercing
37 Men
38 Watery portion of an animal fluid (plural)
39 River in Wales
40 A Spanish title of respect
41 Shatter by explosion
42 The European shrew
44 Shuts
45 Spanish measure of length (plural)
46 Seize
47 Panama seaport
50 A game at cards
54 Scent
55 The Jewish Feast of Lots
57 Biblical name (Joshua xix. 43)
58 Roster
59 Irregularly notched as if gnawed
60 Peruse
61 Emmets
62 Dividing walls
63 Puts in place

VERTICAL

1 Disfigure
2 Hard central portion in some fruits
3 To
4 Strips of belongings; plunders
5 Scotch cakes
6 Emergency jurors
7 Regretted
8 Son of Abijak, a king of Judea
9 Indite
10 Give support to in an undertaking
11 Appearance of the countenance
12 To produce, frame, or fashion
13 Proceeded with celerity
21 Sea birds of prey
22 Clayey earth
24 Officer of a Presbyterian church
25 Gold coins of Portugal and Brazil
26 Arrange in order, steps, or degrees
27 Colder; chillier; said of weather
28 Suffered illness
29 Beneath
30 Embodying form of a conception (plural)
31 To care for tenderly or sedulously
32 Small biting flies
34 Any cause of ruin (plural)
37 A sheet of standing water
38 Slavers
40 Part of the leg
41 Chatter; babble
43 Amusements
44 A peninsula in south Russia
46 Grain to be, or that has been, ground
47 Genus of African trees
48 Norse deity
49 Gone out of one's possession
50 Craw
51 On or toward a vessel's sheltered side
52 Hollow-horned ruminant
53 Extremities
55 Footlike part
56 Suffix: act; being



Answer to last week's puzzle

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Show Girl in Hollywood

A
DIXIE DUGAN
Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

I did a dance for them and they were all steaming, especially Teddy, who had never seen me pick it up and strut it around.

PART FIFTEEN—CONCLUSION

New York City, April 14.

DEAR DIXIE:

I saw your picture at the opening in New York and was thrilled with it and more than thrilled with you. Did you get my flowers? I had them sent to you at Grauman's Chinese Theater. I haven't heard from you. I knew you were angry, but I hoped you would get over it. Can't I do anything to get back in your good graces? I thought everything was fixed up between us and I was walking on air for weeks. Just to think that I would have the loveliest, cutest, darlingest little girl in the world for my very own! And then this came along!

Honestly, I thought I was doing what was best. I didn't want you to come out in a picture that would hurt you. I didn't care so much about the money. You know that. How could I tell that Nebbick would make such a wonderful picture out of the mess I saw? He certainly is a genius. And I know how you must feel about me and the way I almost wrecked your career, even though I helped you start it. You must admit that.

I miss you dreadfully. I never was in love before, honest. I know you believe all I think about is money, but that isn't true. I think more of you than anything in the world. I'd do anything for you. I don't know why I'm writing all this except maybe because I'm so full I have to pour it out.

I've had a lot of time to think back here. Everything I see reminds me of you. Every paper I pick up I see your name, Dixie Dugan. It seems every theater I go by, your picture is in the lobby; your name is in the lights; I can't get away from it.

I thought at first when you didn't answer my wires I would just forget you. I've tried awfully hard. I am still trying, but I can't. Won't you write to me? Write and tell me you forgive me and everything will be once more the way it used to be. I had such a wonderful trip mapped out for us; all through the Orient and then Europe. I wanted to show you Paris. All my life I've wanted to be in Paris in the spring with someone I loved.

You don't know what it means to want something all your life, to have it just within your reach when you had despaired of ever getting it, and then to have it snatched away from you. I know this must sound very silly and sentimental. I'd probably tear it up myself if I kept it until tomorrow, but I'm going to send it to you because I want you to know just how I feel.

I was so happy with you just those few days in Hollywood. I'm so lonely here without you in New York. I had a beautiful apartment leased for us—five rooms with a terraced roof garden on the twenty-fourth floor of a new building overlooking the East River. It was up in the tower and the terrace was on all four sides. You could see almost all of Manhattan Island at your feet; the Hudson River to the west, the East River clear up to Hell Gate and down to the Battery. I walked all through it yesterday. I could see you in every room. I'll never be so happy again as when I found this place for us. And I don't think I could ever be sadder than I am now when I realize I will never see you in it.

Or won't I? Is there a chance? If only you would write or wire me and say, come back and get me, Jack, I'd be on the next train. Train nothing, I'd charter a plane. I've watched every mail. All day long I'm snatching telegrams away from my secretary and opening them myself, hoping they are from you. If only I could see one signed Dixie! Just one little yellow telegram saying: "It's okay, Jack. When do we start on that trip?"

Write to me, Dixie, darling. Wire me, phone me—

anything—but let me hear from you. Don't torture me.

Always, with all my love,

JACK.

NA 244 179 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 1253P 17
JACK MILTON
67 WALL STREET NEW YORK CITY
YOUR LOVELY LETTER RECEIVED DREADFULLY SORRY YOU FEEL THE WAY YOU DO I DONT DESERVE TO HAVE YOU FEEL THAT WAY YOU ARE EVERYTHING THAT IS NICE AND SWEET AND WHILE YOU MAY THINK NOW I AM WHAT YOU WANT WE WOULD BOTH LEARN VERY QUICKLY THAT IT WOULDNT WORK OUT AND THEN YOU WOULD BE WORSE OFF THAN YOU ARE I AM VERY SELFISH THOUGHTLESS AND FOR ABOUT NINETYFIVE PERCENT OF THE TIME A DEVIL ON WHEELS YOU MIGHT THINK IT VERY CUTE FOR A WHILE BUT YOUD GET DARNED SICK OF IT AND I WOULD GET SICK OF YOU BEING SICK AND WE WOULD BOTH HAVE CHRONIC INDIGESTION AND SPEND ALL OF OUR TIME SNAPPING AT EACH OTHERS HEELS NOW WE ARE GOOD FRIENDS IM NOT MAD AT YOU ANY MORE AND YOU WONT BE MAD AT ME AFTER A WHILE AND WE CAN BOTH BE VERY FOND OF EACH OTHER AND THAT WILL BE NICE MUCH NICER THAN YOU PUNCHING ME IN THE NOSE AND ME KICKING YOU IN THE SHINS TILL DEATH DO US PART
DIXIE

(From Walter Winchell's column, N. Y. Daily Mirror, April 1.)

. . . O. O. McIntyre is phffft . . . H. I. Phillips is phffft . . . F. P. A. is phffft . . . Paul T. Frankl has designed a modern Scotty with square hips to fit his furniture . . . Jimmy Doyle, back on the Evening Tab after a short parole in Times Square and Hollywood, and Betty Byrne, moom pitcher gel on same rag are That Way. . . .

Hollywood, Calif.
17th April

NITA DARLING!

I am parked out here on my patio, getting a lot of useless information from a book called Believe It or Not. One of the titbits, for instance, is an item about a Mr. Neils Paulsen of Upsala, Sweden, who died in 1907 at the age of 160 and left two sons, one nine years old and the other 103 years old. It doesn't say what he did with the rest of his spare time at home.

He should have met Mme. de Maldemaure just a few pages previous who gave birth to one child the first year, twins the second year, triplets the third year, quadruplets the fourth year, quintruplets the fifth year, and the sixth year, so says the book, the good woman bore six children. I'll say she was good! Twenty-one children in six years! Then she called it a day. Bored, probably.

It's a swell book, Nita, but incomplete. It needs a chapter about the Breakfast Club out here in Hollywood. Believe it or not, you wouldn't believe it if you didn't see it. To begin with, here is their motto:

F V N E M?
S V F M
F V N E X?
S V F X
O I C V F M N X!

Try miltgrossing it and then you'll get it. The first lines are really:

HAVE WE ANY HAM?
YES WE HAVE HAM

Puzzle out the rest of it if you haven't anything worse to do, which I hope you have.

It's ten A. M. and I've just come back from a party out there. Try to imagine getting up at dawn to go to a party which is all over at ten o'clock in the morning. The same morning! I was a guest of honor. Co-guest with me, and sharing with me the riotous roses flung by an applauding multitude—what the hell am I talking about?

Well, anyway, co-guest of honor with me was Teddy Page, *the* Teddy Page of the Page millions, of the Page polo ponies—look under P in the social register; look under the Ritz Bar in Paris. Look under the bed. What have you got? Teddy Page. A fourteen-room penthouse on Park Avenue, twelve hundred acres at Cold Spring Harbor all under intensive cultivation, entirely devoted to the raising of whoopee. Three airplanes, Nita. He piloted one out here from New York by himself with ten guests aboard, two paid pilots, and a steward. He told me he kidnaped the steward from Sloppy Joe's in Havana and smuggled him into Miami on a rum-runner.

He's only thirty years old, Nita; his clothes fit him everywhere; and when the coat collar gets dusty he gives the suit to his Jap and buys three more. Handkerchiefs made to measure—and it would be much cheaper to use ten-dollar bills. Reeks with money, darling, but inoffensively. Blow some my way, Teddy. He dances; he talks; and he's been out here less than a week and all the Hollywood females are in a panic. Me too, Nita, Plus. My God, and why not? Looks, money, brains, position, youth, and full of hell. What else does a girl want? This girl doesn't want anything else. I decided that the first time I met him.

I was invited to join a party he was taking down to Agua Caliente in his Sikorsky—flew down and flew back—and then the next time I saw him where should he be but sitting right next to me at the Breakfast Club this morning. It seems to me I started out to tell you something about it, or did I? I'm all mixed up. Every time I look for a word I find a Page. Joke! Awful! His first name is Teddy so everybody calls him Teddy. Nice, ain't it? Sounds a little bit of all right. Teddy, Teddy, Teddy, Teddy! I'm used to it already.

Co-guest of honor with me was Teddy Page of the Page millions.

I'll tell you who he looks a little bit like—William Haines. Only better looking. Kind of sassy, but unspoiled, if you know what I mean. Maybe he bats around too much, but I can snap him out of that. Oh, you can, can you? says you. Sure I can, says I. I'm getting very serious now that I'm a star. I'm acquiring a sense of importance; besides, a girl can do wonders for a man if she loves him. Where did you read that? Well, it's true.

Mickey—that's my theme-song pal—I tell him he's so hot he themes (talkie lisp)—well, anyway, Mickey says Teddy's got an international reputation as a chaser and a hell-raiser in general; that he's always in scrapes, but I can see why. It's only because he hasn't met the right kind of a girl. I really didn't seek this nomination, but I'm going to step right up and take it just the same. I think he likes me, Nita. We had lots of fun at the Breakfast Club. That's a local organization which meets every week and entertains visiting celebrities or something. They all get together at eight o'clock in the morning. It's out near Griffith Park. They sit around a horseshoe table and sing songs and eat ham and eggs and have a lot of fun. The whole thing is broadcast, which I call the height of optimism. Imagine anybody getting up at eight o'clock in the morning to tune in to a radio program. Imagine anybody thinking anybody would do it! Well, they do stranger things than that at the Breakfast Club. One of the first things they do is all sing the Ham and Egg song.

It's the tune of Tammany. Try to imagine two hundred and fifty men and women sitting around a table at the indecent hour of eight o'clock and singing as loud as they can to the accompaniment of a brass band a song like this:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Everything I see reminds me of you. Every theater I go by, your picture is in the lobby.

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page seventy-one]

Oh, you Ham!
Oh, you Eggs!
I like mine fried golden brown;
I like mine fried upside down.
Oh, you Ham!
Oh, you Eggs!
Flip 'em, flop 'em,
Flop 'em, flip 'em—
Ham and Eggs.

After that, Mr. DeMond, the toastmaster, yells, Hello, ham, and they all yell, Hello, egg, and then he gives them a little speech of welcome to the Shrine of Friendship, this temple of idealism and sentiment. Welcome, says he, in the spirit of the Breakfast Club's golden shovel, and then he digs under the table and comes up with a little shovel and explains how this is used to bury all mistakes. It looks rather small, I says to Teddy, and he says keep quiet, maybe you'll learn something, and then Mr. DeMond comes up with a little oil can and says, I welcome you in the spirit of the oil can which smooths over all troubles and lubricates the wheels of progress or something like that. And after that has time to sink in, he comes up with a hatchet and says, I also welcome you in the spirit of this buried hatchet. By this time it looks like a notion counter, but he goes right on with a lot of announcements to which no one listens. The only one I remember was an announcement to the effect that the Academy of Czechoslovak Culture will be inaugurated at Bovard Auditorium with a special program of typical songs. For instance, I says to Teddy, and he says how about I faw down and go Slovak. And I says Czech! Well, after that we got along just beautifully.

So when the Sea Song came along we were right in the mood for it. They do it this way: The guests and members put their arms around each other's shoulders and when they are all linked together they sway in a long line from right to left and back again, keeping time to the song. So Teddy had his right arm around my shoulders and I had my left arm around his neck and we swayed back and forth. It was a silly song, but it felt like a national anthem before we got finished. Here are the words:

Sea, Sea, Sea,
Oh, why are you angry with me?
Ever since I left Dover
I thought the boat would go over.
Dear, oh, dear,
I've a queer sort of feeling in me,
If I once reach the shore,
I shall say au revoir
To the Sea, Sea, Sea.

I had to untangle my arm from around Teddy's neck soon after that—much too soon—because he had been introduced by the toastmaster, who went on at great length about his interest in aviation and how he had come out to the coast to look for an airport. At which point Teddy whispered to me, that's a lot of apple sauce. I came out here looking for you. And I says, contact. And he says, how did you hear that? That's a flying expression. And I says, I've got a colored maid named Pheeney, who's always finding an excuse to say, Miss Dixie, I'd like to go out tonight and contact some gin. He was still laughing when the applause stopped and he suddenly realized he had been called upon to talk and they were all waiting for him to get up.

So he did and made a cute speech about the future of aviation and civic pride and airports and how glad he was to be with them and then he sat down beside me and wiped the perspiration off his forehead. The only thing that makes me happy about this whole thing, said he, is that you're next. And then was I in a panic? You don't mean I have to get up and make a speech do you, and he says, either that or juggle or do flying splits. They expect something from you. And sure enough, while he was still talking about it, I heard the toastmaster say Colossal star, little beauty, talented girl, sensational triumph, Loving Sinners, here today, and a lot of cheers and yip-yip and Teddy was pushing me up on my feet.

So I thanked them kindly and wondered what the devil was next. I opened my mouth and nothing came out, so I thanked them kindly again, and then suddenly I realized this sort of thing couldn't go on indefinitely, and Teddy whispered, why don't you sing them a song,

which was a ducky notion, so I did—the theme song from Loving Sinners. And then I did a dance for them and they were all steaming, especially Teddy who had never seen me pick it up and strut it around.

After I sat down he said, listen to them applaud. It's like an earthquake. And I said, you must never say that out here on the coast. It's always a fire out here. And then I told him the story Eddie Sutherland told me at one of his parties one night. It seems when he married Louise Brooks he brought her out to the coast. She had never been out here before and didn't know anything about these little quakes, so one night they were sleeping, and one came along and shook up the house, which is on the side of Laurel Cañon. All the dishes fell off the sideboard and the pictures off the wall and Louise turned to Eddie sleepily and said, "Eddie, behave yourself, will you?" And I says to Eddie after he told the story, "Bragging again, aren't you?"

There was another song about this time—a quartet of Hollywood millionaires had to get up and sing Hallelujah, I'm a Bum. I suppose you've heard it:

Rejoice and be glad,
For the springtime has come.
We can throw down our shovels
And go on the bum.
(chorus) Hallelujah, I'm a bum!
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a hand-out
To revive us again.

There are a whole lot more verses. I think one of the cute ones is:

I went to the door,
And I asked for some bread,
And the lady said, bum! bum!
The baker is dead.

I couldn't help but get a kick out of Teddy throwing back his head and singing Hallelujah, I'm a Bum—he and his three airplanes, and a Bond Street tailor and a couple of banks and a steamship line and a railroad company. And I pictured myself as Mrs. Bum—Mrs. Hallelujah Ima Bum; At Home—Hardly Ever—To Nobody.

The Breakfast Club went on with a lot of speeches, and meanwhile we talked and talked and he told me all about roughing it along the Riviera in his steam yacht, and I told him all about Hollywood and what a dangerous place it was for girls under eighteen and men over forty—that's how I found out how old he was. Kinda cute of me, wasn't it, Nita?

And then I told him about meeting Chaplin at tea in Henry's and how Chaplin spent all of his time at the table totaling up the ads in the New Yorker, trying to figure out how much money they made every week. And then he told me about the time Chaplin met Paderewski, and they didn't have hardly anything to say to each other, because all the time Chaplin was looking at Paderewski's hands and Paderewski was looking at Chaplin's feet.

Teddy brought me home in his Mercedes. It was so long I could hardly see the chauffeur through the fog on Los Feliz. And I'm to have dinner with him tonight. Then tomorrow we're going to fly out over Death Valley just for fun. Nita, dear, he doesn't know it, but I'm flying right now. I haven't had my feet on the ground since I met him. If this is love, I'm going to love it. What's going to become of me? I hope so. DIXIE.

(From the New York Times, June 6.)

MISS DUGAN TO WED T. DE PEYSTER PAGE

Engagement to Son of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton de Peyster Page Is Announced.

EARLY WEDDING PLANNED

Mr. and Mrs. Page Sailing for Scotland, Cannot Attend Nuptials—Other Engagements.

The engagement of Miss Dixie Dugan, motion picture actress of Hollywood, Calif., to Theodore de Peyster Page, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton de Peyster Page of New York and Newport, is announced.

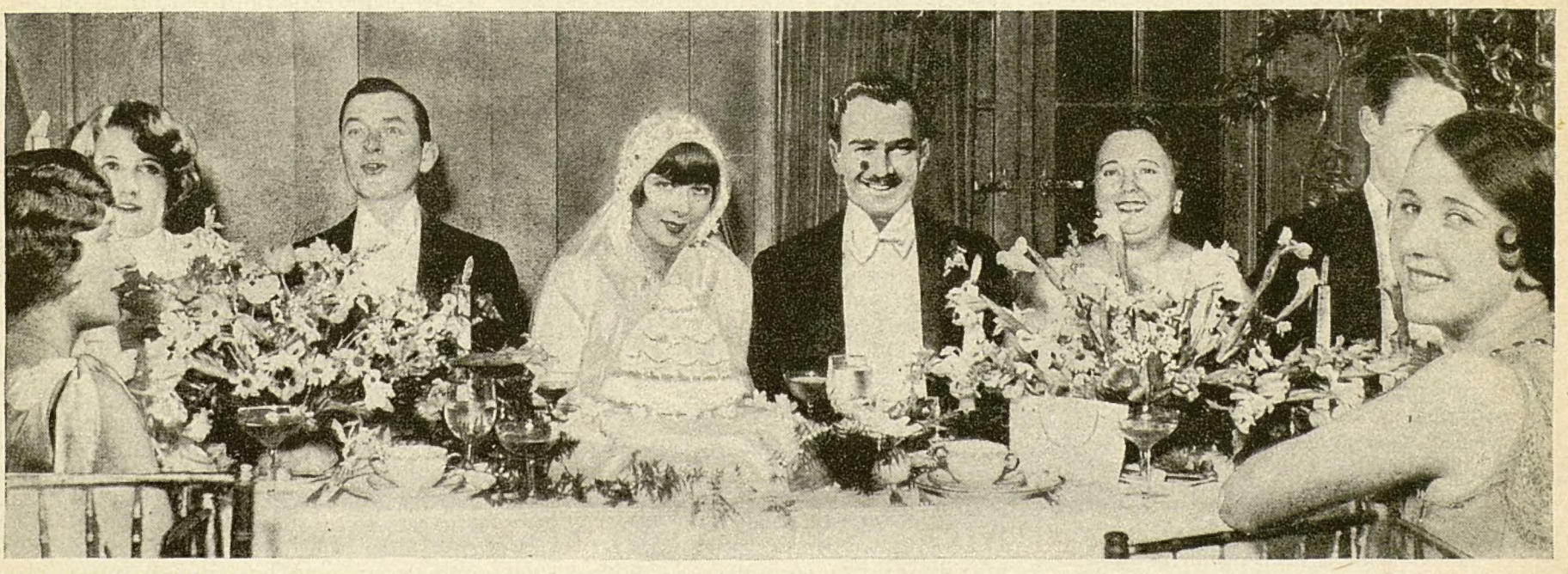
Miss Dugan is the star of "Loving Sinners," a well received talking picture.

Mr. Theodore Page is well known in New York for his interest in aviation. He is reported to have made the acquaintance of his fiancée while investigating airport sites on the Pacific coast. Mr. Page was graduated from Harvard two years ago. He is a member of many clubs, including the Brook, the University and the Piping Rock. Before his comparatively recent interest in aviation began, young Mr. Page had made something of a name for himself in polo and had been spoken of as a possible internationalist.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilton de Peyster Page are, as usual at this date, about to sail for Scotland where Mr. Page has leased a moor from the Duke of Argyle. They are to have as house guests, Sir Lionel Perkins, who was recently knighted as a recognition of his great services to British trade, and his daughter, the Hon. Sibyl. It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Page will not be able to delay their departure to attend their son's wedding. The date of the wedding has not been definitely announced but it is understood that it will take place very soon.

(From the N. Y. Daily News, June 7.)

MARRIED, BY JIMMY!



MAYOR JIMMY WALKER officiated last night at wedding of Dixie Dugan, talkie star, and Theodore de Peyster Page, clubman, polo hope, and aviation enthusiast. Here's the wedding party at dinner in the apartment of Quarles Smith, the new talkie magnate. L. to r.: Nita Dugan (bride's sister), maid of honor, Mayor Walker, bride, bridegroom, Mrs. Walker. And, of course, every film fan knows the peach on the right.

This is THE END of Show Girl in Hollywood

Consider the SQUASH

By ETHEL SOMERS

DESERVING of time and study, squash is a staple winter vegetable. Rightly cooked it is dainty, light, and as soft as cream. Squash should never be dry, but savory with moisture. Your family will enjoy its palatable flavor. Learn to serve squash in variety, and you will have gone a step in warding off the common dietary deficiencies of the winter.

Baked Squash

6 4-inch-square servings
1 tablespoon butter
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
6 teaspoons brown sugar, if desired

HARD yellow Hubbard squash is preferred to the dark green coated type for baking, as it is richer. Scrub the squash and scrape out the seeds and strings. Place the prepared squares in a flat baking dish containing a shallow layer of water. (One-half- to three-quarters-inch depth of water will be sufficient to keep the squash from drying and yet will not cook up into the pulp and make it soggy.) Place in a moderate oven (350° F.) and bake about an hour, or until the pulp is soft. If the squash seems to be dry, it may be basted occasionally with a little of the hot water. A few minutes before taking from the oven, sprinkle with the butter and seasonings and, if desired, a bit of brown sugar (one teaspoon to each square). When removing from the oven, prick the surface several times to allow the condensing steam to escape. If retained this causes a soggy product. Serve piping hot.

Mashed squash piled in its shell, scored, and browned makes an attractive dish. Above: A cleaver or knife and hammer splits the horny squash shell.

Steamed Squash

PREPARE as for baking, only place over boiling water and steam thirty to forty minutes.

Mashed Squash

TO three cups of cooked squash (either steamed or baked) add three tablespoons of butter or cream or evaporated milk, one-eighth teaspoon of pepper, and one-half teaspoon of salt. Beat until very light and fluffy and serve hot.

Squash en Casserole

COOK mashed squash and place in a buttered baking dish. (Novelty may be obtained if individual ramekins or scallop shells are used.) Score the top as pictured above. Brush with milk or egg and dot with butter before browning in hot oven (400° F.) for about ten minutes, or still more quickly under a broiler flame turned high. Unlimited variety may be obtained by using any of the following recipes.

Meringue-Topped Squash en Casserole

SPREAD the squash en casserole with meringue, using two egg whites plus two tablespoons of sugar to a casserole. Brown in a slow oven (325° F.). In an emergency, meringue may be browned under the broiler flame, but the meringue will have a thin tough coating on the top.

Marshmallow-Topped Squash en Casserole

MAKE ready and bake as for meringue-topped squash, except that marshmallows (one-quarter pound to a casserole) are used.

Nutted Squash en Casserole

ONE-HALF cup of chopped peanuts stirred into the mashed squash, or scattered over as a layer on the top, is an exceptionally pleasant variation. Marshmallow or meringue topping prevents the peanuts from drying.

Delicious squash pie topped with whipped cream or meringue and served with honey.

Savory Squash en Casserole

A MIXTURE of one-half cup of bread crumbs, one-quarter to one-half cup of grated cheese, and one tablespoon of melted butter makes an excellent and different topping. This is especially suitable if one-quarter cup of chili sauce is folded into the three- to four-cup quantity of mashed squash.

A richer squash en casserole is obtained if the squash, after mashing, is dried for about ten minutes with constant stirring over a slow flame. This will permit the addition of extra seasonings, as cream and egg yolk. Use one egg yolk to four cups of mashed squash and add cream up to one-quarter of a cup, according to the dryness.

Squash Pie

¾ to 1 cup mashed squash
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cloves, if desired
1¼ cups rich milk, evaporated milk, or cream
Pie paste enough for one crust

LIFT the rolled-out pie paste on to the pie pan. Working from the center out, press it close to the pan. Build a fluted rim of the crust by doubling under the edge and pinching it into shape. Set the pie shell away in a cold place to evaporate the surface moisture. (This will cause a crusting over that helps to overcome tendencies to sogginess.) Mix the sugar, salt, and spices until well blended. Add the squash, which should be quite dry. (If too wet, it may be cooked for a time in the upper part of a double boiler placed over boiling water. Baked squash is apt to be drier than steamed squash and is therefore better for pie use.) Stir the squash and slightly beaten eggs into the sugar-spice mixture. Then stir in the milk or other liquid, and when thoroughly blended, lightly flour the chilled crust, shaking out any loose flour. Set the pie shell on the lower shelf of a hot oven (425° F.) and pour in the squash mixture at once. After about five minutes reduce the temperature to a moderate oven (375° F.) for fifty minutes, when the pie should be brown and firm enough not to stick to a test knife inserted in the center.

THOSE housewives who have never been quite sure what to do about that formidable-looking fall vegetable, the squash, may now dig in—with a stout knife and a hammer! Miss Somers guarantees the tastiness of the cooked result. In the LIBERTY cookbooks there are numerous other suggestions for adding zest to autumn menus. These handy books sell for 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. You'll find the coupon convenient.

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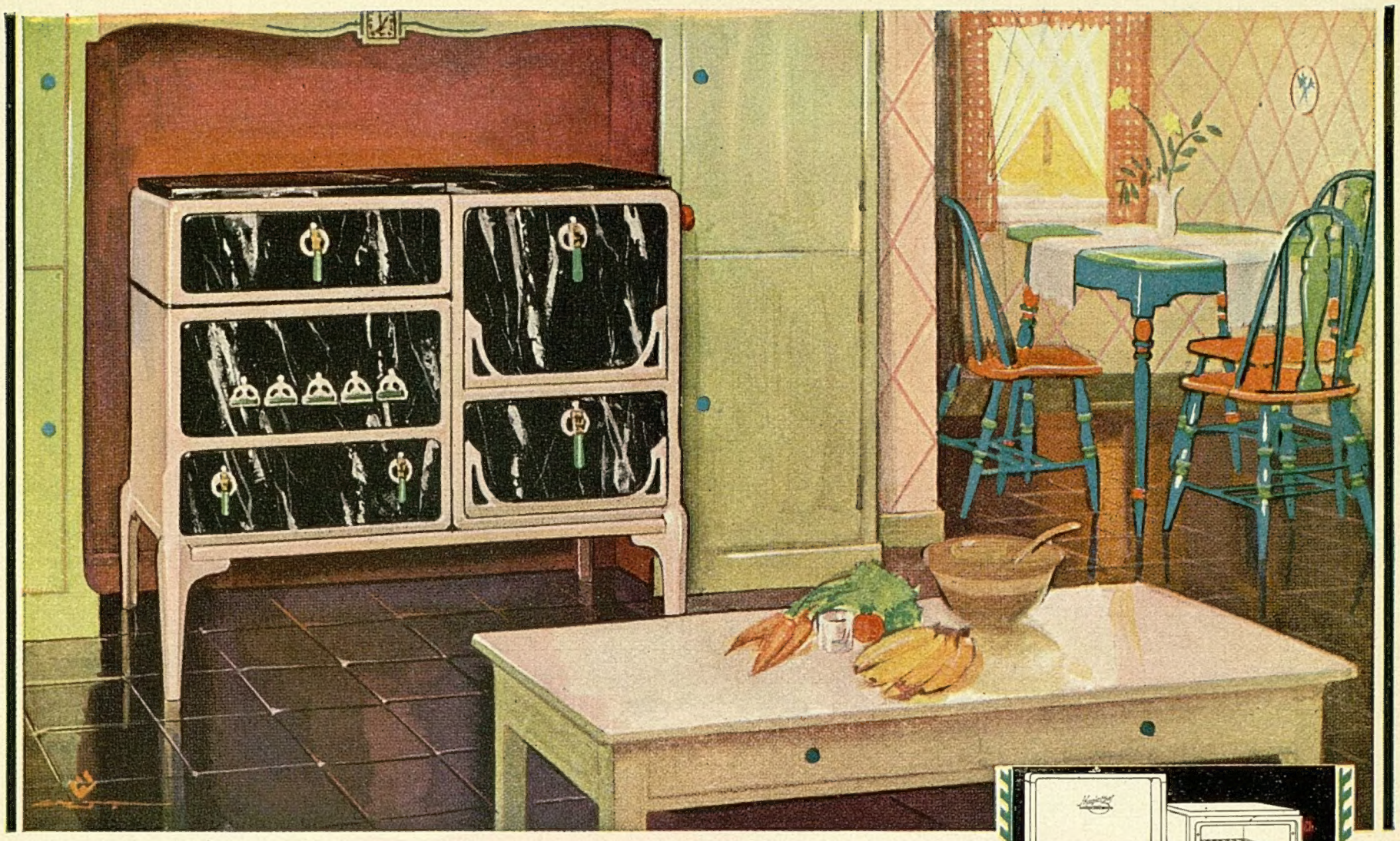
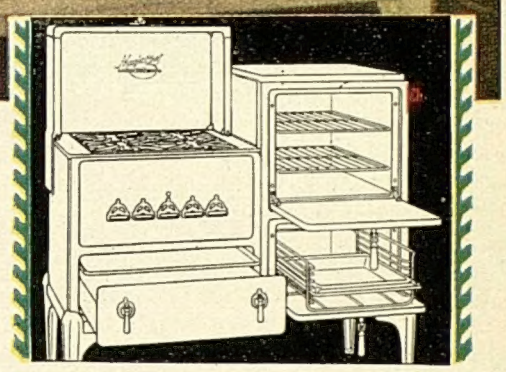




Patents Pending

The new Vogue in Gas Ranges

UPSETTING all traditions, ignoring all precedent, American Stove Company has created a new, exquisite and totally different type of gas range—*Magic Chef*—to satisfy the demand for a stove to conform with the art trends of the times.

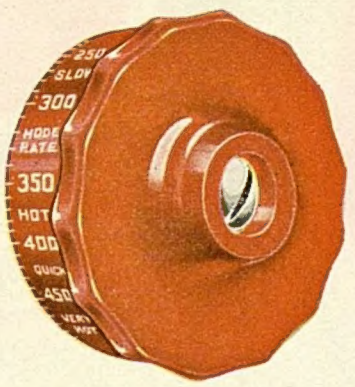
Magic Chef sounds a new note of beauty for the kitchen. Possessing the aristocratic elegance of a piece of fine drawing-room furniture, *Magic Chef* will give your kitchen a refreshing atmosphere of individuality and modernity.

Authorities on interior decoration have pronounced *Magic Chef* the most notable style-creation in the house furnishings field in a decade. For this immediate acceptance by experts a large measure of credit is due Frank Alvah Parsons, B. S., President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, whose expert advice contributed materially to the artistic perfection of *Magic Chef*.

But, *Magic Chef* has more than pleasing proportions, symmetrical lines, beautiful finish and radiant coloring. *Magic Chef* possesses, in addition to the famous Red Wheel, many exclusive service features that make it an unusually durable, efficient, labor-saving cooking appliance.

Dealers in all gas-served communities now have *Magic Chef* on exhibition for public inspection. Watch your local newspapers for Dealers' announcements. Plan to be among the first to see and examine this new departure in gas range design—merely to see *Magic Chef* is to want it for your own.

If gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.



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